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SHAKESPEARE CRITICISM

AN ESSAY IN SYNTHESIS

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By

C. NARAYANA MENON
Benares Hindu University



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PREFACE

The object of this book is to show that almost everything written on Shakespeare is true ; but my purpose has so far exceeded my powers that the hasty reader may see it as the very reverse : he may feel that I have indulged in a series of onslaughts on eminent scholars. The fact is that, for the sake of clarity, I have stuck to one position, and my snapshots of other workers in the field, taken at different angles and distances, must necessarily present them as clumsy and dwarfed. The discerning reader, however, will find herein enough to help him to approach the position taken up by other critics. If, here and there, the tone is aggressive, it is because certain critics have themselves been aggressive in stating their theses, and I am constrained to stress the antitheses in order to suggest a synthesis. The psychological, the historical, and the analytical schools of criticism ought to know that each is invulnerable to the weapons of the rest.

The motive which made me stick to one position has also made me confine myself to the tragedies in which Shakespeare's genius flowered. The kernel of every Shakespearean play—tragedy, comedy, or history—is the potential in us. Hamlet and Falstaff are the obverse and the reverse of the same medal. When the emotional stress is shifted from the centre to the circumference, and from the circumference to a point outside the design, tragedy changes into comedy and history. The corresponding changes of the technique can be grasped by a rereading of Chapters IX and X with this in mind. When a theorem has been proved, its corollaries can be left to themselves.

Any attempt to synthesize existing literature is bound to be incomplete without notes. Shakespearean criticism lies so scattered in books written in different languages and on different topics, that anything like an exhaustive treatise is neither possible nor useful. I have therefore made the references representative rather than exhaustive. More books come within the scope of this essay than are referred to in the notes. This book is substantially the same as my doctoral thesis accepted by the Madras University in 1929. The books on Shakespeare published during these 7 years have fallen in line with it, which gives grounds for the hope that it will shed light on books to be published in future also. If a man has a master-key he need not carry a numbered list of the locks to be opened. My desire is to offer a key which may encourage the reader to open unsuspected chambers of the books on Shakespeare he has read, and to look out through their secret windows on the prospect they all command in common.

Much has been dropped, much relegated to the notes, and the notes themselves relegated to the end, lest the leaves should hide the tree. This essay, consequently, is like a tree in autumn—all branches and no leaves. To come to life it must find the warmth of spring in the reader's mind. Not the foliage only, but the better part of the tree has also to be supplied by the reader. The different threads that run through the texture of the essay appear on the surface only here and there at long intervals. The threads, moreover, are not gathered together and knotted at the end, because the essay is not complete in itself. The reader is the pioneer and this book only a signpost pointing towards a synthesis of Shakespeare Criticism.

*Benares Hindu University,
8 January, 1938*

C. N. MENON

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CHAPTER I

OUR APPROACH TO LITERATURE

I

1. Shakespeare was not original: he borrowed plots and even thoughts.¹ The thoughts were platitudes, and the plots nursery tales handed down from the infancy of the race. In writing *Hamlet*, for example, he only clarified an experience undergone by people in different countries in former ages.² Having stood the changing tastes of generations, the Hamlet story had already been pruned of most of the ephemeral element, for the ephemeral belongs to those superficial layers of the mind which are limited by time and place. What Shakespeare did was further to approximate Hamlet the man to the indestructible prototype preserved in our minds. 'Poetry', says Emerson, 'was all written before time was.'³ This is more than a mere fancy. The stories written by students are sometimes found to be 'plagiarized' versions of tales they have never read or heard. That myths and legends similar to one another are current in Europe and Japan, India and the West Indies, does not point to any 'commerce of thought';⁴ it only shows that they sprang from human nature. Artists lend 'a local habitation and a name', but that is all; in a true work of art it is ourselves that we recognize.⁵

2. Beauty seems to revive old memories. Kalidasa's *Dushyanta* attributed the disturbance caused

by sweet music to unconscious memories of attachments formed in past incarnations,¹ but it was really due to a comparatively recent, but already forgotten, love-affair. Kalidasa seems to have anticipated the psycho-analysts in recognizing that what are apparently pre-natal memories may be living but repressed ones.² The girl in whom the platonic lover sees the partner of past lives may be only reminding him of his mother. But then the mother, according to the psycho-analysts, is not the mother as she is or was;³ she is the innate longing for beauty and security. Platonic imagery is static and therefore misleading, but it embodies a truth: that art deals with patterns calculated to bring haunting memories. 'Archetype', 'race memory',⁴ 'overpersonal will',⁵ 'value', 'intuition', 'protogenetic mind'⁶—these are terms which emphasize rather than explain a common experience. Great works of art are 'deeply implanted in the memory of the race, stamped as it were upon our physical organism. We say they are strange to us, yet there is something in us that leaps at the sight of them, a cry of the blood which tells us we have known them always.'⁷

3. Some Indian mendicants do this trick. They give us a bit of paper—folded. Then we are allowed any amount of time to exercise our free will and write what we like on another piece of paper; but when we compare what we have written with what is written on the folded paper—behold! it is the same. Conscious choice, it seems, is predetermined by unconscious suggestion. Æsthetic patterns may be regarded as standing suggestions. The Hindu scriptures call God 'The Ancient Poet'; His, they

imply, is the primal imagination which we unconsciously reproduce.¹ The poet is a creator only in the sense that his individual imagination coincides with the cosmic. Poetic inspiration, therefore, must be a surrender of originality.² Truth, whether in life or in art, is a renunciation of liberty, inasmuch as truth is single, error multiple. Again, just as truth is born of error, so illumination is born of illusion. Fantasy is promoted to imagination through discipline. Art is the asceticism of the imagination.

4. When the asceticism is complete, whatever the poet imagines must be true. Such, at any rate, is the Indian belief.¹ Kalidasa thought he had invented the story of *The Cloud-Messenger*, but the hero of that poem appeared to the poet and said it was all historically true. To write the history of Rama, Valmiki did no research work but meditated in solitude until within his mind it all became so real that he could see, hear and actually touch the characters of the story.

5. In one sense the Rama imagined by Valmiki is more real than the Rama who lived and died. 'The world of imagination', says Blake, 'is the world of eternity.'¹ Unless this is grasped, the Indian approach to literature cannot be appreciated. An incident² from the life of Tulsi Das may serve to show what I mean. One moonless night, while his wife was away on a visit to her father, he was seized by such a terrific longing to see her that he crossed rivers and fields and at last reached the house. It was locked, but the window of his wife's room above was open. He ascended by what seemed to be a hanging rope and got in. She was surprised

and asked him how he had climbed up. He pointed to the rope. It was no rope at all, but a deadly snake. She said, 'How could such love be inspired by this lump of flesh, my body?' Tulsi pondered, and understood. Turning his love towards Rama he composed his immortal *Ramayana*.

6. It is the unimaginative man who directs towards the objects around him the feelings generated elsewhere. Take a common example. Here is a boy who bitterly complains of his stepfather's cruelty. The stepfather is not cruel, but the boy projects on to him a monstrous image from within. As the boy grows older he will show the same meaningless hostility to teachers, superiors and government. He will go through life without realizing that his whole life is a dream: he will think that his hate and fear are provoked by the men around him, though actually it is an image of his own mind that he dreads. That image, to be more correct, is not peculiar to his mind alone; even a boy who has no stepfather may cherish something like it. The cruel stepfather is a primordial and universal image.¹

7. If our orientation towards the persons around us is determined by the attitude we adopt to the Claudius within us, then literature makes us orientate to the 'eternal verities' of the heart. Tulsi Das awoke from a dream when he diverted his love from his wife to Rama and composed an epic; for the thirst that we all feel is one which the world of time and space cannot quench and could not have caused.¹ A man dreams² that he is bending to pick up potsherds and that they are evading his grasp. On waking up he wonders why he expe-

rienced such intense anxiety during the dream ; analysis reveals that the potsherds stood for coins. Now coins stand for wealth, wealth for that which satisfies human needs, and the master-need of man is the need to realize self. Christ is our only treasure. Hence the millionaires who frantically struggle with one another in their anxiety to swell their bank balances are having a nightmare.³ Literature diverts feelings to their legitimate⁴ objects ; it adjusts us to more universally valid beings than the poor men and women of flesh and blood who move in restricted spheres and dissolve like dreams. ' We are such stuff as dreams are made on . . . ' Hamlet, comparatively, is less of a dream, for his truth has been and will be attested by generations scattered over the five continents. It is in the world of literature that we pass from dream to reality.

II

8. One need only glance into old magazines to discover that the recent ' new theories ' and ' new commentaries ' ¹ on *Hamlet* are not new after all. That they are not new is their chief merit. True literature and true criticism are alike unoriginal because genius and taste are identical.² The inner compulsion which determines the form in which an impulse finds expression also determines the impulse which that form calls forth. Yet each critic feels that he is making a discovery. Art has to be constantly discovered afresh by each man for himself. Judged by the process, criticism is new and free ; judged by the product, it is old and unfree. We conceive law as an external force limiting inner

impulse ; in spite of Einstein we still think in terms of gravitation. But the artistic imagination is personality expressing itself according to its own law. When inner and outer constraints coincide there is no felt restraint. Though art is form, the form obtrudes itself on consciousness no more than the groove along which the gramophone needle travels. Criticism, like art, is the expression of personality.³

9. A work of art is not Cinderella's glass slipper which will fit no other foot. What seems brittle glass is transparent rubber. A play is a different experience to the same man at different times, and to different men at the same time.¹ To assert that there is one correct reaction, and that the perfect man alone is capable of it, is the very *reductio ad absurdum* of literary studies. No critic is wrong.² Deny the validity of coloured interpretation, and *Hamlet* ceases to exist. The unobstructed ray is invisible, non-existent. Outside of appearance reality does not exist.³ Indian thought affirms the reality of the finite by linking it with the infinite.⁴ Ignorance is undeveloped knowledge. The child's appreciation of literature is as valid as Saintsbury's.

10. Even interpretations by perfect men will not coincide, for unity is not uniformity. Man may purge his personality of everything external and superficial, he may refine his self till it is in tune with the overself, yet he cannot eliminate that principle which makes the rose and the lily alike in perfection but unlike in form. Diversity is not *our* creation ; it is the cosmic mind's. Bliss, in the very process of becoming conscious of itself, gets differentiated. Unity is real, but diversity is equally

real. An underlying unity gives significance to the thousand criticisms of *Hamlet*; the multiplicity in turn gives richness of content. Each person in God's creation has a unique and new way of experiencing the beauty of literature as well as of life.¹

11. Each critic is therefore within his province when he states what he has experienced, and beyond it when he denies the experience of others. One critic may feel that Hamlet delays because the Elizabethans wanted a play to last up to dinner-time, another because Shakespeare revised an old play, and a third because Hamlet suffers from an inhibition. The theories do not invalidate one another. *Professor Bradley's Hamlet*, by Walkley,¹ and *Hamlet Once More*, by Robertson, illustrate the worst type of ignorance—the ignorance of the learned. Let each critic state without paradox or flourish of style, exaggeration or wrangling, what he has found; let him help us to see with his eyes and his prejudices; so that, seeing with different kinds of prejudice, we may conquer prejudice itself. By understanding what different nations find in a single book a man can transcend his limitations and be at one with humanity. Goethe, Bradley and Raleigh are stained glass windows through which the sunlight streams in as red and green and blue: each contains truth. Though formulated theories seem to conflict, all critics have more or less the same experience at the back of their minds. As the behaviour of different needles helps one to locate a magnet, so does reading Coleridge on Shakespeare, Bradley on Coleridge, and Granville-Barker on Bradley, lead us to suspect that there is something

underlying all.

12. They are all struggling to express something that defies expression. The appreciation of art, in the words of Poe, 'is a wild effort to reach the beauty above.'¹ A book is not a finished product but a dynamic process. A line in *Macbeth*,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

was for long without sense or beauty to me. But one day, as I was meditating on a rock-cut image, my mind suddenly conceived an idea of solidity and security so vivid that I felt I could paint it. Thus does a great work of art continue to reveal new beauties.² On reaching each summit we discover the existence of another still higher.

III

13. This method, it is objected, may make us read more into Shakespeare than is right. No, it will not! Peak on peak is revealed as you ascend the Alps, but not when you climb a hillock. 'If those who object to what is often termed the super-criticism of Shakespeare's tragedies turn even to the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher in an endeavour to find opportunities there for this deeper analysis, they will discover that the opportunities and the materials are absent.'¹ The critic has the right and the duty to probe as deep as he can. Indian critics assert this most emphatically: the charm of a poem is revealed by the critic, not by the poet; even as the charm of a girl is enjoyed by her husband, not by her father. A Miss Sitwell may act as her own commentator because 'a dominant tendency' of modernist poetry is 'to

decrease the range, the volume, and the definiteness of communication'.² Shakespearean tragedy, on the other hand, is like the tree mentioned in the Upanishads—rooted above and branching downward; rooted in what is common to all and therefore able to branch out into each age and country. The Japanese boy who thought that Hamlet was a Japanese summed up the secret of Shakespeare's universal appeal.³ In India his popularity has been marvellous. The Shakespeare classes are always crowded, and students write spontaneously on the characters in the plays. Professor Pillay's lectures,⁴ as the reader can verify, were not sauced with wit; yet, day after day, a crowded hall listened in tense silence. On the popular stage, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *Othello* have had long runs.⁵ During one performance the audience were so moved by the sleep-walking scene that they insisted on seeing it again. The chief actor explained that scenes from Shakespeare could not be staged separately. The audience thereupon wanted the whole play to be enacted again, and the players agreed. Not a man, we are told, left, though it was already late in the night.

14. This tendency of Shakespeare to become increasingly popular is a healthy sign; it shows the unerring instinct of humanity at work. The purpose of literature is communion.¹ If no two guests had read the same book, a dinner-party would be a failure. A common literature enables us to communicate experiences of the heart too subtle for words. Without it we should all be Hamlets striving in vain to express ourselves. Other loves divide; love for a book unites. A

spectator sees with joy the impression produced by *Hamlet* on fellow spectators : something of value, he feels, must have been communicated. Not on trade but on literature is built the secret solidarity of a nation. Homer was the glory of Hellas. India too was thus strongly united once, and the bonds are not snapped yet. One can wander from Ceylon to Kashmir and hear from any villager the story of Krishna or Rama. A book is the most powerful of unifying symbols ; all other symbols depend on books. The Cross without the Bible would have made but little headway. A book is a direct expression of values. Society arises when men and women are brought up in an environment emphasizing certain values, and literature provides such an environment. As Wordsworth wrote :

books we know
Are a substantial world both pure and good.

15. Literature not only lays stress upon values but also resolves those inner conflicts which hinder the acceptance of values. The structure of society rests on the solution of these conflicts. The conflicts are egoistic, tending to narrow a man's sympathy and making it less and less possible for him to identify himself with others and see their points of view. The peculiar merit of Shakespeare is that he widens sympathetic insight. He who grasps Shakespeare aright does not call down the Divine wrath on Macbeth any more than Christ did on his persecutors. A great book is the Holy Communion,¹ 'the life-blood of a master-spirit', by partaking of which men are transformed and united. Conferences and committees will not take us nearer

to world-unity; world classics can and may. Shakespeare, who has already crossed national frontiers, may yet do more for international peace than the League of Nations.²

16. A book unites men by leading them to a knowledge of themselves. One need hardly add that this purpose is defeated if there are too many of such unifying symbols. An army cannot afford to have a variety of banners. Authors multiply books; the world eliminates them. The perpetual reading of new books does not lead to self-knowledge, but, in the words of Coleridge, 'occasions in time the entire destruction of the powers of the mind'.¹ One is lost in the sensations afforded by each fresh novel and does not perceive that, though novels differ in title and authorship, they all conjure with identical symbols. It is like naming a triangle ABC and then again DEF. It confuses proof. This is true even of good writers: *Rudin* by Turgenev is a poor edition of *Hamlet*. Self-knowledge comes by intensive study of the few books that can bear such study.² We in India read a single book like the *Bhâgavat* and the commentaries on it day after day and all through life. We hold that to read a fourth-rate book is a sin, to popularize it a crime. Nothing can excuse the critic who unearths a deservedly forgotten poetaster, but a new book on Kalidasa or Shakespeare needs no apology. Shakespeare himself tendered none for choosing the time-worn theme of *Hamlet*: he was free from the craze for originality.

CHAPTER II

TRANSPARENCY

I

17. The funniest thing in Shakespeare is the 'Tedious Brief Scene of Tragical Mirth' in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. And yet the story of Pyramus and Thisbe is but a variation of the same theme which, in *Romeo and Juliet*, forces tears to flow.¹ The resemblance extends even to details. A family feud separates the young lovers. Romeo scales a wall and steals an interview by moonlight; Pyramus steals an interview by moonlight through a hole in a wall. 'Dost thou love me?' asks Juliet, and Romeo offers to swear by the moon. 'Thou art my love, I think,' says Thisbe, and Pyramus protests he is trusty as Leander. Towards the close of the interview Romeo complains, 'Wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?' Pyramus similarly asks for a kiss. Both are Fortune's fools.² Juliet hints that she has forebodings. Thisbe refers to the Fates. Under the impression that their loved ones are dead, both heroes put an end to their lives in a graveyard. Pyramus dies with the word 'die' on his lips. So does Romeo. Both heroines use the daggers of their lovers. And yet—Romeo is tragic and Pyramus comic!

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it,

(*Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 869.)

18. A play in itself can be neither comic nor tragic. It is only a stimulant to æsthetic reproduction by the spectator. The first condition of such reproduction is a certain amount of self-forgetfulness. Now Theseus and his friends are not in the mood to lose themselves in a story. Theseus is fully conscious that he is a great conqueror obliging the ridiculous craftsmen by witnessing their performance. Besides, the play is only a diversion designed to fill up the short interval between supper and a dance on the wedding day. 'Viewed as an evening's entertainment *King Lear* is a foredoomed failure.'¹ *Pyramus* is chosen expressly because it is reported to be nonsense. 'A play is like a piano ; if it is tuned to one key, it is out of tune for every other.'² The human mind can relish only what it is made to expect. Theseus and his friends, expecting to find the play nonsense, make it so. Nor can lovers help becoming witty in the presence of their ladies. Imagine an audience passing remarks when Romeo is saying,

Thus with a kiss I die.

(*Romeo and Juliet*, V. iii. 20.)

ONE SPECTATOR: No die, but an ace, for him, for he is but one.

ANOTHER: Less than an ace, man, for he is dead ; he is nothing.

YET A THIRD: With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

(*M.S.N.D.*, V. i. 318.)

Romeo would then be comic. 'The comic will come into being whenever a group of men concentrate their attention on one of their number, imposing

silence on their emotions and calling into play nothing but their intelligence.'³

19. Bottom is as unwilling to surrender his personality¹ as Theseus is. Even his device to get over the objection about the sword is a pretext, perhaps unconscious, to let the Duke know that the great actor is not Pyramus but Bottom the weaver. The others are less self-confident but equally self-conscious.

WALL: In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;

It is not without a secret pride at having acquitted himself creditably that he takes leave of the audience.

Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;

If any dramatic illusion is intended, the blundering prologue has already destroyed it; and the play becomes a colloquy, the actors studying the Duke's moods. The moon stands nonplussed until he is encouraged, 'Proceed Moon.'

MOON: All I have to say, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon;

Bottom avails himself of the opportunity to come into touch with the Duke. With what a patronizing air he explains the mysteries of the stage to Theseus!

No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now.

Theseus and his friends are not aware of Pyramus, because the forceful personality² of 'the most

romantic of mechanics'³ completely hides the suffering of the most romantic of lovers. They see Bully Bottom's frantic gestures, and pity his suffering.

Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

They watch him condoling in the conventional vein like an automaton, a puppet worked by strings; and they needs must laugh because 'the attitudes, gestures and movements of the human body are laughable in exact proportion as that body reminds us of a mere machine'.⁴

20. The stage realism of the Athenian amateurs is no less obtrusive than their acting. They are determined to leave nothing to the imagination of the audience,¹ not even wall or moonlight. They anticipate objections, confident that their resourcefulness in overcoming them will not go unappreciated² by the Duke. They forget that their symbolism is a distorted appeal to the intellect. In demanding that a man with lime, rough-cast and stone holding up his fingers should be taken for a wall with a hole, they are making the impossible request that the intellect should be uncritical. A man with a lantern, a bush and a dog distracts attention from Pyramus, instead of conveying the impression that the mind of Pyramus is dazed by the excess of feeling which makes a man mistake common things for dangers.

21. The style is answerable to the acting and the stage management. The author was evidently determined to leave the impress of his cleverness on the play. Rhyme, alliteration, conceit and empty bombast demand to be noticed; thought and feeling, if any, are strangled.

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O grim-looking night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art, when day is not!
O night! O night! alack! alack! alack!

22. In short, the transmission of the tragic experience of Pyramus is hindered by the inability or unwillingness of people to dissolve their empirical personalities in it. The writer, the stage manager, the actor and the spectator should be a channel through which the experience can flow unobstructed, but they make themselves a bar. Instead of being transparent they are opaque. In them, that part of personality which is fatal to tragedy remains keenly alive. We are not conscious of Pyramus lying dead; we are aware of Bottom stealthily watching the impression he has produced, speculating on his sixpence a day, and ready to start up on his feet to ask the Duke if he will see the epilogue—Bottom's bottomless dream.

23. The rendering of tragedy is an altogether different affair. I return from a very successful performance of *Macbeth*. My sister asks me, 'Was Macbeth dressed in highland plaid or Elizabethan costume?' For the life of me I cannot remember. 'Who acted the part? Did he depict the emotions, hate, fear, and anger, according to the rules of Bharata?' I cannot answer a single question. I was scarcely aware of the fact that it was an actor acting. The notion that powdered faces and embroidered dress engross our vision is wrong. 'In the theatre where external show seems everything the most effective show is the heart of a man.'¹ Great art is that which makes externals transparent.²

24. The obstructions that such art encounters may be roughly classified under five headings. First there is the conscious cleverness of the writer which shows itself as originality, or as the glitter of style which prevents transparency. Then there are the cuts and alterations made by the theatre-manager or the censor. The third is the obtrusive personality of the actor. Then comes stage-realism, and last the mentality of the audience. In other words, there is an eternal conflict between the artist on the one side and, on the other side, the play-provider in him, the proprietor, the actor, the stage-carpenter, and the spectator. Any one of these enemies can destroy transparency and spoil the play. Shakespeare succeeded only because a combination of circumstances favoured him.

II

25. Luckily for Shakespeare, he had little Latin and less Greek and the artist in him was not stifled. The scholar is like the ass of the old tale into whose skin the wooden pack grew. The old clothes cleave to him.¹ The growth of an artist, on the other hand, is the sloughing off of whatever is adventitious to his nature. Jonson and Chapman, Lyly and Peele, Marlowe and Kyd: these never freed themselves. In revolting against the formlessness of the popular drama, the University wits were inspired by another tradition. They changed allegiance but asserted no freedom. They entered the lists with trumpet notes, and those notes never varied. Shakespeare's growth was not so hindered; because he never revolted. The critical faculty which is fatal to transparency was not kept alert in his

audience. Few consciously perceived that it was something more than a mixture of tragedy and comedy that he offered. The art of a Browning or a Shaw, having begun with revolt, must necessarily be self-conscious and therefore non-transparent. Such a writer is first abused, then idolized, and finally forgotten.² He has but one facet ; at one angle it dazzles. Shakespeare is a full diamond : it never blazes but it shines far and all round. At the beginning of his career, Meres bracketed him with Seneca and Plautus ; and long after he had produced the great tragedies, Webster ranked him below Chapman and Jonson. He was not lashed to self-consciousness by blame or praise. Had he been forced to alter the tragic ending of *King Lear* as Sir Arthur Pinero was forced to change the unhappy ending of *The Profligate*,³ would he have retreated from the hissing groundlings and published plays with long prefaces ? Probably not. The way in which *Hamlet* was printed from his autograph copy in his own lifetime suggests how little he looked for fame. Shakespeare did not swell with the consciousness of a mission for the future. Shaw's Tanner must conduct himself in such a way as to illustrate his maker's theory of the Life Force, but *Hamlet* is free.⁴ Shakespeare did not look upon himself as marked off from the vulgar herd by a divine gift, but lived 'as a reed with the reeds'.⁵ He sued debtors, fought duels now and then, and regarded his fellow actors as equals. His art was unaware of its greatness ; themes passed through it uncoloured and undistorted.)

26. The second enemy of transparent art had not yet come to power in Shakespeare's time. The

theatre-manager was a servant of the company enjoying even less of royal patronage than the chief actors.¹ He could not treat the manuscript offered by the actor-dramatist and shareholder² with scant courtesy. Shakespeare was no starving playwright to whom 'there was no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.'³ The manager might have been sceptical about the effect of the prolongation of *Julius Cæsar* after Cæsar's death on an audience attracted by that name, but the event showed that Shakespeare's instinct was surer.

27. It must also be remembered that 'a company of players on the Bankside took their work neither more nor less seriously than a company of players in the West End'.¹ 'They were shareholders in the theatre, with a personal stake beyond their wages in its success.'² If Burbage were a periwig-pated fellow bent on tearing a passion to tatters, Bottom would not have been a satire on a rival company.³ Shakespeare allowed time for dropping handkerchiefs, not wetting them. Kemp wanted to 'speak more than was set down for him', and so he had to leave Shakespeare's company.⁴ In our green-room, 'Hamlet and the first-gravedigger always fall out. It's a regular thing. I've known 'em come to blows.'⁵ 'The Rehearsal'⁶ at the Globe, however, was attended by no such untoward events.⁷ If Burbage dominated a little, it did no harm, because tragedy is a one-man play. *Esprit de corps*, if not æsthetic sense, made actors subordinate themselves to the needs of the theme.

28. Shakespeare's theatre was adapted to his needs. Medieval symbolism had gone; the modern

'prison house of paint and canvas'¹ had not yet been reared. The Globe, moreover, was a tiny structure.² The slightest modulation of the actor's voice was audible to all, and the spoken word engrossed attention. Even time and place could be indicated by talk.³ This enabled Shakespeare to appeal to poetic imagination.⁴ A fellow in the dress of a Londoner walked a few steps on an open platform, and the spectators accepted him as Julius Cæsar walking along the crowded streets of Rome and entering the Senate-house. The actor talked on a bare platform; and men standing with the clear sky over their heads were able not only to imagine torrents of rain falling from pitch-dark heavens, but also to identify themselves with Lear,⁵ the terrific torrents of whose wrath were impatient to wash away from the face of the earth the entire brood of ungrateful man. This dynamic participation is essential to art which presents movement. The impression of unbroken movement cannot be produced on a stage which needs intervals for the shifting of scenes.⁶ This partly explains a common experience: our rehearsals of Shakespeare's tragedies at college are successful, the staging fails. 'Man and machine ... are false allies in the theatre.'⁷ Woman, likewise, is a false ally.⁸ The sex-appeal of the actress hides the lure of the infinite in Cleopatra, for 'the true stuff of tragedy ... lies beyond sensual bonds'.⁹ Besides, custom stales sex-appeal because it allows of no 'infinite variety', and the only way to keep the spectator awake is to increase the dose. After two centuries of development in this direction we have come to the day of dubiously clad ladies and their ballet dances. The harm to

drama is not in the display of women's legs but that the display attracts the kind of people who kill drama. 'When Mrs Siddons was supplicating as Volumnia . . . an apple was thrown upon the stage and fell between Mrs Siddons and Mr Kemble.'¹⁰ The offering of fruit, it seems, was meant for some women in the boxes. This shows where the eyes of the spectators were turned during the most moving scene of the play.

29. Shakespeare's audience belonged to a different category. The Children of the Chapel lost their vogue, while the adult companies continued to flourish ; which shows that the dramatic was of more general and lasting appeal than the spectacular.¹ The representation of life's passions interested the Elizabethans because they were interested in life itself. The theatre today is a brief escape from the ennui of an over-mechanized life ; but the Renaissance was a period when interest in life was heightened, and the surplus flowed into art. We say that the Elizabethans loved rhetoric,² that they tolerated the soliloquy,³ that their love of words extended even to puns,⁴ and that they had poetic imagination ;⁵ but the fact is, they had the urge which made them unconscious of the art or artifice of playwrights and actors. When one is hungry one does not note the behaviour of cooks and waiters. The Elizabethans hungered for words and actions which express the complex attitudes of the human spirit. Shakespeare appeared at that formative period when the people and the language could receive his impress.⁶ There was no conflict between him and his audience. Most of his listeners were doubtless uncultured. Yet in his progress from

Henry V to *Hamlet*⁷ he did not sacrifice the artist in him. In the infancy of Elizabethan drama there seems to have been a levelling up of tastes.⁸ The rise of the theatre coincided with the appearance of the University Wits, who brought dignity to it, and the Puritan boycott marked the beginning of its decay. Shakespeare's best period lay in between.⁹ His eminence as a dramatist is not a little due to the fact that from the king down to the shoe-maker everybody patronized him. He could write a play for the Globe with a reasonable hope that it would be performed at the Court and at the Universities.¹⁰ If a contributor to the modern penny magazine endeavoured to produce literature which might also be considered for the Nobel prize, he would starve. Since Shakespeare's time there has been a great cleavage of tastes. Modern conditions have produced men and women with narrow practical interests and crude unsatisfied hungers, so that each spectator's taste is like the bed of Procrustes. That is why there are so many theatres : one for pleasure-seekers, another for social reformers, a third for musicians, a fourth for æsthetes, and so on ; while most of those who love drama prefer reading plays to seeing them acted. The audiences who made Shakespeare are now scattered, changed and lost.¹¹ Much of the speculation about the *Influence of the Audience*¹² on Shakespeare is biassed by the critic's familiarity with modern conditions. Fastidious artists like Bridges confuse 'humanity with æsthetic sensibility'¹³ and think of Shakespeare as an 'Olympian pandering to a barbarous audience'.¹⁴ Superficial critics believe that Shakespeare catered to different sorts of men by putting in something for

each—philosophy for philosophers, politics for politicians, and buffoonery for buffoons;¹⁵ but they forget that, if Shakespeare had followed this method, a large section of his audience would always have been asleep. Shakespeare pleased all classes by appealing to what was common to them all, and what is common to the classes is common to the generations as well.

III

30. The tragedies of Shakespeare can be acted,¹ but since the spectator makes the play, we do not revive Shakespeare's plays by reconstructing his playhouse.² The Elizabethan audience did not note the absence of the front curtain because they could not have conceived of its presence. Brutus in doublet and hose³ did not shock them because they were not antiquarians. When we witness a play on the revived Elizabethan stage, however, we are keenly aware of just those things which totally escaped the attention of the Elizabethans. What was transparent to them is opaque to us. The more correct the stage, the more incorrect our response.⁴ Historical research, I am afraid, has little to contribute to the stage that transparent art will build for itself. It is no use preserving a shell after life has broken through it. In spirit the Elizabethan theatre was akin to our commercial stage. If Shakespeare were an actor-dramatist and shareholder today, he would not banish electricity and women.⁵ We have as much chance of reviving a stage without women or machinery as a married man has of regaining his celibacy. The choice of the future artist is not between the Elizabethan playhouse and the modern,

but between total simplicity and complete realism. A bare stage, a mound of earth with villagers squatting all round, as we have in India, has some promise. But I am inclined to think that the promise of the screen is brighter.

31. The wider scope of the screen need not stifle drama. The Elizabethan theatre, as compared to the Greek, had unlimited resources, yet Hamlet is no less inwardly conceived than *Ædipus*. If the attempt by the commercial stage to revive Shakespeare in the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries failed, it was because the realism was inadequate, crude, cumbersome, and obtrusive.¹ On the screen, however, Cæsar passing through crowded streets and entering the Senate Hall does not set us wondering how so many buildings were crammed into so little space, nor will it take time to change the street into a house. The screen is the nearest approximation to the theatre of the mind: images can flit,² change,³ fade,⁴ loom or recede.⁵ Much has been written about the living bond between the actor and the spectator in the theatre, but, so far as the spectator is concerned, this is nothing but his identification with the actor as actor. This is more of a hindrance than an aid to the identification of the spectator with the characters of the play. The absence of such vital contact, therefore, is no serious loss to pure drama. On the other hand, the screen promotes artistic detachment. When I see a risky exploit being performed on the stage I am in some trepidation for the safety of the actor's head,⁶ but it is not so on the screen. The most beautiful woman, on the screen, is less likely to rouse the tumult of the flesh which distorts

æsthetic response than the woman with warm blood in her veins languishing and casting glances at you, whom she knows, from a distance of two yards.

32. Just now the talkie is revelling in newly-discovered strength, but it cannot depend on mechanism to trade in thrills for ever. Last year I saw a film in which an ordinary ape defending a woman from a snake was most thrilling. Yesterday I saw, unmoved, a thousand-foot-tall ape saving a woman from a dragon. Next year we may have an ape out-topping the Himalayas, but he will leave us cold. Play-providers will soon have to recognize that the screen has laid its grip on our feelings only because it shadows forth the drama within ourselves. When the hero is chased, it is like our dream of being pursued by a snake. The pursuer and the pursuit are within us.¹ Our emotional response cannot be intensified merely by multiplying aeroplanes. Emphasis will have to shift from the outer to the inner. Theatrical devices will have to become mere accessories, like the thunder and lightning in *Macbeth*.

33. Already the process has begun. The movies were bull-fights. Even love was shown by bone-breaking embraces and kisses lasting minutes. The commercial theatre also had to employ the same methods. But in the talkie the least love-whisper is audible to all. There has come the magic of the spoken word which leads to a world far more fascinating than the world of sensations. Today we have talkies approaching pure comedy. The road from sensation to laughter has been traversed ; from laughter to tears is a shorter distance. A talkie *Hamlet* would not fail if a Granville-Barker

superintended the production.

34. Our age resembles the Renaissance in the spread of new knowledge to all classes. Further, the Elizabethans were patient listeners;¹ and broadcasting is making us also good listeners. It is easier for the cheap² talkie to attract the classes than for the esoteric theatre to attract the masses. As in Shakespeare the indigenous, crude, but vital literature of the masses met the exotic, refined, but formal literature of the classes,³ so may the readers of Browning's plays and the frequenters of the photo-play one day meet to witness the art of the future Shakespeare.

CHAPTER III

IMAGINATIVE IDENTIFICATION

35. In the foregoing chapter we said that art makes the actor's face transparent. Is it the 'art to find the mind's construction in the face'? No! Occultism and art have nothing in common. It is not to practise mind-reading that we go to the theatre. When I am sitting at a play 'the identity of everyone in the room' does not 'press upon me'.¹ Othello, whose identity presses upon me, is not a person present in the room. He is in my own mind. The last chapter should be read with this in mind. When we say, for example, that the actor's powdered face is transparent, it only means that the light of consciousness does not fall upon that part of our mind which is interested in the art of powdering faces. We may sum up our results thus : under the influence of tragic art, various portions of the spectator's mind are rendered so transparent that he sees not only Othello but also 'Othello's visage in his mind'. There is a double surrender of the purposive attitude.² We sacrifice the tendency to regard the actor as actor and thus become aware of Othello. Then we give up the tendency to act. When witnessing the play we do not take a solemn vow to agitate for an Act to prevent inter-racial marriages. Cinthio's tale is a warning to white women, and resembles the stories meant to dissuade English girls from marrying Indian

students. Shakespeare the artist frees us from such practical preoccupations. In actual life, we are Walpoles ascertaining each man's price and ignoring his worth. External conduct alone concerns us. We observe men from without and postulate political, economic and social laws; we observe the dials of a hundred clocks, as it were, and propound the theory that the magnetic action of the rising sun draws the hands of clocks upward! But this business does not satisfy our hearts.

36. When I joined Victoria College, Ceylon, a colleague was introduced to me as their ablest teacher. I felt he was carrying about him an atmosphere of gloom, and asked him if he was sad. He replied briefly that he had lost a coveted post in the Colonial Service. Some weeks after that I had a day-dream—a series of flame-pictures of a person who enters the I. C. S. and is unjustly removed. I recorded it in the form of a short story and showed it to my colleague. He was moved to tears. 'It is just like my own experience,' said he. I could have believed that his personality had entered into me, but then the incidents I had depicted were not the incidents of his life. It was only the emotional experience that he recognized as his own; but the experience a man recollects as his is not, strictly speaking, his. A grown up man 'grieves at grievances foregone'. This he does by identifying himself with the boy he believes himself to have been, and such a boy, perhaps, never existed. That boy is latent in the present personality of the man. It was not himself but his potential self that my colleague found in my story, and I was able to give expression to it because it was in me also. In

tragedy the empirical self is rendered transparent by the activity of a potential self. The object contemplated is no longer perceived as having an objective existence. 'It is we who are Hamlet.'¹ Without this identification there can be no catharsis.²

37. The notion that we understand external objects by directing our consciousness towards something appertaining to ourselves is neither new-fangled nor absurd. Our material body is the physical universe that we observe and become aware of.¹ If my body were made of X-rays, this edifice of brick would cease to exist for me. I would walk through walls without becoming aware of their existence. Extension, weight, colour, smell and taste are properties of matter only because our physical body is constituted as it is. To explain how one physical body comes in contact with another physical body we posit a substratum of matter. As we examine matter, however, it becomes hard to determine whether matter is not energy. So we posit a vital substratum, plane or body. In this way, there are said to be five bodies made of matter, energy, thought, imagination, and bliss.² In the *Taithiriya Upanishad* each body is pictured as a bird on the sacrificial altar. Each has to be sacrificed before the higher can come into play. We may illustrate this by an analogy. One tourist, fascinated by the skyscrapers and parks of New York, gathers an album of pictures. Another whirls along the streets in a fast car and prepares a road map. A third gains access to the ledgers of the banks and prepares a directory. The third man forms a truer idea than the others because he grasps that which is perpetually creating and destroying the city of New

York, including its buildings and roads. This he could not have done if he had been carried away by the pleasures of the eyes or by the glory of motion. Conversely, if copies of the ledgers were available in London, he could have compiled the directory without visiting New York. It is not by globe-trotting that we 'see into the life of things'.

38. Similarly, to know others is to know oneself. The existence of moods and multiple personalities shows that a man, like a plant, can sprout from any joint. It is as if he carries within himself the ledgers by consulting which he can understand others. They slumber beneath his waking self. Art lulls his ordinary self to sleep and conjures up the might-have-been.¹ It is through imaginative identification with this potential self that a man becomes aware of Hamlet.

39. In the first chapter we said that great art lays bare eternal inner entities. In the next chapter we inquired how Shakespeare was enabled to make the ephemeral transparent. Now we advance one step more and lay down the hypothesis that the transparency is the result of imaginative identification.

40. Imaginative identification, being an immediate perception, puzzles the intellect. Numerous objections to the above theory have, therefore, been raised, and it is good to examine them before proceeding further. On the one side are the mystics who postulate an artistic faculty as such. They would empty art of all sensuous, intellectual or emotional content. Rabindranath Tagore, for instance, postulates a 'disinterested joy of vision'. 'The admission of a donkey into a drawing room

is violently opposed,' says Tagore, 'yet there is no prohibition against its finding a place in a picture which may be admiringly displayed on the drawing room wall. A donkey we may pass by in Nature, but a donkey in Art we must acknowledge even if it be a creature that disreputably ignores all its natural history responsibility, even if it resembles a mushroom in its head and a palm-leaf in its tail.'¹ This argument is misleading. The urge that finds satisfaction in art is not different in kind from the urge that finds satisfaction in life. I am convinced that even the greatest tragedies of Æschylus and Shakespeare do not justify the use of phrases like 'æsthetic intuition', 'poetic energy', and 'creative mind'.² The three simple laws formulated by Spearman will suffice.

41. The pleasure of seeing is not passive. The plebeians of Rome rejoiced at the spectacle of Cæsar's triumph because, in imagination, they were at one with Cæsar. The donkey in the picture is identified with some impulse within the spectator; the mushroom head and palm-leaf tail constitute additional evidence of such identification. Let a man's response to art be as pure as possible, imaginative identification will still be found to underlie it. It underlies even the mutual relationship of the Infinite and the Finite, of God and the universe, which is indicated in the parable of the two birds perched on a tree. One ate the fruit, the other looked on.¹ The bird that looks on imaginatively attains the experience of the other bird. God is not only the spectator but also the actor inasmuch as He is the reality behind all appearance. Similarly, when witnessing a play, a man is both specta-

tor and actor. It is possible to maintain that there is such a thing as the 'disinterested joy of vision', and that *King Lear* is delightful because we see Lear 'with a greater clearness of vision than we can the walls around us',² but that is not the whole truth. 'We do not see Lear, we *are* Lear.'³

42. The belief that a work of art can be contemplated from outside is mainly responsible for a type of error pointed out in the following chapter. But in our anxiety to steer clear of Charybdis, the gulf of mysticism, we must not go too near to Scylla, the six-headed monster. The first of these heads is pseudo-psycho-analysis, which assumes that art can reveal only the privations of the artist, and comes to the general conclusion that all art is a disease. The second head is the so-called commonsense which objects to the interpretation of dramatic character on the ground that a character is only an illusion produced by the words and gestures of actors. The third head attaches great importance to the author's manuscript and babbles of the Shakespeare canon. The fourth, regarding art as the product of the author's empirical self, talks of Shakespeare's reading and environment. The fifth removes the stress from the author and studies the limitations of the audience. The sixth and last employs the analytical method. These six are dealt with in subsequent chapters.

CHAPTER IV

STATIC AND DYNAMIC

43. 'Each one of us is shut up alone in a circular panorama. The individual cannot go outside this encircling scenery and no one can get inside it. This magical panorama is simply his own mind regarded as a world.'¹ If each man lives in a self-made world like a silkworm unable to penetrate to what is taking place outside his cocoon, and if it is a fact that we identify ourselves with the hero of a tragedy, it follows that we do not perceive external design even when it exists in a tragedy. Lear is at the centre of his own universe; he is at one end of message-bringing wires, but the wires themselves and the senders of the messages at the other ends are invisible to him. It is true that we see Goneril plotting, it is also true that everything happens as she has planned, yet we do not mark these because our eyes are so much suffused with the passion of Lear. I asked my class the drift of Goneril's letter to Regan,² when it was written, where, when and to whom it was delivered, and what action was taken thereon. Few could answer. Of the subsequent intrigues of Goneril they had but a confused recollection. Nothing, therefore, can be more misleading than Moulton's graphic presentation of *Lear* as a federation of eight actions leading to the pronouncement that it is the most symmetrical and balanced of Shakespeare's plays.³ *King Lear* would

have been comic if Moulton's analysis had been true, for it is comedy that 'combines events so as to introduce mechanism into the outer forms of life'.⁴ Emotionally experienced, *King Lear* is a play of unbalanced extremes.⁵ If we emphasize the intrigue⁶ in *Othello*, the strings engross our attention until Othello becomes little better than Punch in the puppet-play. It is not in the toils of Iago but in the toils of his own nature that Othello is caught.⁷ Similarly, the perfect symmetry of destiny-action in *Macbeth*⁸ which Moulton has discovered is not corroborated by our emotional experience of the play. It may be that from the moment Macbeth steps into the circle charmed by the woven paces of the witches he acts like a person obeying a post-hypnotic suggestion.⁹ Free will is perhaps non-existent; but it is a fact of subjective experience and cannot be ignored by subjective art. What is significant to us is that at no time is Macbeth conscious of a cruel destiny guiding his conduct from above. The witches' foreknowledge does not limit Macbeth's free will. To perceive patterns like Nemesis¹⁰ and intrigue, or parallelograms¹¹ and triangles, we have to contemplate a work of art intellectually from outside; to appreciate tragedy we have to lose ourselves in its movement.¹² The true response is not static but dynamic.

44. The illusion of movement produced by a succession of pictures may serve by way of analogy. When listening to Macbeth's 'Tomorrow and tomorrow', each image melts into the next and all harmonize with the emotion. I see a belated weary traveller in a dim measureless desert allured by a retreating vision. Painfully, step by step, he

advances, not knowing that the glory in front is projected by a lamp he himself carries and that the destination is always under his foot—a grave in the desert dust. The picture alters. The man is the shadow cast by the light ; when it is quenched the shadow will be swallowed up in primal darkness. Again a change. He is a shadow in another sense, an actor strutting on a candle-lit stage, and looking for the applause which comes not. Another change. He rants and gesticulates as if delivering something of importance, but it all turns out to be void of sense. Then the prospect widens. The theatre is the world. We put on the boards a purposeless show ; when the last entry in the prompt-book is over, the candles of the firmament will go out and the world will return to nothingness. Emptiness returns to emptiness, darkness to darkness, dust to dust ; and, in between, lies this fever-fit of life, this needless self-torture, this perpetually deceptive gleam of a tomorrow when she shall sit crowned by my side in peaceful happiness. Avaunt ! thou mockery. What difference can it make whether she dies today or hereafter ?

45. As between two pictures, so between two utterances, we feel an unbroken mental process.

MACBETH : Who lies in the second chamber ?

L. M. : Donalbain.

M. : This is a sorry sight.

Macbeth is living it over again in imagination. As he stole out with bated breath and noiseless step the ominous silence was broken by a sleepy laugh in the next chamber and the blood-curdling response of ' Murder '. From his wife's reply it is now clear that one of them was Donalbain. The other, doubt-

less, was Malcolm.¹ If there is a mysterious bond making sons dream of what is happening to their father, the king is the father of the people and how shall the regicide escape? Supernatural agents are already hovering about the guilty castle. The mysterious shriek was not the owl's; it was their laughter of triumph that the murder cannot be hid. My own hands will be a witness against me. Look! A sorry sight!

46. To see a play thus, the previous consultation of dictionaries and commentaries is necessary, but even more essential is the ability to establish the requisite imaginative identification. Anyone who has watched an audience during a well-acted play must have noted how even an obscure, far-fetched joke makes the house roar with laughter. Imaginative identification makes the spectator's mind astonishingly subtle and agile, so that he not only enters into the feelings of the characters but also follows the rapid changes of images with their rich and varied associations.¹ We may call this 'thinking in images' as opposed to 'ratiocination'. Not intellectual relations but emotional ties bind the images together. Dover Wilson's comment on 'Nay but to live'² is illuminating. We feel the continuous stream of mental life. Imaginative identification fills up gaps. Even when Hamlet is silent we feel that his mind is active; even when he is off the stage he lives and changes.³ The scenes of the play are like snapshots of one movement, windows opening into a dynamic process. We cannot view the prospect from an external point, we must yield to the current.

CHAPTER V

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

47. Imaginative identification ! That is a phrase on which the shadow of Freud has fallen. The line of argument which seeks to derive God from the Œdipus complex¹ has been employed to prove that imaginative identification in literature springs from Narcissism and anal erotism.² I have elsewhere endeavoured to show up the fallacy. Here I will only say that, in identifying itself with its father or in loving dirt,³ the child is impelled by the desire for perfection. In identifying himself with the hero the spectator of a tragedy is doing the same. Shelley noted this long before Freud.⁴ Psycho-analysis has discovered nothing new. The novelty is in the Freudian theory that literature is an opiate or escape from life. If this theory means that literature saps vitality we should take it with a grain of salt. Alexander the Great was, not enfeebled by Homer. Great outbursts of literature have coincided with periods of intense activity. If Freudians mean that the forces that move us in literature are different from those that actuate us in life, we beg to point out that analysis itself will not support this view. The people of a country tread the war-path because some non-nationals are trying to acquire land. This has nothing to do with economics ; it is purely a rousing of deep-seated passion. The people feel as if foreigners are violating their mother-country. On

the tablet of each man's heart is engraved the picture of the Virgin-Mother⁵ and whatever threatens to mar this picture rouses his passionate disgust. As a result of this nations go to war, Othellos strangle Desdemonas, and Hamlets harangue their mothers. When Hamlet says :

O that this too too sullied⁶ flesh would melt

he is swayed by the very feeling which makes mystics assert that our flesh is sullied by the sin of Eve. The suicidal urge is rooted in this consciousness of original sin, which is nothing but the sin of separate existence, the pain of personality. Hamlet depicts the loneliness of spirit encased in flesh. When I respond to the play aright, I am impelled by that which impels all humanity.

48. Psycho-analysts, I am afraid, are misled by appearances. One man dreads competition and retires ; another gives up competition because he knows it is meaningless. The former escapes reality ; the latter meets its demand ; but analysts affix the same label to both. This is not consistent with Freud's own definition of neurosis as a compulsion to repeat a meaningless activity.¹ The Emperor Asoka renounced war because he saw no meaning in adding kingdom after kingdom to his empire. Shallow analysts fail to see that the same behaviour may be the result of different inner processes, that literature which is a bypath of escape to some may lead others to heights of realization.² Analysis has not evolved either the theory or the technique to grasp this ; it dissects the story of *Hamlet* and finds the Œdipus complex in the structure, but there is practically no work of art where it does not dis-

cover the same structure.³ Dissect a frog and a man, and the similarity of bone-structure is striking ; yet what a difference between them alive !

49. It is a pleasant business to observe that men are vertebrates like frogs and that *Hamlet* contains the same basic motifs as a primitive fantasy, but this reduction to primitive elements does not pluck the heart out of the mystery. A tree is judged by the fruit, not by the root. Freudians talk of the sublimation of the sex-urge as if the normal state of man were that of the plant which, in its brief span of existence, begets a million children who strangle and starve one another as well as the parent. They fail to see that the urge towards unity, which contradicts the seemingly biological needs of the individual, is innate ; and that art is an expression of this. Whether we fill a play with egoistic fantasy or with genuine imagination is the real question. "In identifying ourselves with the tragic hero, may it not be that, as a kitten playing with a ball develops powers for future use, we develop an instinct which will enable the race to fulfil its destiny ?¹ If psycho-analysis would only shift the angle of vision, it would recognize that art, by inducing imaginative identification, unfolds man's true nature. Sri Ramakrishna was once standing on the bank of the Ganges when he saw a poor boatman being brutally belaboured. Swamiji cried out in pain, and when his disciples arrived they saw on his body the mark of the blow. It was identification, but not pathological.

50. The distinguishing mark of pathological identification is ignorance of one's inner condition. But *Hamlet* reveals to us a secret part of ourselves, so

that its proper study leads to self-knowledge.¹ Art is more a quest than an escape. The semi-trance into which we are cast is a state of increased insight; we become spectators of ourselves and sit in judgement over the values or experiences with which we are identified. We externalize the self, give 'a local habitation and a name' for its complex states, and thereby free ourselves from their compulsive sway.² Thus Goethe rid himself of his suicidal impulse by writing *Werther*,³ and Shakespeare, perhaps, by writing *Hamlet*.⁴

51. This value of literature has always been recognized in India. Even day-dreams represent the automatic curative activity of the mind. Dr Bose of Calcutta has already cured many patients by employing a method in which day-dreams play a most prominent part.¹ He explains repression as the result of the dynamic interaction of opposite wishes, each opposing the entry of the other in consciousness, so that both can be the repressor and the repressed by turns.² These wishes may be conceived of as two aspects of a single identification, identification being 'the psychological expression of the principle of unity';³ so that, 'in full and complete identification lies the solution of the conflict in repression, because it is only by this means that opposite types of wishes can have simultaneous satisfaction.'⁴ Sixpenny novels, cinema serials, and ordinary day-dreams fail to do good because they again and again gratify *one* of the conflicting wishes, ignoring the other; it is like Don Juan pursuing and abandoning women, because he is unreconciled to the woman within. But *Ædipus*, *Macbeth* or *Hamlet* affords scope for complete identification and

facilitates the integration of consciousness.⁵ The inner impulse, the character in which that impulse is seen embodied, the world of that character, and the value underlying that world, are all simultaneously reached. The spectator realizes the identity of himself, the hero, the world, and God.⁶ In his introduction to the Malayalam translation of the *Bhâgavat*, Ezhuthachan says that he saw that God, the hero of the story, the world, his teacher and himself were one and the same. Following the advice of Ezhuthachan, Melpattur Bhattathiri cured himself of leprosy by composing a poem on the life of Krishna. If literature can be made to contribute to such realization, it would be folly not to put it to this use.

CHAPTER VI

THE ADMISSIBILITY OF CHARACTER-INTERPRETATION

I

52. An old Sanskrit critic describes the feeling produced by a play thus : ' It relates to some other and yet not quite to some other, it concerns me and yet does not concern me.'¹ Hamlet is perceived as a person distinct from the spectator, and yet the spectator is Hamlet. This is imaginative identification. It follows that in thinking of Hamlet ' as an actual person ' and trying to understand his mystery, we are really probing into ourselves. The key to our riddle is, as it were, presented to us from outside. Are we to reject it ?

53. There are two ways of approaching a work of art. Standing before the picture of the Last Supper, one man may be moved by the mercy of Christ ; another examines the texture of the canvas. The first is aware only of his own emotion, the second wants to study the tricks of the trade. On both the picture has its effect, but the mystery of music is in the heart, not in the harp. When we see the paint only as paint, we do not see the Christ. When we concentrate attention on Shakespeare's art, that art ceases to be a transparent medium. The study of the technique discovers only mechanism where there is life. Believing that the work of art has not vitality enough to evoke the necessary res-

ponse, the critic who follows this method proceeds to lay down mechanical rules for the guidance of the audience. Stoll, for example, says that the spectator must take Iago's impenetrability for granted because Shakespeare has depicted the other characters as unsuspicious of Iago.¹ This is what results from ignorance of the principle of imaginative identification. When a devotee meditates on Christ, he sees Christ surrounded by angels with harps. This is not because he previously decided upon a conscious artifice. His heart, filled with the glory of Christ, creates the choir of angels.² Shakespeare, filled with Othello's emotion, wrote as he did;³ and the spectator whose heart is not dead will respond to that emotion. He will perceive neither an improbability nor an artifice to hide it. The rise and fall of Othello's emotion makes Iago's mask impenetrable up to a certain moment and then causes it to fall like the walls of Jericho. While reading a sensational story, we are constantly striving, together with the hero, to spot the villain. If we can and the hero cannot, we immediately set him down for an ass. Shakespeare's *Othello* asks for no such exercise of sharpness: the villain reveals himself to us at the very beginning: and the ingenuity or otherwise of Iago's intrigue does not engage our minds, because it does not engage Othello's. In our identification with Othello lies the secret of the impenetrability of Iago's mask.⁴ The critics who make an elaborate analysis of the method by which this identification is brought about may reveal the secrets of the dramatist's profession, but they do not tackle the problems of character. Schücking, who set out to write on 'Character-problems in

Shakespeare's plays', was merely deceiving himself. This put him in strange predicaments.⁵

54. The same ignorance of imaginative identification accounts for the theory that Shakespeare has no characters but only situations¹ or poetry.² What we call situation is character.³ Hamlet moralizing in the graveyard is highly effective on the stage, but present the scene as an isolated piece before people unacquainted with the play, and its failure is certain and complete. The secret of dramatic poetry also is character.

Imperious Cæsar dead and turned to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Critics find 'the wail of rime'⁴ in this, because it is uttered by Hamlet. Judged simply as poetry, no flatter stuff could have been produced even by the conventional Pope in his most moralizing vein.

55. Thus the critics who allow their study of dramatic art to obtrude upon the interpretation of character are following a perverse practice. Hamlet is a 'stage-figure',¹ but he is at the same time a figure on which Shakespeare has shed the illusion of reality; and the illusion produced by art is 'a higher reality which, despite our reason, we are led to accept'.² The secret that lies behind the illusion belongs neither to the Danish Prince nor to the Elizabethan dramatist,³ but to us; and, since the primary function of art is to lead us to self-knowledge, it is our duty and privilege to try to understand Hamlet.

56. 'Hamlet is a character in a play, not in history';¹ nevertheless, it is legitimate to attempt to describe his state of mind in terms of psychology.

He may defy our attempts, but so do real men. The character of Essex was also 'a mystery'.² It is not fair to demand that a character in a play should conform to our ideas of consistency when the characters on life's stage do not.³ Stoll characterizes Othello as inconsistent because no one formerly suspected him to be capable of jealousy.⁴ Before the Socialist Ramsay Macdonald became Premier there appeared confident forecasts⁵ of what he would do. Were they justified? Othello's conduct is comparatively easier to explain. 'Love, when it comes charmed with all its witcheries on a sensitive and imaginative man who has long passed his youth, upturns the whole nature of such a man'⁶ far more easily than political exigencies can transform a party leader. Private passions, no less than public movements, invade individual consciousness and make people contradict their past selves.⁷ We cannot predict human conduct.

Lord! we know what we are but know not
what we may be.

(*Hamlet*, IV. v. 42.)

57. There is, however, a touchstone within us on which to test the reality of others. The life-force, by choosing different paths in different persons, is kept sundered,¹ but each person carries a map of the other routes. Thus we know that a Macbeth or Macdonald is running along the true track. We feel we know² Hamlet so intimately that we can deduce how he 'would, by choice or of necessity, behave in any conceivable set of circumstances'.³ Though shown only in part,⁴ we have the illusion that Hamlet is a living, changing person. We feel we

know his past and his sad transformation. The references made by Ophelia and Fortinbras justify, within certain limits, our talk of Hamlet as he was before his father's death,⁵ just as a few faint streaks in a picture can be recognized as a distant mountain.

58. Hamlet seems to have an independent existence because he is unhampered by the individual personality of the writer. Egocentric art is 'the expression of the artist but not an artistic expression':¹ true art is impersonal.² We can analyse the Prince.³ To look for only the tragic life-story of the Man Shakespeare⁴ in Hamlet is to class the play with the stories written by the inmates of mental hospitals.⁵ Great art is sane.

59. If Shakespeare is a great artist, what he depicts must be true to life. The painter need not claim that you can eat the apple on the canvas, but the apple must not be mistaken for an ox. Shakespeare holds the mirror up to nature, human nature, the aspect which the heart apprehends. 'The end of literature is the creation of psychological beings.'¹ Hamlet's psychology must therefore bear scrutiny. 'The æsthetic judgement pronounces for or against the interpretation of the creative imagination according as that interpretation embodies or contradicts the phenomena of life which we ourselves have observed.'²

II

60. When critics object to the interpretation of Hamlet's mental life on the ground that he is not a real person, what they really mean is that Hamlet has no independent existence in space and time.¹

We must cease to think of emotional experience in terms of space or time.

61. Let the reader recollect the performance of some play that he has witnessed and some tense situation of his own life. He will find that each was to him a succession of varying tensions. *Hamlet* was to me 'an alternation of rises and falls'¹ in tension. So was a function held in my honour in Ceylon. When the Honourable W. Duraiswamy, the present Speaker of the State Council, averred that he looked upon Indians as brothers, I felt as if my heart was being grappled to Ceylon; when another leader talked of imposing restrictions on Indians, I felt repelled; but the sweet words of the marvellously popular Agent to the Government of India, Mr. K. P. S. Menon, made me feel one with Ceylon again.

62. As we examine such an experience in tranquillity, we note that there was a thread running through the series of apparently incoherent reactions. Throughout the function in Ceylon I was imaginatively at one with India. Ceylon could move me because she is India's daughter. Lear expects children to behave to parents in a particular way; that is why his daughters lacerate his feelings. We have all felt loathing and disgust when Goneril or Regan appears on the stage. But does their conduct justify this? True, they profess affection without meaning it, but that is just what most girls do. Being forewarned that the capricious old tyrant is coming with a band of desperate fellows to wrest back the kingdom, Regan¹ declines to entertain him before her turn. When she is left a young widow and a foreigner invades her country, she turns to the man who seems likely to give her both

love and security. There are women of my acquaintance who have shown even less consideration for the feelings of parents, yet, I confess, I do not dislike them. When Regan appears on the stage, therefore, it cannot be my ordinary self that feels indignation. My reaction towards her is predetermined by my identification with Lear.² *Romeo and Juliet* shows the feud between age and youth 'from the point of view of youth. The play of *King Lear* shows it from the point of view of age'.³ The same shifting of points of view explains why, though Claudius, Macbeth, and the Junior Duke in *As You Like It* are all alike in compassing the Crown by vile means and finding it empty, we loathe Claudius, sympathize with Macbeth, and ignore the Junior Duke.⁴ We can argue that it is we who react to Claudius, Gertrude, Polonius and Laertes, but from the nature of these reactions it is clear that the meeting point of tensions is not our ordinary self. That centre is the Hamlet-in-us. We look upon others with eyes clouded by his suffering. The whole thing may be summed up in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh: a play 'is a grouping of certain facts and events around a single centre..... In this play that centre is the mind of Hamlet. We see with his eyes and think his thoughts'.⁵

63. Hamlet has a phobia of Claudius. Shakespeare had observed the power of objects to provoke disproportionate feelings:

Some men there be love not a gaping pig;
Some that be mad if they behold a cat.

(*Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 47-8.)

I wonder whether Shakespeare endeavoured to

study this strange phenomenon. Green¹ has analysed a case. A patient hated kittens because 'kitten' stood for 'Kitty', her more attractive sister. In hating kittens she was hating her own failure to become attractive. It is not the external cat that rouses feeling, but something within ourselves. The attitude of Hamlet towards Claudius suggests that Hamlet has partially identified himself with Claudius.² Hamlet himself is a portion of the spectator's mind, and so is Claudius. The identification of one part of the mind with another is common.³ I recently made a study of a patient in a mental hospital and the physician-in-charge agreed with me that there was incomplete identification of the Ego with the Super-Ego. Let the student of psychology study the tension caused by the play as the incomplete identification of one part of the spectator's mind with another; our business is to surrender to the illusion of the intra-psychical conflict experienced by Hamlet. The critic who talks of Hamlet's inner conflict does not overstep the limit any more than the critic who says that Hamlet is a prince. On the other hand, he who misses the intra-psychical conflict misses the tragedy altogether.⁴ Macbeth's world-weariness interests us, but not the spectacle of Macbeth pitched against Malcolm like two fighting cocks. Shakespearean tragedy is not merely the war of 'mighty opposites', or the struggle of the individual against circumstances,⁵ or of the inherent will against the circumstantial will. Hardy⁶ failed to understand that the impulse which made Tess confess her past to Angel after marriage was no less inherent and impersonal than that which made her conceal it during courtship. The war within Othello

or Macbeth is between inherent and impersonal powers. The tension experienced by the spectator is also between those same powers. Such conflicts do not exist in space. It therefore makes no difference whether Hamlet has an existence in space or not.

III

64. The psychological interpretation of character would have been inadmissible if Shakespeare's plays had been like our psychological novels. The writer of a modern novel imbibes theories of psychology first and then uses them as spectacles through which he observes life. That was not Shakespeare's way. He saw because he had eyes to see.¹ In the days of his nonage his eye, 'in fine frenzy rolling', saw the 'forms of things unknown', characters who were more or less 'airy nothings', bizarre, sentimental, unreal; but as the eye became clearer he saw more and more of the truth of the men and women around him. Then each person in life became an interesting character. To create characters he had only to 'hold the mirror up to nature'.² Some pompous privy councillor breaks down in the midst of a sapient speech. 'By the mass I was about to say something,'³ he stutters. Or some drunkard who has broken all the ten commandments 'makes a good end'.⁴ Shakespeare, not having read Freud, did not speculate on the underlying psychological laws; and so he did not distort fact to fit into intellectual theory. Art does not alter life, but discovers more and more of its significance according to the measure of the artist's awareness of himself.

65. And according to the measure of the critic's

insight into himself, he interprets the creations of art. We have as much right to form psychological theories of Hamlet as to propound astronomical theories of the world. One cannot form a theory of Milton's cosmogony, because it is only a theory stated in verse ; but doctors have diagnosed, actors personated,¹ and professors expounded Hamlet a hundred times over, discovering each time something new. Sir C. V. Raman once told me that, while he was absorbed in his epoch-making research, a doubt at times crossed his mind whether it was external phenomena that he was co-ordinating or only facts of consciousness. The only possible test of a theory of physics or of Hamlet is whether all people repeating the experiment arrive at the same results ; and the significant fact of Shakespeare criticism is that while those who employ the historical or analytical apparatus arrive at widely divergent results, the psychological theories are capable of ultimate reconciliation. After performances of Shakespeare's plays I have overheard people who had never read criticism pass remarks strongly reminiscent of Bradley. Bradley needs no further corroboration, nor psychological criticism an apology.

CHAPTER VII

THE HISTORICAL AND THE ANALYTICAL METHODS

I

66. Since Hamlet has no objective existence, and since the spectator enters into what may be described as the subjective world of Hamlet, we may regard subjectivity as a feature of Shakespearean tragedy. Let us briefly note in what relation we stand to other schools of Shakespeare criticism.

67. Our attitude to the schools typified by Moulton, Harris, and Schücking is clear already. As for questions of date and authorship, they are of primary importance only when we study a play as the creation of one particular mind at one particular point of time in the past. When we regard *Hamlet* as being created anew by each spectator, it makes no difference whatsoever whether it was written before the Flood or yesterday by Bacon masquerading as Shakespeare, by Kyd in conjunction with a junior, or for that matter by a worm which fell into some ink and crawled about on a few sheets of paper.

68. For the same reason, our view will be unaffected by a discovery that half of *Hamlet* was from the pen of a collaborator. Not unity of authorship but unity of art is what we care for. That the play called *Hamlet* has coherence is proved by its popularity and by the fact that, of all the great tragedies, it suffered least from 'restorers and adap-

ters'.¹ On the face of it, therefore, we are inclined to hold that *Hamlet* is psychologically consistent. If, however, *Hamlet* does present a problem, we would not look for its key in Shakespeare's revision of an earlier play.² There are some who will not go so far as to say that Hamlet died 'of the fifth act', yet they do not scruple to explain Hamlet by referring him to Elizabethan conditions of authorship. This is inconsistent. Let us talk of either Hamlet's behaviour or Shakespeare's,³ but let us not confuse the issue by talking of both at the same time. We may, if we are so minded, frame charges against Shakespeare :

Judge : Prisoner at the bar, you saw that the additions you made to the *Ur-Hamlet* were out of harmony with the play, and yet you did nothing, which shows that you are an indifferent patcher of soles. Do you plead guilty ?

The accused : A badly-mended shoe would not have worn so well. Four of the originals I revised for my company are extant,⁴ and you can satisfy yourself that my revisions were always thorough. In the case of *Hamlet*, I returned to the work of perfecting it from time to time, and it is not my habit to leave a serious flaw in the very portion of the play that engrosses attention.⁵ So I plead 'not guilty'.

But let us not presume to sit in judgement on Shakespeare ; let us merely ask whether the discrepancy between Hamlet's soliloquies and his actions can have a psychological significance.

✓ 69. We have already seen that, in tragedy, the inner working of the hero's mind is more important than his outward acts. Hamlet's conduct is productive of nothing but pain to others, but Shakespeare

lets us see 'how ill all's here about my heart.' We see not only the bleeding hands of Brutus, but also his bleeding heart. All criticism of Shakespeare already written and yet to be written is implied in the one remark of Goethe that Shakespeare's characters are like clocks with transparent dials. The movement of the hands outside and the movement of the wheels within are both visible. The *Ur-Hamlet* had shown the external movement; Shakespeare revealed the complex and even contrary movement within. The dial was opaque; he made it transparent. The discrepancy between Hamlet's soliloquies, which Shakespeare added, and the action, which Shakespeare borrowed, between the lover that Hamlet is and the cynic that he seems, far from being an accidental blot, is the vital essence of the play.¹ The practical world is too narrow for Hamlet's rich nature; he is compelled to 'misexpress'² himself and so is misunderstood.

70. The theory that Hamlet expresses himself falsely is nowadays associated with psycho-analysis, so that the man in the street is apt to fancy that some secret diving for hidden complexes is necessary before this impression can be arrived at; but this is a wrong notion. The technique employed by these critics is new, but the experience they seek to interpret is as old as the play itself. The Globe-audience felt much the same emotional tension as we. It was not beyond the capacity of the Elizabethans or even of the ancients to be moved by a character whose outward behaviour fails to express him. The characters who appealed powerfully to the ancients—Achilles, Orestes¹ and Œdipus in Greece; Rama, Arjuna and Dushyanta in India—are

all such as fail to express themselves correctly through action or inaction. The Greeks explained it as the work of an overruling fate, the Elizabethans as the growth of a humour, and psycho-analysts as the outcropping of the unconscious ; but the central tragic fact is the same. Brutus the ideal friend brings death and defeat to friends ; Othello the lover strangles the object of his love ; impelled by the social instinct Macbeth becomes anti-social ; and Hamlet the lover of mankind scatters death and desolation. In Hamlet is seen the awful loneliness of the human soul, the isolation of beings that long for communion, the uneasiness of the spirit, which is one, lodged in bodies, which are many. Hamlet holds in essence a universal experience : how men in this earthly pilgrimage

Shake hands and part,
For every man has business and desire.

We are all Hamlets in this respect ; we also go through life delaying and wearing a mask.

71. A boy of the B.A. class loves a girl class-mate most sincerely and writes laboured sonnets, for true passion is always 'ill at these numbers'.¹ The warden of the girls' hostel suspects the young man's sincerity and advises the girl to be chary of her maiden presence. She obeys. Later on she hears that he has resigned his cricket captainship and that he is becoming a prey to melancholia. One day she pays him an unexpected visit. There is something she expects to hear from his lips, but an unnecessary and acrimonious controversy about current politics consumes their brief five minutes, and they part. She wonders whether he ever loved her at all. If

he loves her, how could he be so hard upon women who buy foreign cloth ? She does not know that he has become an ardent nationalist. Even his resigning the captaincy was caused by the refusal of sanction by the authorities to purchase bats and balls of Indian manufacture. What deterred him from proposing to her was the knowledge that her father, a Government servant, would disclaim any relation with a man in the bad books of the Government, and that she, with her excessive dependence on her father,² was not the girl on whom a painful decision should be forced. Months hence, as he is rowing down the Ganges he passes a boat in which a man is standing and depositing the last remains of somebody in the bosom of the sacred river. O God ! The man is her brother. She is gone. The curtailed ceremonies betoken that she died a maid.³ He has more sorrow than her shallow brother ; but the brother's eyelashes are wet, his dry.⁴ A dull fire is eating into his heart. Wistfully he watches the bones sink. He has a mind to leap in too, but will her bones recognize his, and mix and mingle with them at the bottom of the river ? Vain hope ! Time will stretch to eternity, but his true feeling will never be known. On the river-bank there is a small group of people, and as he moors his boat he overhears their talk :

ONE PERSON : The daughter of a District Magistrate and a graduate ? Why did she commit suicide, I wonder.

ANOTHER : It seems she was crossed in love at college.

A THIRD : About that there is an ugly rumour. I hear that the doctor who conducted the post-

mortem examination told her father that she killed herself in time to prevent worse scandals.

Thus are we misunderstood.⁵

72. The tale of Hamlet's love is the same. At the interview Ophelia hopes to hear him declare that love is the cause of his trouble ;¹ she does not know that a duty has devolved upon him and set him thinking. If the ghost was his dead father, if it is a fact that his noble father suffers unspeakable torment for having died in sleep through no fault of his own,² then there is no justice in the world beyond death. Probably the ghost was not his father.

the devil hath power

To assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps....
Abuses me to damn me.³

If so, it is clear that Satan is more powerful than God, because the agents of evil are able to invade this world and extend their conquests while the angels are powerless. Vain is our expectation of Divine justice and mercy in the next world, for Satan is stronger there. Here he is still more powerful. The forces of physical, mental, and moral decay are irresistible. A few men may be indifferent honest, Hamlet himself for example, but they fight a losing battle against ambition, lust, anger, and sloth. Women are even more frail, Hamlet's mother for example. Beauty invites temptation and then succumbs to it. Mankind crawling on earth and aspiring for heaven affords a pitiable spectacle. The downward pull of original sin is stronger ; virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. We are besieged by Satan. As the brave

Rajputs besieged in Chitor felt that the only way to foil the enemy was to immolate themselves, so Hamlet feels that the only way we can discomfit the author of evil is to end ourselves. Suicide would be an effective method if there were nothing beyond this life ; but the ghost, whatever its identity, testifies to a form of existence other than physical. To commit suicide is to play into the hands of the enemy. Satan made life three parts pain so that weak man may be tempted to seek refuge in suicide. Life is the net cast in the shoals of time by Satan to draw us to an eternity of perdition. Suicide being ruled out, there remains only one way : men must cease to breed, there must be no more marriages. Women lisp and mince and paint their faces because they are incited by Satan ; with their beauty are we enticed. Ophelia may not know that she is acting as Satan's agent. She re-delivers the love-tokens, but her words and gestures show that this is only 'a strategic retreat'. 'Get thee to a nunnery, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners ?' is advice tendered in all seriousness.⁴ At the graveyard one great sorrow of Hamlet, doubtless, is that the very advice he tendered for the sake of her soul's health has driven her to eternal damnation. He does not know that her father's death had something to do with her suicide ; in fact he has forgotten all about the old man, as his talk with Laertes shows. He is aware of only one thing : at the time of their fateful interview he told Ophelia that he did not love her because he then believed Satan omnipotent and suspected his feeling to be lust, but he now knows it was love ; and she has died in ignorance of it. The test of love is the willingness to sacrifice ; he wants

to demonstrate it. Hamlet's main sorrow is that his words and actions have belied him. At the moment of his death it is of his wounded name he thinks. He, the lover of mankind,⁵ will be called the malicious disturber of men's peace,⁶ and unprincipled villains like Claudius will pass for wise benefactors. So completely do men fail to express themselves through words and actions in the practical world.

73. Thus there is no necessary conflict between primitive tales and later revivals of them.¹ The presumption that Shakespeare's Hamlet could not fit into the framework provided by the primitive story or Kyd's dramatized version of it is unwarranted. The reality of Hamlet had already been tested on human hearts widely separated in time and place, and, not being cursed with the itch for originality, Shakespeare did not insist on creating his own Hamlet, as Shaw has created his own Saint Joan. To accuse Shakespeare of not having removed all traces of his predecessor's picture while painting his own is like saying that Addison should have objected to Steele's sketch of Sir Roger. But for that sketch would the unconscious humour of Addison's Sir Roger have been possible? Shakespeare discovered the possibilities of the story, and without disturbing its framework he shifted the light from outside to inside. The horrors of the borrowed plot came in handy for dramatizing human character as it exists in the normal world.² Shakespeare had discovered through experience that the scope and the appeal of plot were limited,³ that what the audience wanted was not action but dramatic action;⁴ and so he made Hamlet's inaction the main action of the

play.⁵ His quick eye detected that the elemental appeal of this character was in the feeling of tension caused by his delay, which was due not so much to the conflict outside as to the subtler conflict within. Shakespeare knew that avengers who proceed straight to their business and chop up their victims like mutton must themselves become as dead as mutton ;⁶ so he got at the principle of life in the *Ur-Hamlet*.⁷ The rude sketch on the canvas needed but a few strokes from the brush of the master-artist to start into life.

II

74. If there is no need to determine the authorship, there is even less need to ascertain the author's opinions.¹ We attach no particular sanctity to Shakespeare's theory of Hamlet, if he had any. Shakespeare, handing in the manuscript of *Hamlet*, might have said to the stage-manager, 'Herein is dramatized Bright's *Treatise of Melancholie*',² or, 'This is a study of the character of King James'. Nevertheless, in our opinion, a perusal of Bright or a study of James's character is unnecessary, even irrelevant.³ In taking up this extremely unscholarly attitude we follow the best traditions of Indian criticism. The perusal of Bright might have been the immediate occasion for the writing of *Hamlet*, but, as Shakespeare warmed up, the character sprang to life,⁴ so that as we witness the play today our impression is that Shakespeare read Bright 'with his notions of Hamlet already formed, and found Bright's conception of melancholy different from his own'.⁵ We can similarly concede that when Shakespeare sat down to compose *Othello* his intention was

to expose Philip of Spain's designs upon Venice,⁶ but, as he began writing, the noble Moor began to speak and act for himself. The play as we now possess it is assuredly not the shape that political feeling would have spontaneously assumed. More obscure feelings were at work, the stones he used came from a deeper quarry, and so he 'builded other than he knew'.⁷ Shakespeare did not construct his plays as did Ben, his bricklayer contemporary. Shakespeare has no psychological studies.⁸ He created characters and left it for us to theorize. Jonson, on the other hand, made characters to fit theories. Theories are like clothes with which we cover fellow-creatures to make them visible to the eye of the intellect, and so a character fashioned to illustrate a theory is like a suit of clothes that walks about like a man. You cannot study the character of Fastidious Brisk; he is himself only a character-study. If it had been Jonson that had sat down to compose *Hamlet* after a perusal of Bright, he would have turned out something bright, not a point being left obscure; everything fitting like a well-cut suit; but as the clothes went out of fashion the character too would have disappeared, there being nothing within. Such a character cannot be studied without the aid of Bright. When books beget books, books form the only criterion. Shakespeare's *Hamlet* belongs to a different category: he can survive a change of clothes. Timothy Bright's *Treatise* (1586) gives the symptoms of Hamlet's melancholia; the *Text-Book of the Practice of Medicine*⁹ (1922) used in our medical college also gives them. If the dates were unspecified one could believe that Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet* to illustrate Macnamara. This riddle

underlies all vital phenomena. Explaining the *Psychologies* of 1930¹⁰ to a student last year, I noted that an incident of his life could be interpreted on the basis of any one of those systems. We see around us the success of different methods of therapy built on theories fundamentally opposed to one another. A theory is not something pertaining to the object; it is born when, in our endeavour to grasp the meaning of phenomena, we correlate things within the domain of our empirical knowledge. To say that Shakespeare had his own theory of Hamlet only means that Shakespeare, in endeavouring to make his artistic creation comprehensible to his intellect, employed the terms accepted by his empirical self. We have to follow the same method: that Shakespeare explained Hamlet in terms of humour-psychology is the very reason why McDougall should use the terms of hormic psychology.

75. Research scholars will say that Shakespeare's *Hamlet* can be understood only if we discover the theories that Shakespeare held and the environment he moved in. We beg leave to differ. If the essence of *Hamlet* had been some psychological theory, or political doctrine of the past, to be apprehended by the intellect, research would have been the only way, but *Hamlet* is an emotional experience.¹ Research imports into æsthetics the methods of science; it arms the intellect for competition. The student who discovers through research all the references to Cleopatra's nose-ring in the literatures of the world, and further ascertains whether the Elizabethan boy-actress bored his nose, is on the way to a post in the civil service; but such a study is obviously facilitated by his refusal to be

carried away by Antony's emotional experience. He may read a hundred books about the dark lady of the sonnets and yet remain unmoved by *Antony and Cleopatra* ; if, however, he has ever fallen under the spell of a dark lady of his acquaintance, he will know what the play depicts. We retain the power to be moved by dark ladies ; that is enough.² The true original of Cleopatra was not in the court of Egypt or England ; it is in the hearts of men. It was not the Beatrice that Dante met in the streets of Florence, but the Beatrice he met in his heart, to whom the *Divine Comedy* is dedicated. The connexion of Essex or James with Hamlet, if it existed at all, was fortuitous. As for the immediate occasion that induced the mood which resulted in the play, it might have been a golden morning suddenly overcast or the fall of a leaf.³ Research, in its pursuit of the ephemeral, loses sight of the essential.

76. But that is not the worst of it. Research implies detachment of view. The scholar's mind pictures to itself a Shakespearean mind holding out some antiquated theory like humour-psychology or some aspect of a man like Essex, and fitting the character called Hamlet to this as perfectly as a nut fits a screw. He watches the whole thing as in a laboratory for experimental psychology and exclaims : 'Eureka ! Shakespeare's Hamlet, the only true Hamlet, is found.' He forgets that what he has to offer is only his conception of Shakespeare's conception. It is one thing to feel like the Elizabethans, quite a different thing to feel that we feel like them. As remarked elsewhere, such a study makes opaque what was transparent to the Elizabethans. By treating Hamlet and humour-psycho-

logy like a screw and its nut, the scholar inhibits his own feelings. He does not perceive through the feelings and then begin to theorize. He sets out with the theory and intellectual activity hides what lies beyond. At no time does he feel the reality of Hamlet. He expected, and therefore found, Hamlet to be a mere puppet obeying the laws of a psychology long since out of date. I should like to say a word to scholars : ' If Hamlet is nothing more than the lifeless illustration of a theory which has been proved to be wrong, is it not time to forget him ? The world of literature should be peopled by the living, not by the dead. If Hamlet is alive, why do you employ methods fit only for the study of fossils ?'

77. Further, there is no guarantee that research can create Shakespeare's environment.¹ The so-called ' documents of the time ' may give a false picture. If you read Indian newspapers today, you will think that all India is in a ferment and Benares the storm-centre, but I find not even a ripple disturbing the surface of life. If this is the case with public newspapers how can we build upon private documents ? Tomorrow a scholar may unearth a document conclusively proving Queen Elizabeth's identity with the dark lady of the sonnets and Gertrude ; the day after tomorrow another scholar may discover another document, and each may call in question the authenticity of the other's document. If this is Shakespeare criticism, Scotland Yard is the proper place, and policemen the proper persons, to investigate the problems relating to Shakespeare's conception of Hamlet. Research ' becomes capricious and ends by being impossible '.²

78. If the findings of research relating to the facts of Shakespeare's outer life are like a pyramid standing on its apex, one can guess how inaccessible are the incidents of his inner life which contributed towards the creation of *Hamlet*. Intuition, says Croce, is complete even before the pen is laid on paper.¹ How can research reveal when and how *Hamlet* was first conceived? The problem is further complicated by another circumstance. *Hamlet*, as Shakespeare experienced him, must have grown and changed during the process of writing, staging, and revision. Which of these is to be christened by the name 'Shakespeare's *Hamlet*'?

III

79. The above remarks apply with equal force to the quest of the 'Elizabethan *Hamlet*'.¹ With more force, we should say, for it is easier to believe that a single person called Shakespeare had read Bright than that the apprentices who came to the Globe, the gentry who patronized Blackfairs, and the busy councillors at the court had all read the *Treatise*, and wanted to see it illustrated.² It is possible, though not probable, that Shakespeare had heard of Queen Elizabeth wooing a page,³ but the majority of Shakespeare's audience, certainly, knew nothing about it. We can safely assume that the average London apprentice was not perpetually worried over the chronic virginity of Old Queen Bess; the virginity of the Sally in his own alley must have disturbed him more. Political and intellectual interests are volatile. Men and women of all types and conditions would not have flocked to a playhouse day after

day with such avidity, if the bill of fare promised only political allegories and moral sermons.⁴ Had Hamlet been a 'humour' he would have gone out of vogue with his brethren. There might have been a microscopic minority of the audience who regarded Hamlet in one or other of these lights, but does that justify sweeping generalizations? Even the existence of that minority is doubtful. Personal references are not wasted on a select audience of aristocrats in a mood to laugh at rivals.⁵ But would the King's Company have presented a picture of the immorality of the King's own mother 'as a compliment to a newly-reigning monarch'?⁶ The wisest fool in Christendom was shrewd and sensitive enough to have discovered the allegory. If the audience understood the joke, Shakespeare would have paid for it on the gallows; if they did not, where was the point in it? Nobody suspected Shakespeare.⁷ Jonson, Chapman and others of the clever sort were severely punished for attempting allegories,⁸ but even after *Richard II* had been staged Shakespeare escaped scot free.⁹ Not even the assiduity of Miss Bacon has fished out any diary containing such an entry as this:

'Witnessed *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, bitter satires on the King's incompetence and his mother's shocking conduct.¹⁰ What else is to be expected of Bacon, the late queen's natural son?'

80. Would the discovery of such a diary affect us? Let us concede for the sake of argument that research is being conducted on proper lines, that the information gleaned from doubtful references is not only correct but also complete, that Shakespeare's plays were staged in only one theatre, that all the

spectators had the some mental equipment, and that *Hamlet* was not revised from time to time. Does it follow that we should not appreciate the play in our own way? It is like saying that Jeffrey's is the only valid judgement on the *Lyrical Ballads*.

81. The Elizabethan spectator himself does not seem to have followed Jeffrey's method. He did not refuse to appreciate what failed to conform to pre-conceived patterns. If one asks for chalk and the shopkeeper offers cheese, it is certain to be rejected, but the Elizabethans did not go to the Globe after noting down their needs. Possibly, some bracketed *Hamlet* and *Hieronimo*, mistaking gold for brass, but they soon discovered that it did not tarnish. They did not throw it away indignantly crying, 'We want melodrama, you offer tragedy'.¹ Underlying modern research is a curious fallacy. Because Kyd, Chapman and Webster popularized Senecan tragedy, we take it for granted that Shakespeare could have done nothing more.² It is like arguing that, because a man likes salmon, we can conclude he hates herring. When a dish was served, the Elizabethans tested it on the tongue; we test it in the chemical laboratory. We find that Seneca and Shakespeare are composed of the same elements, and attach the same label to both. The judgement of such of us as yet continue to test dishes on the palate is at a discount. 'We found *Hamlet* a tragedy and not a melodrama,' say critics from Goethe to Bradley. 'You are all wrong,' says our scholar learned in the comparative, historical, and analytical method, 'Look at the labels.'

82. This reminds me of a confectionery shop near our college. When a dish is served one boy says,

'This is a Bengali preparation'. The manager smiles and looks on. Another boy says, 'This is from the Punjab'. The manager smiles again. He does not mind what name they give it provided they like the fare. Names are conventional and subject to change; tastes endure. Men reason differently but feel alike.¹ The label that the Elizabethans attached to *Hamlet* serves no useful purpose; it is even probable they affixed no labels. Shakespeare seems to have been a man who had no desire to docket and tabulate and have a theory for everything.² What is called 'Shakespeare's Hamlet' or 'The Elizabethan Hamlet' is, in all probability, a figment of latter-day research. If Shakespeare were to appear at our M.A. examination and attempt the question on Shakespeare's conception of Hamlet, any one of my boys would beat him hollow. For this generation alone has developed a method of deciding taste by making use of the tongue in a novel way—by talking instead of by eating. There is a fine parable: two men went to a mango grove; one ate the fruit, the other counted the leaves.

IV

83. Modern research is not merely a counting of leaves; it is the counting of dead leaves. A great work of art is like a tree, and a tree sheds leaves to renew its own life. At every new revision Shakespeare threw in new topical allusions and dropped those that had worn out. While witnessing *Hamlet* courtiers might have been reminded of Essex,¹ Oxford dons of some colleague, and we in India today may think of Gandhi. What each man brings seems to tally with what Shakespeare offers. Shakespeare's

tragedies can germinate in any soil and cover themselves with new foliage. On the other hand, it is idle to pretend that by reading books on the foreign policy of Philip of Spain² we can regain the intensity of feeling that the Elizabethans felt. To insist on seeing Philip in Othello is like sticking fallen leaves to the tree with gum, and killing the fresh buds in the process. The humour of it is that research cannot identify the dead leaves. Hamlet is both Essex and James.³ Miss Have-it-both-ways had better settle it with herself and with others of a like persuasion before advancing the claim of any candidate to be considered the authentic dead leaf.

84. For in an allegory a single character cannot stand for two things. Hamlet is a composite picture, not a consistent allegory. Shakespeare saw the enigma of existence writ large on the faces of the people around him. To appreciate Hamlet we have to do the same. One need not rake up dusty and doubtful records to work up the emotions necessary for the understanding of literature; one can always fill one's pitcher from the stream of life.

V

✓ 85. In other words, we have to penetrate to the eternal underlying the ephemeral if we want to appreciate Shakespeare. The fact that a tragedy of Shakespeare has bonds with contemporary politics, psychology or philosophy should not—as allegory-hunting tends to do—hide from view its bonds with all time. Allegory is the placing of one picture over another.¹ They coincide. The sequence of events in *The Pilgrim's Progress* is governed by the needs of the story-form and by the nature of the spiritual

experience ; but the dual dictatorship is not felt because both the elements are eternal. Such, however, is not the allegory discovered in Shakespeare. We are asked to believe that the conduct of the Hamlet who was born of the unchanging longings of the human spirit was twisted to coincide with contemporary politics, which was nothing better than a changing game of sophisticated virgins and wise fools. Nobody denies that Hamlet reflects passing phases of contemporary life and thought ; but they were casual, not vital, connexions. The ephemeral element was not dovetailed into the eternal. No good workman joins a plank of seasoned oak to another of freshly-cut pine, lest one should warp and both be spoiled. Spenser welded allegories together ; he endowed his Faerie Queene with at least four different lives ; that is why she died as soon as she was born. Had Shakespeare forced Hamlet to behave as he does because James behaved as he did, Shakespeare would have killed the child of his imagination. But Shakespeare was not guilty of infanticide. Miss Winstanley, Miss Anderson and Miss Campbell,² I am afraid, miss this entirely.

86. So does all historical criticism. Research reveals that Burbage was the leading actor of Shakespeare's company, and that he had a sonorous voice. These findings of research lead to the brilliant guess that Shakespeare wrote Hamlet's soliloquies for Burbage. With this in mind the scholar reads Hamlet and feels that the soliloquies are unnecessary for plot or characterization. And so he draws the conclusion that Hamlet soliloquizes because Burbage had a fine voice. This is identical in form with the judgement that Hamlet acts as he does because

James was what he was ; and both statements are open to the objection that they take for granted Shakespeare's readiness to commit infanticide. It may be that *Hamlet* was pressed into shape by the physical conditions of the Elizabethan theatre, its traditions, its actors or its audience ; but why need we, in the presence of a statue, ask ' Which mould pressed it into shape ? ' or, ' From what quarry did it come ? ' ¹ Mr Dry-as-dust, the literary historian who is on the look-out for influences and tendencies, must value bad books most because the worst armour bears the deepest marks.² Where the artistic impulse is weakest the impress of the age is strongest. In the tragedies Shakespeare had come into his own; they can afford to stand on intrinsic merit. If the soliloquies are out of harmony with Hamlet's character, the play is not worth talking about ; if they express Hamlet, why drag Burbage in ? We take it for granted that Shakespeare brought out the best in each actor,³ but that only means that, like all great artists, Shakespeare, by accepting them, transcended the conditions under which he had to work. Lamb had to fill a column in a magazine, but he made a maypole of the column.⁴ Shakespeare's stage, his actors and his audience constituted the soil in which his art struck root. The secret of its life is not in the soil. We cannot say that a potato became round because the soil pressed it into that shape. The Elizabethan theatre was no cast-iron mould. If, for example, the absence of a curtain in front had been felt to be a drawback, the King's Company, who knew Inigo Jones at court and who had already used a curtain to ' discover ' Desdemona in bed, would have furnished the Blackfriars theatre

with a curtain.⁵ The need was not felt. Soldiers removing the bodies of Hamlet, Coriolanus and Brutus to the beat of muffled drums gave a solemnity to the close of poetic drama which the vulgar sensationalism of the drop-scene could never attain.⁶

87. It is worth asking whether historical criticism spoils true appreciation. When we know that *Macbeth* was staged by the King's Company before James, the tendency is to see Bottom-Shakespeare endeavouring to please Theseus-James. The more we concentrate on the strings, the more lifeless a puppet Macbeth becomes. Why should the spectator of Hamlet be thinking of King James? If you love a girl, you may ask for her handkerchief; but you cannot begin with interest in the handkerchief.¹ If you appreciate *Hamlet*, then by all means extend your interest to the king before whom it was staged, but do not imagine that the relation with royalty will kindle love. This, then, is the central defect of all historical criticism: it is not the contents of the work of art that we study but its relations. While the ghost is telling his heart-rending tale, the scholar's mind is busy recalling parallel passages in Greek, Latin, Elizabethan and modern literature, comparing Claudius and Bothwell, reconstructing old theories of cosmogony, demonology or medicine, speculating on the dramatic propriety of narration, or deciding who the interpolator could have been. Such weaving of theories is an escape.

VI

88. Knowledge of the conditions under which *Lear* was written and staged, or of the sources from which the different parts of the story were borrowed,

need not, of course, make it impossible for me to pity the old man. The historical and analytical methods do no harm provided that the heart retains its sensibility. Surgeons, who know the anatomy of the body, fall in love all the same. Mere analysis is thoroughly misleading, because to understand by parts is to misunderstand the whole. I have a dozen beads. Arranged in one way they suggest a house, in another way a horse ; but when I examine them one by one there is neither house nor horse. *Lear* is a similar constellation of stimuli. The secret rhythm¹ that holds its parts together cannot come within the scope of analysis. It is like a bar of music or a cathedral. The Gloucester story is the foundation and *Lear* the spire of meaning.²

89. Mechanical analysis justifies Wordsworth's stricture that we murder to dissect. According to some, Shakespeare saw that ghosts, mad-songs, duels and interludes were very much in demand ; so he threw them in promiscuously.¹ They forget that, if *Hamlet* had been only a loose bundle of conventions, the cords that kept it together would have rotted long ago. Others talk of motifs, symbols, and such abstract things. There is more analytical criticism nowadays than is commonly supposed. Modern scholarship is analytical in spirit because it studies a work of art part by part or aspect by aspect. Thomas Rymer is the prototype of all scholars :² he considered separately the 'fable' of *Othello* and the 'characters'. The fable he found improbable,³ the characters unreal.⁴

VII

90. The historical method, ignoring the dynamics

of art, relates a play to some single static environment; the analytical method, lacking integral grasp, treats a solid body as if it were a two-dimensional figure. Thus each scholar arrives at definite conclusions, and thereafter denies the validity of every interpretation—except his own! When others disagree, he thinks it is because they have not undergone the requisite training.¹ ‘Have you read the life of Essex?’ or ‘Have you been initiated into the secret doctrine of symbolism?’ asks the scholar. ‘If not how can you presume to understand Shakespeare?’

91. We do not see eye to eye with the scholar. Shakespeare is not esoteric. There is none so stupid but can gather shells on the shore, and none so profound as to dive to the largest pearls. It is therefore wrong to set up a *pons asinorum* between a play of Shakespeare and those who want to appreciate it. I am afraid it is the method of teaching Shakespeare in our colleges that is mainly responsible for what I should describe as a certain lack of self-reverence in our students. ‘Which is the accepted theory in the light of the latest research?’ is their question; and if we give an answer which does not corroborate their findings they look abashed. In their anxiety to become scholars they are willing to cease to be themselves. A girl of seventeen recently handed me an essay which would have befitted a man of seventy who had almost grown into a book in the archives of the British Museum.

92. This is not a healthy tendency. Young students should not feel that their ideas are bound to be incorrect simply because they have not examined the cast-off opinions of others. One need not cease

to be modern in order to appreciate the Elizabethans ; nor need one renounce Indian domicile to feel at home in the world of Shakespeare. The essential Shakespeare is not a dead relic kept in the British Museum ; he is alive in every man who dares to be himself. The research-scholar's conscious pursuit of objectivity and scrupulous elimination of personal experience will not ensure correctness. Conversely, the Universal can be perceived in the particular. The *Essays of Elia* are more impersonal than many an abstract metaphysical thesis. 'If we reject the anchor of research,' objects the orthodox scholar, 'what is there to prevent our drifting in the currents of impressionism ?' Our answer is : 'Throw away thy crutch and walk. To arrive at the truth of art there is only one way, and that is "To thine own self be true".'¹

CHAPTER VIII

IMPROBABILITY

I

93. According to Cinthio, it was while Desdemona was on a visit to the ensign that he stole the handkerchief from her sash, with such dexterity that she did not notice it. The lieutenant (Cassio), finding the handkerchief on the bolster, determined to carry it back to her, and, waiting till the Moor had gone out, he went to the back-door and knocked. The Moor, who had returned and who had been warned to be on the look-out for the lieutenant, hearing somebody knock, went to the window and, much disturbed, asked, 'Who is there?'. The lieutenant ran away. The Moor returned, full of suspicion, to his wife, and asked her if she knew who it was. She answered that she knew not. 'But I think,' said he, 'it was the lieutenant.' 'It might be he,' she said, 'or any one else.' The lieutenant had already been a constant visitor, and Desdemona had shown him 'every mark of attention', and so, when the ensign told the Moor that the lieutenant had confessed that he had visited Desdemona every time the Moor stayed long enough from home, and that she had given him the handkerchief, the Moor had every reason to believe it. Even then he suspended judgement till he was shown the handkerchief in the lieutenant's house.

94. On the other hand 'nothing can be more improbable'¹ than the behaviour of Shakespeare's

Othello. Since Cassio's punishment was for holding the revels on the night of Desdemona's nuptials, and since Cassio had served as go-between, Othello had every reason to expect Cassio to come and loiter about, watching for an opportunity to place his case before Desdemona. She had been talking for him even before Othello took his morning stroll. When he returned, Cassio was found standing outside in the garden. Othello must indeed have been an idiot if he could not guess why Cassio went away : a dismissed officer does not dare to thrust himself on his superior till somebody else has already interceded. The first thing that Desdemona said was that Cassio had been there. Nothing had happened to justify suspicion, and nothing could have happened. Desdemona had come only the previous day in Iago's ship ; and Othello was with her all through the night. Yet Iago's ' Ha ! I like not that ' made Othello miserable. He complained of headache. Desdemona offered the handkerchief, but he threw it down in a rage. When she stooped to pick it up, he ordered her to leave it and accompany him to dinner. Unable to eat, he rushed to Iago and demanded proof. Iago said that Cassio had been seen wiping his beard with the very handkerchief that Othello had thrown down a few minutes back and expressly ordered Desdemona not to pick up. No lie could have been more palpable, yet, then and there, Othello took his irrevocable vow to put an end to her life.

95. In Cinthio's tale the Moor gave no opportunity for his wife to defend herself. But Shakespeare's Othello told his wife that her giving the handkerchief to Cassio was the basis of all his sus-

picion. Mark how she defends herself.

DESDEMONA : He will not say so.

OTHELLO : No ; his mouth stopp'd :
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

DESDEMONA : O ! my fear interprets. What ! is he dead ?

OTHELLO : Had all his hairs been lives, my great
revenge

Had stomach for them all.

DESDEMONA : Alas ! he is betrayed, and I undone.

OTHELLO : Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to
my face ?

DESDEMONA : O ! banish me, my lord, but kill me not !

This is worse than a confession of guilt. 'No lady, so clever and charming as Desdemona, was ever so tactless.'¹

96. We have confined our attention to the improbabilities in the behaviour of the major characters arising out of Shakespeare's departures from the original in the treatment of the handkerchief episode. Accidental coincidences would make a longer list. Judged by intellectual standards Shakespeare undoubtedly made the tale incredible and absurd.¹

97. That Othello's jealousy should grow within 36 hours is the main improbability,¹ but there is the illusion of long time also. When Othello says :

'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

or Emilia :

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man ;

there is no assertion that Desdemona has been dancing with others since her marriage or that she has been married for years, yet such is the impres-

sion. Any psychology must define Othello's passion as jealousy, yet such is the contrary illusion that Coleridge was unable to discover that it satisfied the tests of jealousy laid down by himself.² Consider the bare events and Othello is a silly dupe; witness the play and he is a noble hero. Shakespeare produces an impression opposed to the results of mechanical measurements. The juxtaposition of long and short times enables Shakespeare to depict an experience which transcends time³ just as the juxtaposition of long and short lines produces the illusion of a third dimension. A long line is the engine, a short one the guard's van, a wavy stroke the smoke, and we see a moving train. So, too, double time presents a moving emotional experience. The eye of the heart has its own laws of perspective.

98. Seeing with the heart means dynamic participation through sympathy. That Shakespeare, when composing, was so carried away is a reasonable guess. Heminge and Condell tell us that his 'mind and hand went together'.¹ 'Shakespeare', says Schücking, 'works so much by instinct that he is, so to speak, no longer able to see the action from the outside.'² He so lost himself in the characters that he confused temporal, spatial and causal relations, as persons actually do in life under the stress of emotion. To correct by clock and rule would have been to misrender his experience.

II

99. Let us enter into Othello's experience. The marriage of Othello and Desdemona is a triumph of intuition over commonsense.¹ The timid girl confined within a solitary mansion in a highly civilized

city and the reckless adventurer of the desert with his chequered career are two halves that have followed divergent paths and are now suddenly pulled to each other by the desire for completion. Othello cannot account for their love. It is the consciousness that the young, fair, high-born lady of the ruling race could have made a better choice than a middle-aged, black, homeless Moor that makes Othello affirm his deserts so violently.

I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached ;

He fears, and fear is hidden desire. Its effect is twofold. Being a wish of the depths, it has the power to bring about the evil that the conscious mind dreads ; it also produces the attitude of expectation as a result of which the very idea that evil could have been avoided does not occur. Events seem to come out of an enveloping gloom, out of the malignant mystery of the universe. Most often, it is the person himself who does the actions out of which the dreaded result comes. This is true of Romeo, Timon, Lear, Richard II, Macbeth and Antony. Othello succumbs to an outer temptation for the simple reason that it is the outcome and the echo of his own hidden fear.²

100. When a girl marries for some definite thing like wealth or social status, the husband knows how to retain her ; but Othello does not know why she took him, and henceforth he is like the poor miser who gets a treasure and is hourly tormented by the fear of losing it. Othello dares not hope that hers

is anything more than a passing fancy. When he sends for Desdemona to appear before the Duke, he hardly knows what she will say. He has not courage enough to ask Desdemona to leave the amenities of Venetian social life and accompany him. When he enfolds her in his arms for the first time he has an ill-presaging heart :

If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

He wants that God should impress the signet of eternity upon that supreme moment of his life, because he fears that it can change only for the worse. Every inconvenience that she has to put up with makes him apprehensive.

Look ! if my gentle love be not raised up ;
I'll make thee an example.

he says to Cassio, and turning to his wife continues by way of apology

Come, Desdemona ; 'tis the soldier's life
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

Every minute of their life Othello feels that his wife and he are like beauty and the beast. He is unaccomplished in the arts of peace, while she

loves company
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well.

She is the exuberance of youth itself yoked to one who cannot comply with heat. So many are the

barriers between the aristocratic lady of Venice and the black son of the desert, that she remains a sphinx's riddle to him. Venice is a hot-bed of lust.¹ Did not Desdemona herself when 'so young give out such a seeming'? Every time Othello suggests to himself, 'She had eyes and chose me', the law of reversed effort² strengthens the hidden fear. At last it becomes an obsession, a predisposition to believe. In such a frame of mind, who could help falling a prey to suggestion?³

101. Iago's insinuations echo hidden fears:

By heaven, he echoes me!

Othello thinks that Iago is suppressing facts. He would be obliged for some proof:

Give me a convincing reason.

Reasons he never lacked. Henceforth Othello hears and sees nothing except his own repulsive fancies. He lives in a self-made world. He does not see the handkerchief. Even if he does, repugnant images and revolting fancies surge over his brain and efface the impression at once. Between sitting down for dinner and rising up, Othello is changed as by the experiences of a lifetime. He thought that he could whistle her off, and revert to his former career of ambition and adventure; but, alas! she had invaded his life and laid it in ruins, tempted him from his free condition and killed his former interests. In this world of relative values, he had caught a glimpse of the absolute in a woman. Her fall had made life meaningless. Is it a wonder that, in the midst of such a world-cataclysm, Othello

fails to cross-question Iago and discover a discrepancy?

III

102. When a person has unmixed hatred for another, it is not painful. He closes his mind, as it were. Othello attempts this at first. He gives curt replies to Desdemona's eager questions, shows indifference to her playfulness,¹ and frequently orders her to leave his presence. But she is so terribly enchanting that to hate her is hell-torment. Such a mixture of love and loathing expresses itself in a desire to inflict pain. The more such a person inflicts torture on the object of his hatred, the greater his feeling that the torture is not enough. Murder cannot satisfy him. He must first cut off nose, ears and lips. He must torture, revive, and torture again, forty thousand times.

103. After striking and insulting his wife, the accumulated fury of these desires is spent and he has to brace himself for murder by suggesting that he has a just cause. Such assertions, as shown above, are the result of an inner fear and desire that the opposite should be true. He reflects that the roses on her cheek cannot be restored, if he should have subsequent reason to repent. He knows he cannot look upon her beauty and kill her, so he proposes to 'put out the light'.¹ The unconscious which detects resemblances² and coins puns³ repeats: 'Put out the light.' The feeling which accompanies the contemplated act of putting out the light of his life is carried over and inhibits the act of putting out the light of the room. In the candle-light her throat and shoulders shine and remind

him that her body is lit from within by the candle of her soul. How can a black soul cast such radiance? The like of this perfect form God himself cannot fashion again. Were these roses meant to fade before their time? He bends and imprints a kiss. As he takes away his lips, the colour rushes back and the fresh glow of the rose proves irresistible again. In vain does he strive to stiffen his solemn resolution by reflecting that, if she is allowed to live, she will betray more men and her example will corrupt more women. He weeps. It is only by completely misinterpreting Desdemona's childish fright and artlessness that he can summon up indignation enough to commit the murder, but, the murder over, he stands dazed, unable to understand what he has done, where he is, and from where the noise comes. The word 'wife' looks strange to him, he cannot understand its meaning or to whom it refers, until the realization suddenly bursts upon him that the light of his life has gone out. His eye glazes, his head reels, and he feels it is the end of the world. The sun and the stars are gone out and chaos is come again. Even before the handkerchief is referred to by Emilia, Othello falls sobbing on the bed. Just a word about the handkerchief, and all the dumb suffering he had stupidly caused flashes upon his inner mind. The recollection enhances her radiance and blackens his guilt. The beauty and pathos of the life he has destroyed fills his soul, and widens his narrow little life.

104. Cinthio's tale is like a newspaper report: consistent and sensational. Shakespeare, retaining the sensational element, shifted emphasis to the real

tragedy—the drifting apart of souls. The average wife-killer who surrenders to the police with dripping knife has also had more or less the same emotional experience. What distinguishes this play from a newspaper report is the difference of treatment.¹ The newspaper report stresses the horror of the deed, Shakespeare the tragedy of the doer.

CHAPTER IX

ISOLATION OF THE TRAGIC HERO

I

105. Sympathetic imagination can similarly make out the tragedies of Brabantio, Roderigo, Iago, Desdemona and Emilia. Brabantio's heart is broken by the conduct of an only child; Emilia pays for her devotion with her life; Roderigo, maddened by unrequited passion, dies in the vain pursuit; and Iago's is a tragedy of the pride of intellect.¹ We may even guess that Lodovico, the noble cousin of the unhappy girl, felt the sweetness of existence ended when Desdemona died. The play does not present any of these tragedies, because everything is organized round one centre, and that centre is the mind of the hero.²

106. The secret of this organization is not easy to grasp. Look at a point: it seems to be fixed in its own place, it is its own centre. Add three points more and it now suggests a square. They gravitate to a centre lying beyond themselves. Put a point there and it is impossible to regard the other four points as centres. Thicken the central dot. It is a sun with its planets. The ink is spilt and the paper is covered with points. The sun and planets have vanished now. So long as Othello's mind is the centre, the play is tragic, but tragedy fails if it becomes a disorganized crowd of persons and events.

107. The analogy is apt to mislead because we see tragedy with eyes other than physical. Here is a photograph. I see a multifarious crowd and, in the central enclosure, fifteen scattered persons standing erect like posts. The picture has no meaning to me and I turn over. On the reverse is written 'A tense moment in England-Australia Test: Bradman's tenth boundary.' I return to the picture, and see it not with the eye but with the heart: Bradman the centre and a hundred thousand eyes and hearts bent towards him. In the dim background I am conscious of messages flashing across seas and continents to newspapers all over the world. The picture is vitally organized. Though Bradman is tiny compared to the very hats of the people nearest to the camera, he fills the picture of the mind. The centre is stressed, the background toned down.¹ Such isolation is the secret of art.

II

108. Out of the tangled web of life drama isolates a story as if it had a beginning, middle and end; and subjective art further isolates individual experience. (Tragedy is a complicated arrangement of lenses having a single focus, the hero. The centre is stressed.) Hamlet and his action or inaction seem to be of the utmost importance, as if he were the representative of humanity championing a desperate cause.¹ The tragic hero's passing away is a world-cataclysm.

And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

(*Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xiii. 67.)

The other characters are forgotten. The body of Claudius, the murdered king, is ignored,

Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage.

This is absurd ; but drama obeys the laws of feeling, not of fact. To each man he is an entity, and the rest of the universe mere phenomena.

109. The point at the centre being stressed, the other points orientate towards it. The hero aspires. It is therefore natural that the background should appear hostile. When Hamlet enters in black and stands apart from the courtiers, all in glittering dress, the tension is marked. He yearns for constancy in love and friendship among those who follow expediency,¹ he meditates on life's purpose among people who 'find quarrel in a straw'. Romeo and Juliet are youthful haste and love in a world of aged sloth and hate.² Coriolanus insisting on self-reliance lives among idlers noisily demanding free corn ;³ Brutus, the stoic, among those who drift ;⁴ and Othello among the Venetians. It is not without significance that *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar* open with mobs, and *Romeo and Juliet* with a street brawl. Since the hero stands out against this background, it seems that tragedy is 'the reaction of the universal turning against a too assertive particular'⁵ or 'the fateful power of incompatibility of temperament with conditions of life'.⁶

110. The background is toned down so as to harmonize with the central figure. At times, there is deliberate flattening,¹ the talk of Malcolm and Macduff for instance.² Whole scenes not directly concerning the hero's emotional experience are

tuned to a lower pitch. Characters who might distract attention from the hero are also flattened. The stress falling on them varies according to the intensity of feeling with which the hero views them. 'All the other characters are seen through his eyes, in terms of his feelings.'³ The Tribunes in *Coriolanus* seem demagogues, and Cæsar a caricature. Polonius is not a fool,⁴ but the relation in which he stands to Hamlet makes him one. He is a more well-defined character than the hero himself; the faces of angels are painted with glowing tints while the face of Christ from whom the glory emanates shows one uniform white. Goneril and Regan are terribly alive,⁵ yet we do not understand them.⁶ They occasion volcanic outbursts in King Lear, and it is this lurid glare that lights up their visages. It is customary to regard Laertes and Fortinbras as foils to Hamlet, Antony and Octavius to Brutus, Apemantus and Alcibiades to Timon, and Banquo to Macbeth; but they are foils only because the attention of the tragic hero is engrossed by that particular trait which makes each character seem a foil. To Macbeth's imagination Banquo appears noble and above temptation, but that does not mean that Banquo is the norm⁷ by which we are to measure Macbeth's aberration. One can argue that Banquo and Horatio are points of rest, but the tragic universe has no pole-star, no valid norm of conduct; the hero is a changing entity in a universe of change. Horatio is not the fulcrum of the Hamlet world, but he has a quality rare in that world, constancy in friendship, and the hero throws a blaze of light on it.

111. This is but as it should be. Reverting to our

example, the bright side of each planet faces the sun. The other side is not lighted, and so Shakespeare is able to practise a kind of economy. Two functions are combined in Horatio. He is 'chief spokesman of the first scene and the confidant of the hero for the rest of the play'.¹ In relation to the hero, the minor characters are consistent and convincing. They take an active interest in the hero, whether hostile like Claudius or friendly like Gloucester, and their words and actions affect our conception of the hero owing to the dynamic participation of the background in the picture.² All are engrossed in the hero; not only men and women, but also Fates and Witches.³

✓ 112. Some characters exist only to throw light on the hero;¹ the followers of Brutus, for example, have no other function. Nor has Portia. Female characters in Shakespeare's tragedies seem to be made of fewer elements² because they occupy this subordinate position. Enobarbus and Eros, Horatio and Ophelia, Kent and the fool, Portia and Lucius add to the pathos as major characters could never have done; they are the planets which make the central figure a sun.

III

113. The circle in the centre will no longer resemble the sun if the straight lines representing the rays slant like tangents. It will then look like a rotating wheel. A figure is what it is because ✓ of the lines lying outside it. Hamlet is what he is because Claudius and Gertrude act and talk as they do, not necessarily in his presence. Ophelia's lament over his transformation is an essential stroke to

complete the picture. This must be grasped in all its significance or we miss an important feature of subjective art which, though much less obtrusive than Dramatic Time, is equally discoverable in most plays, and around which a controversy will rage when *Gestalt*-psychology perfects its methods.

114. Macbeth's lament that he gets only

Mouth-honour, breath

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

is moving. We cannot be so moved by a sudden statement like that. We have been prepared by the talk of Ross, Lennox, A Lord, Macduff and Angus. Macbeth was not present when Angus said

Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love ;

We ascribe that knowledge to him because we have seen ; and we have seen through eyes coloured by identification with him. It is as if Macbeth had, through television, detected his nobles whispering against him in corners. And yet the device is so unobtrusive that one cannot bring oneself to note its existence. Shakespeare himself might have been unaware of it. For the character called Hamlet is an inner configuration communicated through a spontaneous disposition of symbols. We may put it thus : a part of the mind is identified with Hamlet, another with Gertrude, a third with Claudius and so on. The bits orientate towards the centre which is Hamlet. They have no separate existence from him nor he from them ; and every event is a modification with reference to him. In one sense, he is never absent. When Shakespeare wanted to

ensure simple identification, he made us learn things at the same time as the hero, the murder of Hamlet's father for example.¹ Otherwise, he preferred the subtler method. The speech which has the shaping influence on the character of the tragic hero is uttered after his death :

He was the noblest Roman of them all.

(*Julius Cæsar*, V. v. 68.)

For he was great of heart.

(*Othello*, V. ii. 31.)

As full of valour as of royal blood.

(*Richard II*, V. v. 114.)

Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse.

(*Coriolanus*, V. vi. 143.)

15/12/1656
Critics have stressed that the Montagues and Capulets patched up their quarrel, or that a better king than Lear succeeded ; but they mistake the frame for the picture. Few students remember what sort of government was set up after the demise of Hamlet or Lear. 'The government of the state of Denmark' is not 'one of the issues of *Hamlet*'.² The play is prolonged after the death of the hero because judgement has to be passed on the impulse identified with Hamlet ; his value has to be affirmed by angels.

For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally.

115. This commendation of regicide does not seem inappropriate because of our identification with Hamlet. We are yet seeing through his eyes and

in terms of his aspirations. Subjective art has this privilege, for do we not do the same? Do we not wonder what people separated by time and space will say about us? Bradman, after hitting a ball in England, may have a vision of himself in that posture in the Australian papers. Antony in Rome, after giving his word that he will marry Octavia, may see through imagination Cleopatra receiving the news in Egypt. Tragic art allows a compression which makes this tally with the actual, just as the storm in *Lear* coincides with the storm outside. The scenes showing Cleopatra languishing for her absent lover and Cleopatra receiving the news of his marriage prepare us for Antony's conduct, just as the speeches of Ross and Angus prepare us for Macbeth's lament. Both depict inner conflicts in external scenes. We call this symbolism for want of a better word.

✓ 116. This has nothing in common with symbolism as it is generally understood. Conscious symbolism 'was to Shakespeare a form of medieval pedantry'.¹ Shakespearean symbolism is unsophisticated. Just as, through identification with Othello, the improbabilities cease to be improbable, so, through identification with Romeo or Hamlet or Macbeth, the premonitions and prophecies and their fulfilment become inevitable. ✓ Symbolism in Shakespeare is the automatic organization of events and images through stress of emotion. The witches are wretched old women, but when they appear to Macbeth they are creatures of mystery,² because we see through Macbeth's eyes and Macbeth sees his own mystery. It was not Shakespeare's aim to write a *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, nor did he undertake to

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teach the cause of thunder.³ Not the storm itself, but the storm as it appeared to Lear, is the theme of the play. Night presents one aspect to Romeo, another to Lear, a third to Hamlet, and a fourth to Macbeth ; for it is not night that they become aware of but their own emotional states. In art outer nature serves but as the screen on which is caught the image from within. At times the screen is dispensed with. The objectivity of the witches or of Banquo's ghost⁴ is not, therefore, a vital issue. Banquo's ghost is not different in kind from the dagger on which blood appeared suddenly.⁵ The Elizabethan audience had no difficulty with the bodily presentation of thoughts. Emotion that cannot pass into significant external activity needs some such device. The situations in *Hamlet* reflect inner states. Fortinbras marching with his army is to Hamlet, and therefore to us, a dramatic representation of a reminder from the unknown. And this effect is produced on us, without our knowing it, by the very same laws of emotional perspective which hide improbabilities and magnify the heroes.⁶ The underlying principle is best described as the Isolation of the Tragic Trait.

CHAPTER X

THE TRAGIC TRAIT

I

117. You think you know your neighbour. You have sat opposite to him at tea-parties and marked how he made the table roar with laughter. A thoroughly sane man, you say. But you have seen only the vine-clad sides of the sleeping volcano: you were not there when his son returned from England with a foreign bride. We see only the crust which has overspread life; it requires the transparency of tragic art to reveal what slumbers within. To the guests at the State banquet the Othello escorting Lodovico must have appeared the same as the Othello who landed at Cyprus; but, to Othello, life which meant intensely and meant good has become a mockery and a sham. How does the dramatist bring this home to the imagination of the audience? By the isolation of the tragic trait.

✓ 118. The tragic trait is 'a fatal tendency to identify the whole being with one interest, object, passion or habit of mind'.¹ Jonson's definition of 'humour' will fit.

When some particular quality
Doth so possess a man that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits and his powers
In their confluents all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour.

But with a difference. The comic trait is super-

ficial,² laughter kills it; the tragic trait is within man, it kills him. Humour is a badge³ to distinguish characters by; the tragic trait is that which makes the hero an enigma. Humour is a mechanism thrust from without; the tragic trait is life entering from within. There have been moments when an absolute beauty seemed to shine through some object in this world of shifty shows, moments that seemed

too flattering sweet to be substantial

(*Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii. 141.)

so that we said to ourselves,

If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy.

(*Othello*, II. i. 191.)

The enchanted heart palely loiters, haunted by the fragrance of a vision that is gone. Hamlet invests the reign of his father with more than earthly glamour; Brutus cherishes an ideal old Rome; and to Antony a few intense hours with Cleopatra empty Rome of significance.⁴ No man is free from this tendency to value one thing over others. If I fail to explain a poem I am unhappy; my neighbour does not care two straws for poetry, but if you say his elephant is not beautiful, he will suffer pangs of misery. Different men garner up their hearts in different objects. The peculiarity of the tragic hero is that, when the choice is thrust upon him, he has the courage to choose. What man, having entered politics, has not at some moment or other stood up for a principle and said, 'No compromise, no surrender'?⁵ But then come practical considerations, private ambitions, and time with its irony. He does

not become a Brutus ; life tames him. Since the world of relative values affords no scope, the character who aspires is tragic, whether he fails like Brutus or succeeds like Faustus. The average man yields to the world's sway ; the tragic hero obeys the law of his own being.

II

119. The conduct of the tragic hero is therefore felt to be inevitable.¹ If we feel that the hero could, or should, have acted otherwise, the dramatic illusion is broken and sympathy fails ; but we do not because he is our own potential self growing under ideal conditions. *Æsthetic* identification precludes judgement.² Sympathy with the tragic hero cannot be circumscribed by the rule that the tragic trait is 'not sheer depravity but some error or some frailty'.³ If Richard III is not to be called villain,⁴ the word must be deleted from the dictionary. Brutus was not the victim of error :⁵ given the same choices he would again choose as he did ; nor can we attribute frailty to him unless by frailty is meant an inflexible will aiming at high principles. When we blame Brutus we judge by results,⁶ and if judgement by results is valid, the very conception of tragedy becomes absurd. 'Those misguided and unhappy formalists who accuse Desdemona of untruth should be forbidden to read Shakespeare.'⁷

120. That tragic heroes acknowledge the justice of their fate¹ does not mean that the punishment is just. Brutus's anxiety is no more a proof of guilt than Antony's self-complacency after pricking names and tampering with Cæsar's will is a proof of innocence. Hamlet at the sight of Fortinbras accuses

himself because every man is constantly comparing himself with others and wondering whether he is not burying the one talent. Hamlet yields to that mood, but he also knows that it is both unjust and absurd to waste two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats to debate the question of a straw. 'When he accuses himself he does not deserve the least credence.'²

121. The remarks of others must be still more misleading because they take the external view,¹ which is diametrically opposed to the tragic, and that view is further distorted by report and coloured by prejudice. The talk of the gardeners in *Richard II* is society's view based on rumour. Tragedy is the expression of the universal unuttered complaint, 'The people among whom I live neither understand nor appreciate me'.

122. The tragic trait is not an obsession which 'upsets the balance and betrays life to evil'.¹ Nor is it a weakening of the sense of reality.² When Nelson was asked not to risk his life and England's by wearing the stars, he replied: 'In honour I gained them; in honour I will die with them.' We do not call him mad. Again, the test of sanity is whether one's world corresponds to reality, and reality is that which is beautiful and good always and everywhere. The so-called grasp of facts is the consistent refusal to recognize reality. To Polonius the court of Denmark is the world, and he is the greatest courtier in it. He provides his son with a complete chart of life, reveals to Reynaldo how 'we of wisdom' find directions out, and offers his throat to be cut if his theory of Hamlet's insanity proves wrong. Is he saner than Hamlet, who sees more in man and nature than can be

reduced to a system? Is not the self-complacent old man who, for the privilege of smiling, bowing, meddling, and flattering an incestuous murderer, has renounced his spiritual growth, far more mad than the strong man of character who lives his own life?³ Tahjuddin the saint performed miracles,⁴ and officers of the Indian Medical Service certified him insane! Brutus failed because he had a faculty which is not needed for the struggle on the plane of the brute, but which mankind will have to develop if the race is to survive.⁵ Hamlet has had dreams, and he strains at environment as a calf strains at the rope towards its mother.

III

123. If a story begins, 'There was a man who could not endure noise', we should be disappointed with the sequel if circumstances did not combine to play upon this weakness.¹ The tragic hero being sensitive, it is only fitting that chance should single out him and his vulnerable point. He could have stood any other test.

Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction....
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience.....
But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

(*Othello*, IV. ii. 46-60.)

The cursed spite of Fate thrusts upon each hero just the task for which he is unfit. Richard II, Hamlet and Brutus have to

Seek into myself
For that which is not in me.

(*Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 64.)

Had Coriolanus been born in any other town, or in Rome itself at any other time, or as the son of any other mother than Volumnia, he would have been the happy idol of the people. 'Hamlet in Othello's place or Othello in Hamlet's'² would not have been tragic, nor would Hamlet have been tragic if the trial had come 'at any other time and in any other circumstances'.³

124. Whether the sensitiveness and the fatality that pitches upon it are conventional or not is hard to determine. Often in life we see a woman with an overwhelming maternal instinct. Nature first blesses her with angelic young ones, and then takes them away one after another. Romeo the Unlucky and Jude the Obscure walk the streets today. Yet the Immanent Will has no hostile design; it is only our sensitiveness that makes us feel we are Time's laughing-stocks.

A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at.

The pattern we discover is projected by our mind. The tragic hero embodies our own sensitiveness; the isolation of his tragic trait is the organization of our mind round one particular centre. Sections one, two and three of the last chapter may be re-read with this in mind. All events, all characters and all talk have a bearing on the hero's tragic trait. We call this atmosphere. If we analyse our own experience when a wicked thought rises in the mind, we

shall find that the darkness in Macbeth is a psychological truth.¹ Romeo, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, each recognizes that Fate calls out ; and that Fate is in the mind. As a painter makes the background dim to indicate that tears dim Sakuntala's vision, so the atmosphere pervading each play indicates the nature of the hero's passion. The other traits of the tragic hero's character are organized round this centre and lit up partially like the planets. Hamlet was an all-round accomplished prince, Othello a general whom passion could not shake, Richard II a man of action ; and just before death these qualities reappear ; but the normal self of the tragic hero does not come within our purview.² We see an eclipse so complete that Lodovico asks, ' Is this the noble Moor ? ' Ophelia weeps over Hamlet's change ; and Enobarbus discovers that Antony is not himself. The momentary glare of this volcanic eruption reveals a little of the past, and that little not only serves to make the present stand out in bold relief but also accounts for the fatal predisposition : Othello's birth and breeding³ in countries where eunuchs guard harems, Macbeth's position in the Highlands where kingship is like Godhead, Lear's long rule during which he was shut off from the world by flatterers, the supposed descent of Brutus, the early training of Coriolanus. More than this none need know.

IV

125. Our picture of the tragic hero or the tragic trait at the centre and the other characters or traits at the circumference is static. Let us think in terms of the process rather than of the product, for the

isolation of the tragic trait is a vital adaptation. Men are of two kinds : one strikes root,¹ the other spreads on the surface ; one seeks value, the other comfort. The following is from one of the daily papers : ' Wanted a well-connected Mathur bride, young and handsome, knowing English, Hindi, music, needle-work and household management, and able to help bridegroom to go to England for higher studies.' The applications, presumably, will be marked like answer books. Question I, good connexions—10 marks out of 20 ; question II, beauty—5 out of 10 ; and so on. And then he will strike the average and open negotiations with that father-in-law who can best promote his manifold aims. This young man is not likely to steal a risky interview with Juliet, or to be beckoned back from Oxford by a cablegram from Cleopatra. When he is a Civil Servant, even if he catches his wife in a compromising situation, he will continue to take her to banquets ; he will not return alone to strangle her in bed and kill himself. He will keep up appearances because all his interests are on the surface. He hangs to life by many threads. The average man balances many interests ; he reconciles love of God and love of gain, duty to nation and duty to self, by a simple method : he ignores the conflict. If his wife and his mother have fallen out, he will reconcile his duties by continuing to live in the same house with both until they poison each other and both are dead.

126. There is a time in the life of the tragic hero when he foresees no conflict ; when Coriolanus by pleasing himself can also please his mother and his country, when Timon can believe that man is grateful by nature. Then comes the rift ; he cannot

accept a compromise for the sake of comfort. At each step he makes a deliberate choice. Hamlet wipes off old records and attachments. There is nothing in common between this and the neurotic's loss of interest in life. Hamlet realizes the relative worth of other people's interests, the desire for martial glory for instance, and even keeps himself in continual practice; but he also looks beneath the plausible appearance of things and discovers that they have no value to satisfy the soul. He does not withdraw into his hardened shell like a snail; his spirit reaches out until the universe is a prison. This is not the egoistic craving for power. Kingship and revenge will not satisfy him. Since life has no ultimate purpose, nothing in life can have meaning any more. Othello cannot return to war, Coriolanus to Rome, Timon to Athens, Hamlet to Wittenberg, or Lear to the throne. Thus, as the tragic hero progresses, desire after desire is eliminated. This is the isolation of the tragic trait.

127. The elimination of impulses may be viewed as the elimination of hindrances.¹ Macbeth being heir-presumptive, his ambition did not conflict with his desire for honour, love and friendship. When Malcolm was born, he reconciled his desires in the conventional way by deciding nothing. The strongest motive of ordinary conduct is an unwillingness to run risks. The immediate effect of the Witches' prophecy is to strengthen this policy of drift; but this is only the apparent result, the real is just the reverse. Like many a man in India who acts according to the horoscope, Macbeth feels that he has sanction to aim at the crown, and that he is sure to win. When Malcolm is nominated heir-apparent, Mac-

beth does not let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'. In his soliloquy he takes it for granted he will be king. He is only thinking of the effect on the loyalty that his subjects will show to him in future. For him to desecrate kingship is as hard as for a man to defame the girl he wishes to marry. In the presence of his wife this subtle sentiment also disappears and the choice is made. The main checks are removed. What remains is the fear of public opinion. After his behaviour in the presence of Banquo's ghost there is no more need to fear exposure. The only deterrent now left is the fear of insecurity. The second prophecy removes that too. The last wall is down.

✓ 128. This isolation of the tragic trait means the isolation of the tragic hero also. Men are isolated to the extent that their worlds differ. Tragic intensity being one-sided, the hero lives in a world which progressively loses points of contact with the world of others. The paths of life diverge, and yet the desire that separates men is not in itself a desire for separation. Ambition, whether criminal or virtuous, is social. Alexander Selkirk did not care for his kingship. If Macbeth dreamed of the crown, it was because he had noted how Duncan was loved and venerated by all. Macbeth's isolation begins when he stands rapt while Banquo, Ross and Angus converse apart. When he appears before the king he is in a false position and utters laboured speeches because he is no longer merely one of the courtiers. The horror of loneliness is intense in the scene after the murder, when he begins to drift even from his wife. The second prophecy of the witches marks him out from mortals; the bond between him and

mankind is snapped. Finally, even the death of his dearest love cannot move him.¹ Thus Macbeth's ambition to win 'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends' led him to the most complete and tragic isolation. The irony of the business of life is awful to contemplate.

V

✓ 129. Loneliness is the essence of tragic suffering. Life is an urge towards mutual communion;¹ its defeat is pain. That mortal millions live alone is the tragic fact. Like cold hard icebergs, we who are composed of, submerged in, and propelled by the same element remain separated by the unplumbed salt estranging sea; or meet now and then only to clash. Even love does not melt and unite us. After elopement and years of conjugal felicity a man and his Desdemona may still be strangers to each other, and the slightest misunderstanding may take them to the divorce court.

130. Shakespeare's tragic heroes are set against a hostile background because they are lonely of heart; they are generally kings because 'unlimited authority is isolation'.¹ Richard III,² Richard II and Macbeth³ feel that nobody loves them. Coriolanus gives up, one after another, plebeians, patricians, and Rome; and the Volsces give him up. He lives as if he were the author of himself.⁴ Antony abandons friends, followers, and wife for Cleopatra, whose soul and his never mingle. 'Brutus—and this is the deep tragedy of the play—far apart from the rest, in his own ideal world, thinks, stands, lives and dies alone.'⁵ 'Hamlet's tragedy is really the

tragedy of loneliness.'⁶

131. At times the hero perceives how much he has drifted, and struggles desperately to re-establish communion with some kindred soul at least. Hamlet makes a passionate appeal to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, in his desire to bridge the gulf, he calls Gertrude 'mother', but the gulf widens and he calls her 'madam'.¹ His talk with Osric 'adds a last touch of pathos to the loneliness of Hamlet'.² Lear overcomes his pride and complains to Regan like a child. Antony breaks his Egyptian fetters. But these frantic struggles are vain. The truth is, tragic suffering can be neither shared nor alleviated. Ophelia, Horatio, Lady Macbeth and Portia are helpless spectators. None can understand how ill all is in Hamlet's heart. The cup cannot pass from him.

132. It is the tragic trait that makes such exquisite pain possible. Marlowe subjected his Edward II to physical torture, Shakespeare in *Richard II* depicted none; Marlowe led the way to a blind alley but Shakespeare did not follow. To heap physical horror on horror is a poor and unsafe method, for the proportion between the effect gained and the means employed must dwindle in course of time. It is like the giant ape of the films.¹ The dramatist who shows physical pain necessarily draws our attention away from the far more excruciating torture of the spirit. The body is what man has in common with the animal and the plant, but the tragic trait is the monopoly of the sensitive soul. The snow-storm on the heath is not so unendurably cold as Regan. Earthquakes are not more painful than heart-quakes. It was a sight to see the men of Bihar whose palatial houses had fallen and whose fruitful fields had been

turned to a sandy desert bear it with cheerful courage. One perceived a flush of joy on their noble features when they saw relief workers fresh from the prisons, and when they heard that, even from far-off London, sympathy was pouring in. The earth continued to shake, but it did not shake their faith in man. We have built our faith on man, not on dust. The weak point of our defence is there, and it is there that the spirit of tragedy delivers the assault. Hence the economy of tragic art. Urged by ministers on grounds of policy, Gertrude remarries; and Hamlet meditates suicide! Though Coriolanus has insulted the people, they vote for him; yet he writhes in agony.

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

The tragic hero cannot endure the presence of what is opposed to the ideal he stands for. Claudius typifies the beastliness against which Hamlet's nature rises up in passionate revolt. We may regard the emotional history of the tragic hero as the outcropping of the unconscious.

VI

133. The disturbing factor is already within, slumbering unsuspected. Why should Hamlet contract the habit of generalizing facts into ideas if he has not begun to feel the evanescence of facts? Why should Timon test gratitude? Or Othello repeat he deserves Desdemona? The faintest hint is enough to work like a hypnotic suggestion. Iago's repetitions, gestures and serpent-glance cast a powerful spell. The suggestion always comes when

the hero is in a receptive condition : Macbeth is intoxicated with victory, Hamlet is in mourning.

134. The subsequent state of the hero resembles intoxication and other states¹ when the unconscious invades the conscious mind. The drunkard has no sense of direction in time or space ; he doubts whether morning is not evening, whether east is not west, and whether his right hand is not the left.² He talks to his body as to a second person and sometimes doubts his own identity.³ The tragic hero also lives in a phantasma, confuses dates and places, and doubts :

I will not swear these are my hands.

(*Lear*, IV. vii. 55.)

The outward marks of brooding⁴ are remarkable. Hamlet walks for hours together in the lobby, Antony and Brutus in the garden. The sigh of Hamlet puzzles Ophelia, the facial changes of Macbeth and Brutus alarm their wives. They repeat words mechanically, and, even when attentive, the better portion of the mind is elsewhere. Listless they all are. 'No matter' is their favourite phrase. Their minds are caught up in thick-coming fancies which gallop unchecked with amazing rapidity.⁵ There is no distinguishing between stimuli coming from outside and those coming from within.⁶ Macbeth does not recognize the knocking at the gate. Romeo's mind is clouded.

Said he not so, or did I dream it so,
Or am I mad hearing him talk of Juliet?

No control is possible because ¹personality has been almost washed away by the impersonal flood.

Antony feels he is a changing cloud, Richard II doubts his identity, and Hamlet does not know himself or his mind. Hamlet does not remember that he has slain Laertes' father.⁷ He forgets the ghost.⁸ Forgetting is part of the protective mechanism of the mind.⁹ The tragic hero suffers because the mechanism breaks down: what he has lost is not mere enjoyment but value. If a man's wife is dead, he may revisit the scenes of their honeymoon, but if she has been divorced, every association is painful. He will try to forget. If, however, the attachment persists in spite of disgust, forgetting becomes impossible and an obsession develops. Othello's mind is perpetually threading a labyrinth and, whichever direction it takes, the painful fact meets it face to face. During one brief conversation,¹⁰ Othello forgets the handkerchief over and over again, so that remembrance puts him to exquisite torture. Hamlet, Lear, Timon, Coriolanus and Richard II suffer thus. There is no escape from pain.

135. The tragic hero cannot forget the unnecessary nor remember the necessary things. This is the secret of his maladaptation to environment. 'The cerebral mechanism is arranged just so as to drive back into the unconscious almost the whole of the past and to admit beyond the threshold only that which can cast light on the present situation.'¹ This makes purposive activity possible. But, in the tragic hero, the unconscious crosses the threshold. His words and actions are not calculated to conquer his surroundings. It is not to serve any distinct purpose that your neighbour creates a scene: his son's marriage is over, his caste lost for ever. The

old man indulges in a bit of self-revelation when he cries out, 'Don't come before me again in this life. I cannot endure your presence'. The tragic hero also cannot endure something; and his thoughts, words and actions reveal it. Hamlet's assumed madness serves no other purpose.²

136. The tragic hero cannot endure the very thought of the object of his disgust. When the hero is unable to give vent to this accumulated feeling, it swells in his heart:¹

O, me! my heart, my rising heart! But down!

(*Lear*, II. iv. 122.)

Sweldest thou, proud heart?

(*Richard II*, III. iii. 138.)

Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it.

(*Coriolanus*, V. vi. 102.)

O fie! Hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old.

(*Hamlet*, I. v. 93.)

To hold his tongue is to break his heart. When Hamlet feigns madness he acknowledges a fact:² the barrier between thought and word has already broken down. His wit is biting because he cannot help it. When he says

It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf.
he is only opening a safety valve of suppressed emotion.³

Into my grave?

(IV. ii. 210.)

'strikes a chill into the hearer and opens up the depths of misery in Hamlet's soul.'⁴

Being once chafed he cannot
Be reined again to temperance.

Hamlet gives way to no less than seven outbursts.⁵ He tries in vain to stop. Coriolanus loses the consulship, because he cannot hold his peace :

This is my speech and I will speak it again.

(*Coriolanus*, III. i. 62.)

His banishment and death are due to similar uncontrollable outbursts. The whirl of images makes expression turbid.⁶ At times the mind's repulsion prevents direct expression of ideas.

Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,

(*Othello*, IV. ii. 76.)

Such an act

(*Hamlet*, III. iv. 40.)

137. The unconscious invading the region of action is marked by the same peculiarities. Richard III and Macbeth put on armour before it is needed, strike and scold messengers, and escape becoming abnormal by plunging into mad activity. Antony whips Thyreus and Hamlet loses control of his actions so completely that he rationalizes his conduct by believing in a providence acting through him.

138. If madness is 'that state in which a person utters words and executes actions which spring not from his reason but from a part of his brain which has gained dominance over his other faculties',¹ then tragic heroes are mad.² But where is the man who is sane?³ Tragedy presents the erup-

tion of 'the suppressed madness of sane men'.⁴
What was within comes out, what was visible is covered. You scarcely recognize your neighbour now.

CHAPTER XI

TRAGIC SUFFERING : SENSITIVENESS

I

139. Those who are familiar with jungle life must have witnessed a painful spectacle : the young up against the parent that fostered it with loving care.

Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to it ?

(*Lear*, III. iv. 14.)

The march of life has left the brutes behind. Perpetual internecine war hindered the development of more valuable instincts. The survival of the fittest is also a conservation of value. Filial affection, type of the bond between man and his Maker, is the most precious of instincts. The most angelic of men have it most, Rama for example. Lear values this above all virtues. It seems to be the principle guiding the conduct of children and subjects when Lear is king. He hates the very idea of human nature reeling back to the beast, parents clinging to nests and children driven to revolt. In deciding to abdicate, Lear yields to the instinct which has raised man above the level of the brute. Lear has had bloody victories¹ and a long successful rule ;² but he has now come to that stage when man feels the transience of finite achievement and clutches at something

which will endure. This is not insanity.³ The sanest and most successful of the Maharajas of Cochin abdicated his throne and lived for nineteen years as a private citizen among his beloved subjects. Lear feels that, so long as he is the distributor of wealth and favours, his children will have no opportunity to demonstrate filial love unmixed with baser emotions.⁴ 'I have often wished myself poorer that I might come nearer to you,' said Timon yearning for friendship. Lear abdicates because his soul too would break its prison-bars. Divided attachments to the shadows of life can keep him content no more. He stakes his existence on the love of his daughters, especially of Cordelia, with whom he proposes to live, and on whom he has settled a share more opulent than her sisters'.

140. It is Lear's purpose to demonstrate in public the filial affection of his daughters before formally rewarding it, and he puts questions as a teacher in the presence of the inspector would question the best boys to justify his giving high marks. The shock is sudden and comes from the least expected quarter.

According to my bond, nor more nor less.

Shylock could not have taken his stand on his bond with less mercy or more persistence.¹ She knows his sensitive point and continues to torture him there. She is more anxious to taunt her sisters and to please the husband she has not yet secured, than to answer her father's question. How proud she has grown! How conscious of the fact that she will have a whole kingdom to reign over more than her sisters! Nothing is more exasperating than a young

Shakespeare

girl whose head is turned by the prospect of a rich marriage. Love of the spouse is what men share with beasts ; it is love of parent which raises humanity in the moral scale. Let her study this. Every other offence may be forgiven but hers is an offence against parenthood itself ; if he does not disclaim her, Nature will disclaim him. Lear is afraid that the love he bears her may make him relax this resolution, and immediately clinches it with an oath.

By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care.

141. Lear's test is like our Intelligence Tests, and the results are no less 'satisfactory'. The examination too is like ours : better daughters than Goneril might have failed. For a time he persuades himself she is standing the test admirably, so that the suddenness of the shock causes an outcropping of the unconscious. Sometimes lying on the sick bed, we wonder whether the nurse standing before us really is a nurse ; and whether the body she is examining is our own body. Lear doubts his daughter's identity.¹

Are you our daughter ?

Goneril answers that it is he who has been transformed. He looks upon his body and cannot believe it is the king's.

Does any here know me ? This is not Lear.

He would fain believe that he is dreaming, or that he is a mere shadow, in which case she too would be a shadow ; for, if all life is unreal, there can be no

such thing as the triumph of evil over good. The idea that downright filial ingratitude can exist in a real world ruled by God is so repugnant that it cannot force itself into Lear's consciousness without either destroying consciousness itself or raising his whole nature against it. When Christ exclaimed, 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?' he expressed an immediate intuition of an order in which evil recoils on itself. Lear's conviction is equally passionate; how can Goneril, a bad child, get children unless they be as bad as she is?

From her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem
Create her child of spleen . . .

It is a prayer 'converted out of sweet images of what a child should be, that lay in the core of his fatherly heart'.²

142. Cordelia's fault roused anger, Goneril's provokes disgust. He cannot bear her presence. Thrice he is on the point of answering Albany's polite queries, but each time the sight of this detested kite makes him break off. At first he is content to leave to God the task of teaching her that filial love is the primary duty; but as he goes away he weeps, and tears make him accuse himself of weakness. He feels that it is his duty to accomplish the Divine purpose. He is sure Regan will not fail in the love test: she will resign her kingdom to him and he will return with an army to teach Goneril. He will have to 'forget his nature' to 'take it again perforce'; but he will be cruel only to be kind. So he returns to Goneril to say,

Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever : thou shalt, I warrant thee.

Lear having only one daughter left expects much from her. That is why the least disillusionment is unbearable. When he learns of the treatment accorded to his messenger, indignation, unable to find vent in outward action or even the hope of action, knocks against his own heart.

O ! how this mother swells up toward my heart.

From Gloucester's words Lear learns, to his despair, that the dog is obeyed in office.

O, me ! my heart, my rising heart ! But down !

Such tension cannot continue, but the irony of circumstance lowers it. Regan and her husband come in state to the gate. It is really to receive Goneril, but poor Lear thinks that they have put themselves to personal inconvenience to receive him, and he mistakes their thin surface veneer for sincere affection. This revives his hope that gentle Regan will readily resign her kingdom the moment she hears of Goneril's conduct. So he begins :

Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught : O Regan ! she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.

'Nothing is so heart-cutting as the cold unexpected defence of a cruelty passionately complained of.'¹ Regan ascribes the cruelty to Lear and the suffering to Goneril, and asks him to beg her pardon ! Imagine the gods looking down upon the unnatural scene : an old father kneeling to his child and saying,

'Daughter, I confess I am guilty ; it is wrong for old men to continue to live after their children have come of age ; yet take pity upon me, I ask for nothing but food and clothing !' Is he to betray heaven's cause just to keep base life afoot ? There yet remains one to fall back upon—God.

143. There are stronger agents than poor weak old men through whom God can work His will.

O Heavens ...
Make it your cause.

Baited by both the daughters, he looks up. The heavens are clear. How patient the gods are !

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !

Can it not be that God Himself has hardened these daughters' hearts to put his faith on trial ? If so, his part is to suffer and not to submit.

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger.¹

The heavens are calm, but it is the threatening calm before the storm. The gods are not asleep. Lear wipes his tears, feeling within him the assurance of ultimate victory.

I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are yet I know not....

Lear has the faith which prophets of all countries have always had ; that when a man has passed the extremity of suffering for a noble cause, and continues to believe though the situa-

tion is desperate, God who is watching from above will intervene. The average man expects no miracles. We subscribe at church to the creed that the ruler of the world is God, but we have our private opinion that it is ruled by chance, if not by the devil. We burn one candle for Christ and another for Mammon, so that if the one fail we have the other. Gandhiji shocked civilized humanity by publicly asserting that God governs the world and that therefore earthquakes also are sent by Him.² An Anglican preacher allowed himself to be bitten by a snake to illustrate a text from the Bible. Lear sees a Divine purpose in the storm. Jove's oak-cleaving thunder must be directed against sinners and not those who are sinned against. The wicked who deem themselves secure in castles, let them quake. Superficial observation discovers no law governing the action of lightning, but there must be one. Unsophisticated Tom, keeping in touch with the elements, is likely to know.

First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder?

144. Lear's madness is an ever-renewed attempt to solve an unsolved problem.¹ He returns to sanity when it looks as if Cordelia is to be the Divine agent and the day of reckoning seems at hand, but the sequel belies the hope.

For thee, oppressed King, am I cast down;

It pierces Lear's heart. Virtue at the mercy of evil; and the gods above looking on unconcerned! Yet, the remnants of Lear's routed faith make a last desperate stand: this defeat may be for the best.

What is a throne gained or lost? It will set poor rogues talking of court news! There is no reality or joy in it. But prison with Cordelia would be unbroken, unalloyed bliss. The blessed gods demand the sacrifice of everything else for the sake of the filial bond.

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.

The gods allow battles to be lost and millions to perish, but they preserve Cordelia. She is the meaning of the universe.

145. Lear is speculating thus when he sees Cordelia murdered. He cannot believe she is dead. It seems to him her life is hanging in the balance and that, if only a petition can reach God above, she will live. He shouts, but his voice is too feeble. So he requests all to join.

Howl! Howl! Howl! Howl! O! you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.

The gods, alas! are deaf. Possibly medical aid may save her.

Lend me a looking-glass.

The thought of her death is so painful that his mind again and again tries some way of escape and almost loses the power to receive new impressions. Suddenly he remembers that she was hanged, and an idea strikes him: perhaps her tight dress is suffocating her.

Pray you, undo this button.¹

He sees the blood rushing up, the colour rising to her lips,

Look on her, look, her lips.

But the people standing around look at his joy incredulous.

Look there, look there!

he repeats, but they do not. They look at him with pity, and the terrible truth dawns on his mind. It kills him.² Kent marks the last fatal swelling of the heart, convulsing the whole frame

Break, heart ; I prithee, break.

146. Thrice did Lear lose the capacity to suffer, but the malice of fate revived him each time for fresh torture. Is life an ingenious device of sportive gods to inflict on us the maximum of pain ? Why was there implanted in Lear 'the mighty hunger of the heart thrice repelled yet ever strengthened by repulse' ?¹ If he had not cared a fig for filial affection, he could have deprived Fate of its sting. Was the suffering a folly ? Do we, after witnessing tragedy, feel that the quintessence of Shakespeare² is this : Don't expect women to be chaste (Hamlet, Othello), politics to be pure (Brutus), or children and friends to be grateful (Lear, Timon), for it is not their duty to be so ? To suggest that one should avoid suffering by renouncing one's ideals is like proposing that the cure of life's ills is to refuse to live. Brutes do not suffer like Cordelia, yet when Lear asks,

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all ?

we do not feel she should have lived like them. The bull challenges his father and even kills him; the commandment, 'Honour thy father', is written only on the tablets of the human heart. It is harder to live like men than to vegetate, but it is also nobler. Arctic explorers and Everest climbers incur suffering and risk; so in the world of values—the exploration of which is more essential for the welfare of the race—a Lear or a Hamlet prospects his lonely way. Lear resists the negative principle to the last.³ Our impression of the play is summed up in the closing words of Albany:

The oldest hath borne most! we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

II

147. In structure as well as in meaning *King Lear* is a vast interrogation mark. Between the heart's limitless longings and the world's restricted scope the incongruity is inevitable.¹ Affirm the intuitions and the world seems cruel or unreal; stress the flux of circumstance and life's longings seem vain. The Ironies exult, but the Pities ask passionately, 'Is there no value that endures?' The tragedies of Shakespeare and his sonnets are this impassioned question; and passionate interrogation is assertion. To faith, the cross is victory, but the man of little faith contemplates the harrowing of Hell. Brutus suggests something more in human nature than will-to-power. The tragic hero, like subjective art,² aspires. He is the broken arc suggesting a perfect round. Lear could have compromised, but then he would not have been Lear. What distinguishes the


tragic hero is 'the vigour with which he is himself against the world'.³ In him 'personal life announces its virtue'.⁴ Schopenhauer is both right and wrong : the lesson of tragedy is the pain of personality,⁵ but not the denial of it.⁶

CHAPTER XII

TRAGIC SUFFERING : IMAGINATION

I

148. The world in which Lear moves and suffers is the product of imagination stimulated by passionate love. Lear is lunatic, lover and poet, being of imagination all compact. So are all tragic heroes. The deeper mind thinks in images. In the deepest layer exists something which we may regard as a feeling that the assertion of personality is sin. This made Sankara, Buddha and Christ assert the need of one's losing oneself. Aggrandizement of self at the expense of others is not the truest of human impulses. This underlies Freud's remarks on the ambivalence of one's emotional attitude towards the super-ego :¹ a man's imagination invests royalty with glory, as a result of which he kills the king, but after the deed there comes a complete revulsion of feeling which torments him to death.² Macbeth's ambition as well as the inner resistance to it³ can be traced to the same source.



149. Macbeth believed that he was attracted by the crown because it was the abode of bliss. He did not know that it was his primitive Celtic imagination that saw meek Duncan as the honoured father of the people and the deputy of God. His loving partner of greatness also told him that the golden round would bring sovereign bliss 'to all our nights and days to come'. He liked the idea of rising in

life for her sake. Imagination often conjured up the picture of himself on the throne with his beautiful lady by his side, a perfectly harmless and allowable dream, he being the heir-presumptive. This fondly cherished picture sank into his mind and gained control over it. The old king, instead of dying, begot a son, so that unless Duncan died before Malcolm came of age, Macbeth's chances were jeopardized. Lady Macbeth, being a practical-minded woman suggested the nearest way, but Macbeth could not accept it. The picture of himself crowned was fascinating, but the picture of the crowned head severed was equally repelling. Lady Macbeth continued to observe that her husband's face glowed whenever the topic was broached. She could not understand this. The prize of virtue he had lost, the prize of vice also he was losing. He seemed willing to win and yet afraid to strike. She chastised him with the valour of her tongue

A soldier and afeard ?

He knew that the charge was false. But what was the cause then ? Influenced by his practical-minded wife, he began to believe that it was not from the murder but from the consequences of the murder that he shrank. 'Don't you see, dear chuck, how impossible it is to murder a king and go undetected ? I promise you I will do it when time and place adhere.'¹ Malcolm was fast coming of age, and the heaven of happiness receding beyond Macbeth's horizon became more enchanting than ever. The average man does not face an issue squarely until it becomes pressing. Macbeth neither gave up his dream nor took active steps to compass it. But, in

the dim region of the mind, the picture of his succession became more and more inseparably associated with the picture of Duncan's murder, so that one could not rise without rousing the other.

150. At the greeting of the third witch, therefore, both pictures rise together. He starts and stands 'rapt withal', but he soon conquers the two images by asserting that, considering his descent, the prediction of kingship to him is no more clever than the prediction of a husband to a fair girl.¹ The Cawdor prediction would be a test, the thane being alive. But it is so improbable that Macbeth dismisses the whole affair with an incredulous smile.

And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

Then come Ross and Angus to greet him as Thane of Cawdor. The fulfilment of the second prophecy induces a vision of the means whereby the third is to be fulfilled.² Like one who has taken opium Macbeth stands apart, oblivious of Banquo, Angus, Ross and their conversation. Now and then his mind clears just enough to enable him to repeat his thanks, but again the shadows of the mind gather, and he sees nothing but the horrid image of the murder which makes his heart knock at his ribs and his hair stand on end. Macbeth does not really conquer this image ; he gets rid of it by affirming that there is no necessary connexion between his kingship and the murder of the present king. No murder is needed.³ Recent events, perhaps, have convinced Duncan and the nobles that the country needs a soldier king and not 'boy Malcolm'. The king's own message suggests as much !

Ross : And as an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of
Cawdor.

What else can the greater honour be ? Success intoxicates the mind and makes any further rise seem probable. And so the conflict is over for the present, and Macbeth pulls himself back from the world of imagination :

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me
Without my stir.

The idea of the kingship automatically devolving upon him now begins to work upon his imagination and revives old hopes. He writes to his wife.

151. The king's conduct¹ confirms him in this guess. Duncan begins with an open expression of regret for 'the sin of past ingratitude'. The reference is clear. Then he admits :

More is thy due than more than all can pay,
and embraces him with the still more explicit remark,

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.

To Macbeth's imagination he is already king by the right of merit and by the choice of supernatural powers. Every little incident and word has been a tributary swelling the current of his imagination so that no bar can now restrain the flood which carries him forward. The letter to his wife makes retreat impossible. So that, when Malcolm is nominated, the choice is no longer open to him to refrain

from moving to the throne. The king invites himself to Macbeth's castle. There is no doubt that Fate, having given earnest of success, is pointing out that the prophecy cannot be fulfilled 'without his stir'. The picture of the murder starts up before the eye, but this time he is resolved not to let the horror of it work upon his imagination. He will close the eye which excites the imagination :

The eye wink at the hand.

152. Macbeth cannot understand why he should shrink from the picture of Duncan's murder. When a man has a phobia of toads, he rationalizes it by asserting that toads are poisonous, and provides himself with a defence by carrying an antidote to that imagined poison. Macbeth ascribes his dread of murder to the fear of consequences, and the example of his wife's practical nature enables him to narrow the issue down to visible and immediate consequences in this world of time.¹ He is determined to ignore everything else. One consideration, however, strikes him as eminently practical : if one man murders a king and thrives thereby, others will follow the example.² This seems to him a hard, incontrovertible fact. He does not know that it is imagination from within which secretly determines the trend of his arguments. He cannot imagine the king as a mere man ; each kingly virtue he visualizes as an angel armed with a trumpet to warn heavenly powers of approaching danger to the anointed head. Again, thinking of Duncan's meekness, it occurs to him that the murdered king will be pitied. He imagines how people will talk and spread the sad news. Then Macbeth's imagination takes a leap.

Since words are breath or wind, the picture of the pitiable account communicated by the wind changes into the more concrete picture of new-born pity riding on the winds. This coalesces with the other image of angels with trumpets, because the beings resembling infants and able to ride on air are angels. Thus, under the guise of showing consequences on this bank and shoal of time, imagination conjures pictures of affrighted heaven and angels who will 'blow the horrid deed in every eye'. Whichever direction his mind travels it is confronted by the horrid picture of detected murder. Macbeth yet thinks he is weighing the pros and cons from a practical point of view, and asks himself whether his wish to be king is strong enough to outweigh considerations of the risk of failure. In vain does Lady Macbeth recall past promises, appeal to his affection, and taunt him with cowardice : these cannot efface the picture of murder detected ; but when she develops the picture of successful murder—the grooms asleep, the daggers ready, the doors open—it begins to work and he adds two more details to complete the picture.³ This concrete image is so energizing that he moves forward to it with animation. The vision of the dagger sustains this mood, and associations of witchcraft, murder, and adultery successfully accomplished under cover of darkness buoy him up.

153. The murder accomplished, a reaction sets in which is as sudden and unaccountable as it is complete. He shrinks from those very pictures which intoxicated his imagination and incited him to the murder.¹ Macbeth continues to believe that he is moved by practical considerations. He thinks that the parching of the throat which prevented his utter-

ing 'Amen' was caused by the supernatural powers who are preparing to reveal the murder. If he should go back to the scene of the murder and 'look on it again', some dreadful miracle may mark him with guilt. The supernatural agents have besieged the castle; they are knocking at the gate. Is he a marked man already? Yes. The blood on his hands can never be washed away. When his wife points out that the knocking is only 'at the south entry', and further demonstrates by example that bloodstains are removable by water, Macbeth once again pulls himself back from the world of imagination. With the return of daylight he regains control over his features, words and actions.

154. Macbeth is crowned and yet miserable. He cannot think of the crown except as the abode of bliss, and so he forms the theory that he is restless because he is not secure on the throne. Imagination magnifies this dread until his mind is full of scorpions, and sleepless Macbeth begins to envy Duncan in his grave. He lives in dread of a vague something. Looking round for the object of this dread he singles out Banquo,¹ who stands in a relation to the kingship which reminds Macbeth of his own. Every time he sits on the throne, Macbeth has a vision of Banquo removing him and putting Fleance on instead. If he is to regain his peace Banquo must die.² Macbeth's imagination sees in this progenitor of kings a royalty of nature,³ and the complex emotional attitudes assumed before and after Duncan's murder are reproduced. For fear that supernatural agencies might betray him, he incites two desperadoes to undertake the murder as an act of private revenge. But that does no good. The precaution

is a challenge to imagination, which grows strong as a result; and when Macbeth, foolishly relying upon the precaution, wishes for Banquo's presence at the supper, the ghost appears. The whole world of primitive fantasy rushes up with a terrific force.

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak. Henceforth he lives in a perpetual nightmare of knives, poisons, revolts and invasions. He employs spies in the houses of thanes, but that cannot allay his fears. The terrors of his imagination become so intolerable that he consults the witches.

155. The predictions of the witches accord with the natural trend of his imagination: they assure him that the king's person is inviolable and his authority absolute. He can laugh to scorn the power of man. He can now imagine himself secure on the throne, but still there is no joy. Being immune to personal fears he no more quakes at a night-shriek, but his imagination deepens and widens and confronts him with the picture of an empty universe.¹ From this he takes desperate flight into mad activity, not because it brings pleasure—'the dull ferocity of Macbeth is joyless'²—but because, like the outer storm in *King Lear*, it diverts attention from the joylessness of existence. In the language of the new psychology, he turns the death-wish against environment;³ why should he play the Roman fool and die when he can kill others? But, to commit each murder, he has to defend himself against dread of retribution by repeating that none of woman born can harm him. This sense of security does not remove the sense of guilt. In short, from beginning to end, Macbeth yields to an ambi-

valent urge towards both crime and punishment. The more his conscious mind denies that a wood can move, the more his inner mind affirms it can. This releases anxiety, and against that anxiety he tries to erect a bulwark. He would 'hang all that talk of fear'. Thus the mental picture of a moving grove gains such a compelling influence that when it is reported that Birnam Wood has begun to move, his judgement is paralysed. His castle can laugh a siege to scorn, but he cares not to prolong existence. For life itself appears as a colossal fraud.

II

156. Macbeth symbolizes man's universal destiny. Each man thinks that, if he attains a certain position, he will get 'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends'; but, whether he achieves that position or not, he is disillusioned. Tragic art isolates this suffering, but there is nothing exceptional¹ in tragic suffering itself. We all endeavour to establish contact with our fellow-beings, and we all fail. The pain of personality is our portion; we are deceived into the bargain of life.²

CHAPTER XIII

THE ENEMIES OF TRAGEDY : THE MORAL SENSE AND THE COMIC SPIRIT

I

157. Imaginative sympathy being the *sine qua non* of tragedy, it follows that whatever hinders sympathy is the enemy of tragedy. The prophylactics we carry as a precaution against the tendency to sympathize with others may be classified under three heads—the moral sense, the historical sense and the comic sense.

158. The attitudes arising out of the moral sense may in turn be divided into three kinds. Some men blindly accept 'the views and codes of life by which the public lives'.¹ The wife of a neighbour of mine suffered the pangs of childbirth for fifty hours, but he was not moved for a minute. 'This is a punishment for melting gold,' said he. There is a local belief that, if a woman is pregnant, it is a sin to make ornaments in that house, and the poor lady had broken that custom. Some men think for themselves and formulate codes of their own. Their moral sense also is a rage against non-conformity, they detect 'tragic flaws'. We have referred to this elsewhere² and need not labour the point. A third attitude is that of complete reconciliation to events as they happen on the ground that everything is part of God's perfect pattern.³ The average mortal who claims to

see God's plan is only weaving an excuse for spiritual inertia. Even Jesus cried out 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' The impulse which rises in man at the sight of what looks like waste is also God-given, and any faith which administers an opiate to this impulse kills our 'better part of man'. In short, the moral sense, whatever the category to which it belongs, is, in actual practice, a hardening of the heart against the sufferings of others, and kills tragedy outright.⁴

159. The historian, like the moralist, looks for the operation of laws. To the moralist, *Coriolanus* is a sermon on pride, to the historian, on the rights of majorities. The moralist blames Brutus for committing murder, the historian for mixing morality and politics. Taking his stand on the vantage ground of the present, the historian casts his eyes backward and generalizes with confidence, as if the innumerable men and women who lived and aspired in the past were only the nuts and screws of the political or social machine existing in his imagination. Tragedy, looking from within, sees each man a mystery to himself; but the historical telescope measures him by the shadow he has cast.

160. To judge by ultimate results is uncharitable enough, but to judge a person by his maladjustment to the immediate present is worse. The historical view is therefore less inimical to tragedy than the comic. We had our laugh at the suffragettes once, but are their cartoons in old magazines funny now? Pretty women perspiring in the sun outside No. 10, Downing Street, were comical only so long as we could ignore their inner life. If Lear were to wander, the butt of street-boys, he would be immensely

diverting. Indeed, there are situations when we almost laugh at Lear. His importunity to be admitted to Regan's presence is on a par with the importunity of Menenius.¹ Remove the emphasis from Lear's inner life, and the play is comic.

161. Before proceeding further, I want to make it clear that the criticisms swayed by the three attitudes mentioned above are also correct. *Macbeth* is a Morality¹ showing Everyman's temptation and fall; *Antony and Cleopatra* does proclaim with a thousand tongues that 'self-indulgence and achievement are incompatible';² and *Julius Cæsar* is a chronicle of the workings of Nemesis.³ Regarded as an illustration of Nemesis, the play, indeed, ceases to be a tragedy; but it does not cease to be a good play. On the other hand, with some natures, the play stands to gain thereby. 'I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene,' remarked Dr Johnson, 'it is not to be endured.'⁴ If Johnson had regarded Desdemona guilty,⁵ the play would have been endurable. Johnson was a brave man, but a spectacle which flatly contradicts the innate assurance of a moral law was too much for him. Arjuna was a brave warrior, but when the Lord manifested His true form, Arjuna was overwhelmed. He could not stand the spectacle of God mercilessly devouring all the worlds. 'I am all in a whirl, and find no peace,' said he.⁶ The naked truth is terrible to behold. We must discover justice in the fates of individuals,⁷ and a purpose running through the ages;⁸ we must narrow down our interests and look upon men as tools to accomplish practical tasks rather than as sensitive beings endowed with 'infinite longings and infinite misgivings';⁹ we must

deny the significance of the inner lives of others and learn to laugh. Laughter is our best defensive armour against pain; we laugh lest we should weep.¹⁰ (The position, then, is briefly this: we all need some veil to hide the face of Truth, and literature has to serve this need; but, to tear away the film which hides the mystery, to break the crust of habit¹¹ which incessantly threatens to shut life up in narrow grooves, is the peculiar function of tragedy. That is why tragedy often fails to be tragic.)

II

162. The genius of comedy, said Socrates, is the same as that of tragedy.¹ Horace Walpole observed that life is tragic to those who feel and comic to those who think. He put it cleverly, but wrongly; where he agrees with Socrates he is right, but where he disagrees he is wrong. Laughter is as much an emotional response as tears.² It is not because one man can think and another cannot that life seems a waste of value to the second and much ado about nothing to the first. Reasoning can prove or disprove either theory. The laughing and the weeping philosophers were equally great thinkers, the difference being only in the response. Even this difference cannot be made much of. There are situations in Shakespeare as well as in life when laughter is equivalent to tears.³ It is the humanity in us that makes us weep or laugh.

✓ 163. It follows that true tragedy is produced by the artist who has seen the comic, and genuine comedy by him who has felt the pathos of life. Tragic art demands, to a limited extent, the simultaneous presentation of both aspects,¹ because,

otherwise, there can be no perception of incongruity and no tragedy. The mixture of comedy and tragedy was doubtless necessitated by other conditions,² but Shakespeare utilized it to serve this purpose. There must be Osric, Polonius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; Hamlet must laugh at them; and they must not understand him; how else are we to realize the widening gulf between the tragic hero and his environment? There must be a drunken porter to insulate Macbeth,³ an unimaginative clown to bring the Nilus worm to Cleopatra, and people of the workaday world to 'touch the fringe of the story and disappear'⁴ in all great tragedies. The gravediggers were an afterthought⁵ but you cannot eliminate them.⁶ That humdrum existence goes on, indifferent to life's great passions and aspirations, is the essence of tragedy'. The gravediggers' scene,¹ said J. R. Lowell, 'always impresses me as one of the most pathetic in the whole tragedy.'⁷ You can call it a comic episode, but that will not change its nature. For what is in a name? 'A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce' is the entry in the Stationers' Register under date 22 July 1598. Shakespeare himself was evidently unable to decide which predominated; the merchant or the usurer, plot or characterization, the comic or the tragic.

164. To the average Elizabethan theatre-goer Shylock was not a tragic sufferer,¹ nor is he so now to those who can feel the plot-interest.² I once conducted a rehearsal of the play before some small boys who were ignorant of the story. When Shylock advanced with drawn knife I could see their

hair stand on end. Shylock was the very terror that chased them in their dreams. Great was their relief when his cunning was foiled, and free was the laughter whenever Gratiano opened his mouth. Shakespeare lodged the 'dynamic human figure of Shylock within the preposterous faery tale of the merchant.'³ Familiarity, which makes the plot more and more stale, makes Shylock more and more real; so that, to the modern cultured audience, Shylock is tragic.⁴

165. Critics have rightly pointed out that Shakespeare created comic characters but wrote no comedies.¹ I would go a step further; he created characters and left it for you and me to decide whether they are comic or tragic.² When I witnessed *Othello* at Madras I grasped the force of the criticism that *Othello*, *Lear* and *Hamlet* are all bloody farces. When a character is lighted by its own Promethean fire from within, we see the pathos and mystery; but when the comic spirit from above casts an oblique light³ on the character, we see its insignificance and absurdity. Thus it is in life as well as in great art. Even in the meanest characters of Shakespeare 'the worth of the object is realized beneath its littleness'.⁴ His characters are inwardly conceived. Lesser writers, making comic characters, stop at externals—dress, features, oddities, self-deceptions—according to the degree of their insight or confidence; but Shakespeare, without omitting externals, does something which is in excess of the needs of comedy:⁵—he exhibits the heart. Malvolio, Shylock and Falstaff are comic in their setting, but they also produce the illusion of an existence of their own. Though 'seen only in

part', they 'are yet capable of being unfolded and understood in the whole'.⁶ They are puppets, but such puppets as can spring to life and pull at the plot-strings.⁷ Falstaff, was perhaps meant to be a *Miles Gloriosus*,⁸ Gluttony,⁹ the Vice,¹⁰ or the Clown;¹¹ but he 'is alive after three hundred years mainly because he was not true to type'.¹² 'Falstaff grew and grew under his creative hand till he became capable of that "inexplicable touch of infinity" which we are to see again in such different forms in Hamlet, Lear, Cleopatra and others.'¹³ 'Falstaff is to be classed only with the poet's own Hamlet.'¹⁴ Falstaff, no less than Hamlet, embodies the deep feeling that overcame Shakespeare when he saw the emptiness of life.¹⁵ The essence of these two characters is that they continue to act after having lost all illusions. Hamlet frets and Falstaff laughs, but these divergent attitudes spring from the same source. There is a Falstaff in Hamlet, and a Hamlet in Falstaff. 'Falstaff is a comic Hamlet,'¹⁶ observes Raleigh with wonted insight, but he goes on to say, 'Falstaff is in love with life as Hamlet is out of love with it'. I think that, for once in his life-time, Sir Walter's astuteness failed him. The man who resigns himself to death and has no illusions about honour is not less out of love with life than he who complains of the 'fell sergeant death' and feels concern for 'a wounded name'. Falstaff's love of life is a pose: he tries to treat life as a joke; but the question comes to him, 'Is this really a laughing matter?'¹⁷ It is not quite correct to say, 'The bliss of freedom gained in humour is the essence of Falstaff.'¹⁸ When it is put to the proof, it fails. 'Within the scope of worldly wisdom, which

is the philosophy of comedy, Falstaff had seemed to justify entire trust,¹⁹ but it was only a seeming. Falstaff resembles the tragic heroes: his life is a gigantic experiment foredoomed to failure.²⁰ Perhaps, during the process of his creation, the author's attitude to him and to life changed.²¹ Falstaff is the last of the great comic characters, and the first of the tragic.

166. This is not generally recognized owing to two reasons. Firstly, the stroke¹ which lends coherence to the whole portrait is very faint: Falstaff's behaviour subsequent to the rejection falls outside the scope of the histories. Secondly, we have laughed so much at his bulk that it rivets all attention. By a stretch of imagination we can detach Falstaff from his setting, learn to forget his paunch, and have a peep into his depths. In witness whereof we give the following extracts from the diary of a contemporary. The reader will note how, with the progressive deepening of sympathetic insight,² a character slowly changes from comic to tragic, and how the theories of Falstaff's character held by various critics are only points on the graph picturing the curve of this deepening sympathy. The imaginary diary is an attempt to synthesize existing criticism on the lines laid down in the last chapter.³

167. *21 September 1402.* The leader of the gang that robbed us at Gadshill is one Falstaff. I identified him as he entered the Boar's Head Tavern. A drunkard with bloodshot eyes, bloated face and bulging belly, the ruffian need be seen only once to be detested for ever. We sent for the Sheriff. The search, however, was mere eye-wash, because

he is not only a leader of highway robbers but also a misleader of noble youth. We have petitioned the Chief Justice.

168. *1 October 1402.* Our money has been returned, but the rich men of our party are unwilling to withdraw the petition. I think they are needlessly vindictive. The average peace-loving citizen of these days has to his credit a murder or two, but Sir John, though a disbanded soldier, has not shed blood in private quarrels. At Gadshill he did not use swords or pistols, though he had only three helpers to face the ten of us. If he has wronged Mrs Quickly, she may be expected to know it best, but she says she has 'known him these twenty-nine years, come peascod time: but an honest and truer-hearted man' she never found. I want to know more of this Falstaff, and have articulated myself as a waiter at the Boar's Head.

169. *Christmas 1402.* It is wonderful how persons become lovable when we cease to regard them in the light of the effect of their actions on us. We love Falstaff. Today he and the Prince rehearsed a scene. Pretty Mistress Quickly almost split her sides with laughter. 'Falstaff is no less a player to himself than to others.'¹ He is like a child. He lives

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

There is no profession but jumps with his humour. He would be weaver, priest, actor, writer, ballad-singer, robber, judge, soldier, psalmist, martyr, thief, hangman, and the criminal who 'becomes a cart'. He is like the child who acts for the pleasure of acting, and talks for the sake of talking, and

delights us in so doing. 'His complete experience of taverns and lupanars, of rogues, male and female, complicates without destroying the soul of the boy.'² The wit of men is destructive, a foe to folly; but the wit of Falstaff is creative, a foe to seriousness.³ His puns and allusions are the exuberance of life.⁴ The world of activity is too narrow for the expression of his rich and many-sided personality. His jokes will not bear repetition by others; he alone can answer the coinage. He is the king levying his tribute of mirth on every minute. In him we see ourselves 'not as we are, but as we fancy we might have been; expanded, exalted, extended in every direction'.⁵ We laugh with him but not at him.⁶ When we meet Bobadill who lives with Cob in the next street we have a mind to give him the bastinado. Each situation Bobadill gets into reveals his stupid cowardice and makes us despise and hate him;⁷ but, to Sir John, each situation is a fresh opportunity to reveal qualities at once lovable and admirable. Fun is directed towards Bobadill; Sir John radiates fun.

170. *23 July 1403.* Last night the Lord Mayor received news of a bloody victory at Shrewsbury. We lost one earl, three knights, and, of the common soldiers, one out of every hundred. The fight was thickest at the centre, where Sir John Falstaff charged at the head of his men. 'There's not three of his hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end.' He has almost equalled his record on the Continent which got him his knight-hood.

171. *1 November 1403.* The Lord Chief Justice had dismissed our petition. Such is the prestige

of Falstaff today that even this strict officer who took action against the Prince does not dare to proceed against Sir John. The Council of War looks upon him as the Achilles without whom no Troy could be taken. I met a dozen captains

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

They said that if Sir John would only leave off associating with us, there was no position he could not achieve. Subsequently, I had the following conversation with Falstaff:

I: How is it, Sir, you continue to herd with us, forgetting that honour has transformed you in the eyes of the world?

FALSTAFF: How can honour transform a man? It tickles my sense of humour that one should address me as Sir John, and another as Jack; but I must indeed be a Jack to think that either title can make me cease to be myself. It is like saying that the Prince will cease to be Hal when he becomes King. Honour is but an empty word.

I: If you do not believe in honour, I wonder how you manage to fight. When I was a soldier we were fired by the speeches of our commanders and went into action barely realizing what we were about. If our minds had leisure to think of the danger we were in, I am sure we would all have forsworn arms. But it was as if we were drunk.

F: I drink, but am never drunk. I lack such aids to courage.¹

I: Then, I suppose, you fight because you love fighting, or because you want justice to triumph.

F: I do not love to kill or to be killed; nor do I approve of the waste of 2,000 souls and 20,000 ducats

just to decide which faction of the nobles should loot the country.

I used to think of Falstaff as one of a group of disbanded soldiers governed by the laws of mob-psychology, but these words 'show us the real man, above them all, and aloof from them, calm, aristocratic, fanciful, scorning opinion, following his own ends, and intellectual to the finger-tips'.² Falstaff has no illusions, he sees life divested of glamour.³ He fights without courage, robs without cruelty, jokes without malice, lies without deceit, and laughs without elation.⁴ Like most great humorists,⁵ he imparts joy but is not jolly himself.

172. 31 January 1405. In the midst of the supper, the royal messengers came and took Falstaff away to the wars. We have a foreboding that we shall never again see him here taking his ease. Memory dwells fondly over the last hour he spent with us. It was a sight to see Doll Tearsheet in all her finery sitting on Sir John's knee and trying her wiles :

DOLL : By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

FALSTAFF : I am old, I am old.

And yet, it was barely an hour since he said to the Chief Justice : 'You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young.' I once thought Falstaff a boy, but now I see the error. There is a world of difference between ignorance of life's problems, and the determination to ignore them. Falstaff's is not the joy of 'bodily life'.¹ On the other hand, it is the 'triumph of spirit over matter'.² It is the courage of despair. Having no illusions,

he cannot live in hope. He 'lives in and for the present'.³ Drink and company are his protective weapons against past regrets and future fears, his escape from a sense of life's emptiness. Honour, wealth, power, wife—nothing seems worth striving for. Activity is only an attempt to draw a veil over the void. There was something pathetic in his appeal to Doll.

DOLL: When wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

FALSTAFF: Peace, good Doll! Do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

It is not merely death that he shrinks from, his unconscious dislikes suggest something more. He cannot endure carnation or apple-johns because they evidently remind him of the next world and his own withered soul. He is perpetually witty on his own damnation. When I was fighting in Flanders, my fellow soldiers and myself used to jest at the bullets whizzing past us. Falstaff's fantastic contrition seems to be of a similar origin.⁴ He provokes laughter by caricaturing his own repentance, evidently hoping to conquer fear; but does he succeed? When Poins and the Prince begin to taunt him for having sold his soul,⁵ Falstaff, who is ordinarily never at a loss for words, stands dumbfounded. He has evidently passed through a spiritual crisis from which his extensive knowledge of the Bible dates. 'They had troubled him though,—thoughts of honour, duty, religion; thoughts of his sins, thoughts of death—of God and Hell.'⁶ He has only a single refuge: the pleasure of keeping the

Prince in continual laughter.

173. *15 July 1407.* Francis tells me that the Prince played a low trick upon him. Further, it seems that, when the Prince becomes King, he will divert the attention of the people from his poor claim to the throne by declaring war on France. If all this is true, the Prince is 'quite selfish, quite without feeling'.¹ He uses friends to serve his mean ends and will 'bundle them out of doors when their time is over'.²

174. *Coronation Day 1413.* We were all rejoicing and praising the new king when Mistress Quickly was arrested and our tavern closed. We could not believe that the cruel order condemning forty of his admirers to starvation could have emanated from Hal, and decided to fall at his feet as he passed in procession. In the crowd we met Falstaff and informed him through Pistol of what had transpired. The king, like the mean rascal that he is, began with a heart-cutting

I know thee not, old man

and wound up with some dull copy-book maxims on the conduct of life.

175. *1 May 1413.* The King's counsel having failed to substantiate their charges, Mistress Quickly was acquitted and exonerated, and the Boar's Head reopened today. We wanted to redress the wrong done to Falstaff also but he was condemned without trial and for no offence. Justice is therefore powerless. Opinion is practically unanimous that Falstaff has been wronged,¹ though Johnson, the oracle of our tavern, found fault with Falstaff for having no regular profession.² Dowden blamed him

for not facing facts,³ which, by the way, is his charge against persons like Brutus and the Prince of Denmark also. Max Beerbohm, who affects singularity, wondered why Falstaff was not choked to death by the humour of the situation when the Prince delivered the lecture.⁴ A host of voices hastened to explain that Falstaff could not treat the rejection as a laughing matter as he loved Hal,⁵ at which Priestley retorted, 'he had no right to do so'.⁶ Sincerity of feeling is potentially tragic. This put me in mind of a visit I had recently paid to a couple. I knew that the husband had already decided to abandon the wife, but the poor woman did not know it, and was talking all the time to keep him merry. Falstaff's wit resembles hers.

'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stockfish! O for breath to utter what is like thee!

is tedious and dull but for love, and the consciousness of being loved. Falstaff's wit is not the exuberance of animal spirits, it is the overflow of a loving soul. Past scenes, which were richly comic then, become tragic in the retrospect.

176. 4 March 1415. To get soldiers for the war with France, the king has set free prisoners and galley-slaves. Falstaff's health is shattered. 'The king has broken your heart,' I said. 'No,' he replied, 'God has opened my eyes. When a man tries to please another he commits sin. If that another is not pleased, it breaks his heart; if he is, then they both spend their lives pleasing each other. Either way, souls are stunted, and what else is tragedy? A man plays many parts to please wife, mother, friend, patron, party or nation; but not God.

That is the Tragedy of Everyman. I made a puppet of myself for a prince's pastime, but the Great Taskmaster bade me awake.'

177. 1 May 1415. Falstaff cried 'God, God, God!' three or four times, and, with that word on his lips, gave up the ghost. Such a blessed calm settled upon his face that though the body grew cold we could scarce believe that the spirit had departed. Early morning I wended my way to St. Paul's to have prayers said for the departed soul. There I listened to a wonderful sermon showing that the soul's future depends upon a 'person's behaviour at the moment of death'.¹ Some dissolute men, said the preacher, die calling upon God² while some whose lives have been regular utter on their death-beds language befitting a brothel. The first have seen life's emptiness and God's Grace has entered them:³ the latter are like whited sepulchres, secret desires have sunk deep. The preacher read a verse from the *Gita* of the Hindus, and wound up the sermon with a passage from Montaigne:⁴ 'When that last part of death and of ourselves comes to be acted, then no dissembling will avail. . . . It is the master-day, the day that judgeth all others.'

CHAPTER XIV

THE HISTORICAL SENSE

I

178. If you come to holy Benares, the cicerone will point out the very place where King Harischandra suffered; and yet, who can believe that there actually lived a king who, for the sake of an abstract ideal of truth, underwent unheard-of tortures by the powers of this world and the next? Madura is similarly associated with Kovalan, whom the fascination of a courtesan utterly ruined. These are not actual events but stories which men would fain make historical. The lives of Brutus and Antony resembled these old themes; popular imagination pitched upon them, and transient fact underwent a mild transformation in approximating itself to eternal fiction. Brutus and Antony appeal to the æsthetic sense not because their achievements were far-reaching, but because their stories body forth certain conflicts.

179. In witnessing *Antony and Cleopatra* one should not allow one's interest to be distracted by the immensity of the issues at stake;¹ or by the multiplicity of personages,² scenes,³ places and interests: they all form part of a necessary device to depict a single inner conflict. *Antony and Cleopatra* is not 'something of a chronicle-play and something of a tragedy'.⁴ It is tragedy pure and simple.

II

180. Great political leaders live in the opinions of others. A man conjures up an image of himself, believing it to be the world's estimate of him. No one sees more clearly than Antony that he is the triple pillar of the world, and when he is in Cleopatra's toils, no person feels more keenly than he that the pillar has dwindled into a stool. Shakespeare had to show us Antony acting and talking as the slave of his charmer, and to make it clear at the same time that there is within Antony, hidden regret and shame. Hence arose symbolism.¹ The very first scene illustrates this. The bitter comments in the first thirteen and last eight lines are only an echo of Antony's own feeling that the greatness which should distinguish him from the common run is in peril.

Sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

The light answers of Enobarbus in the second scene, and the recapitulation of lost rapture by Cleopatra in the third scene, are the same device.

181. From the fourth scene of the first act up to the sixth scene of the third act the device becomes clearer. Scenes depicting Antony actuated by ambition, or other characters recollecting Antony's glorious past and his stoical endurance, alternate regularly with scenes showing Cleopatra passionately awaiting the return of her lover. Within single scenes there is the same oscillation: comparisons of Antony and Octavius being immediately followed by references to the lure of Egypt. This presents the

mental conflict. Scenes like that in which Enobarbus and Agrippa compare Antony with Cæsar indicate that Antony is constantly comparing himself with his scarce-bearded colleague and asking who is to win. The Cleopatra scenes are an echo of the regrets and longings which haunt him during moments of relaxation amidst a strenuous life of ambition. The soothsayer's advice shows an unconscious desire to be free from a life of meaningless struggle for power. 'A siren music in his blood is singing him back to her.'¹

182. From the seventh scene of the third act, the alternation between his violent attempts to give up the world's opinion and his still more frantic attempts to escape from himself is quicker. One moment he bids farewell to friends; the next moment he leads them to victory. Positive assertions like, 'I am Antony yet', are followed by pathetic confessions that he is nothing. He recollects that Octavius at Philippi kept his sword like a dancer and finishes the sentence with, 'No matter'.

183. Antony is never without regrets. When intoxicated by the company of Cleopatra, he must forget a portion of himself in revels; when in Pompey's galley after re-establishing himself in power, he must steep his senses in Lethe with wine. He lives between two worlds, or two hemispheres of the same world.¹ One is lit by the enchanting splendour of the moon and the starry skies. It is the infinite within himself symbolized by Cleopatra and Egypt. The other is lighted by the heat and glare of the sun. It is the longing for the outer prestige symbolized by Octavius and Rome. *Antony and Cleopatra* is remarkable for its happy valiancy.

Whether Shakespeare has not overstepped the modesty of nature will be a matter of opinion. There are moods when the play fails; there are moments too when it seems the greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies. If *Richard III* shows the crude workmanship of the apprentice, *Antony and Cleopatra* betrays the overconfidence of the master.²

III

184. Biassed by knowledge of history,¹ we shift the centre of vision, discover looseness of structure,² and conclude that *Julius Cæsar* is a failure. Its brilliant stage history gives to this the lie direct. Great actors instinctively found the centre. Betterton, Booth, Quin, Sheridan, Kemble and Macready chose Brutus.³ That Shakespeare identified himself in imagination more with Brutus than with Cæsar is an assumption warranted by his treatment of the story. He rose to sublime poetry when he came to Brutus objecting to the oath, to the conspirators stooping and washing, and to the everlasting farewell of Cassius and Brutus. The most popular scene on the Elizabethan stage was the quarrel and reconciliation.⁴ Shakespeare drew mainly upon the *Life of Brutus*, which had evidently moved him.⁵ To the *Life of Cæsar* he went only to gather the failings of the dictator in his dotage.⁶ He added physical and mental failings to Cæsar, while omitting even those defects of Brutus which Plutarch had not already suppressed.⁷ Again, Shakespeare added characters and incidents to make Brutus a full portrait; Cæsar he made a caricature.⁸ The Brutus-Portia-Ligarius scene is followed by the Cæsar-Calpurnia-Decius scene to the

disadvantage of Cæsar.⁹ Brutus sparing Antony contrasts with the Cæsarians pricking the names of private enemies. Shakespeare gave Brutus a touch of the infinite, but showed the virtues and failings of Cæsar only from the outside.¹⁰

185. The policy of the drama seems to have been to represent Cæsar not as he was, but as he appeared to Brutus.¹ If so, Cæsar is not the hero because the tragic hero is he through whose eyes we see. Some critics think that Cæsar's posthumous glory² occupies the place of the hero. 'But how can so small a man cast so great a shadow?'³ Besides, we cannot judge by shadows. Some there be that shadows kiss, but we know that the original of a charming photograph may turn out to be a distressingly plain girl. Still more accidental is the relation between a man's character and the success he achieves. According to Hudson, the fact that Cæsar triumphed after death shows that contemporaries were too near to appreciate his greatness.⁴ The argument cuts both ways. Brutus it was whom the Romans of his time could not understand. Had they understood him, they would not have 'degenerated into the very scum of the earth, worthless, vicious and contemptible'⁵ as they did under the emperors. Hudson's own comment on the failure of Brutus is telling. 'The better a cause the worse its chance with bad men.'⁶ The souls of the Romans had been stunted by Cæsarism, which was essentially a tendency to exalt one man and to hinder the growth of others. It created a mob resembling a ship without ballast, anchor or chart. The Romans lack not only principles to guide their own conduct but also a criterion by which to judge the conduct of their

leaders. Their infantile illusions weave a halo of glory around success. They do not see Cæsar the man ; they see a colossal figure invested with mysterious powers and sanctions. Cæsar himself is a victim to the same cravings. 'The real man Cæsar disappears for himself under the greatness of the Cæsar myth.'⁷ A puny, sickly, vacillating, erring mortal, he regards himself as a god on Olympus, constant as the northern star. Cæsar, like Bottom, is a born leader of men. His arrogant self-conceit and conviction of irresistibility are not affectations. He is instinctively behaving in the manner that would satisfy the cravings of millions—himself being one of the number—who have identified themselves with his mythical personality. The rabble lives vicariously.⁸ When Pompey triumphed they climbed 'yea, to chimney tops' to applaud him, when Cæsar rose over Pompey they did the same for Cæsar, and when Brutus killed Cæsar they would have led him in triumph if he had not commanded them to stay and listen to Cæsar's glory. 'Wherefore rejoice in Cæsar's triumph?' asks unimaginative Marullus. Why ? For the very obvious reason that Cæsar has triumphed. Any man's triumph is theirs ; they desire no other. When they are reminded of Pompey's triumphs, they are satisfied. They do not want to live their own lives, they are content to live in an idol ; they do not want to earn their bread, they are content to observe holidays and depend on free distribution of corn ;⁹ they do not want to defend themselves, they are content to be defended by Cæsar and his mercenaries. Cæsar is the crutch by leaning on which the Romans have lost the power to stand on their own legs. If Cæsar is tolerated they will all

die slaves. When Brutus states this simple truth, they do not understand him. This contrast between Brutus and the people among whom he lives, between the character of one man and want of character of the rest,¹⁰ is exactly on a par with the contrast between Romeo's love and the feud of the houses. Cæsarism is the background and Brutus the centre.¹¹ Regard Cæsar as the hero, and the play becomes a vulgar blood-and-thunder tragedy consisting of two parts: Cæsar's fall and Cæsar's revenge, both presented purely from the outside.¹² Regard Brutus as the hero and the play becomes a coherent whole. ✕

186. If the agony of Brutus does not fill the play that is because he is not himself preoccupied with the thought of his suffering. He grieves for others. Through imaginative sympathy he attains their suffering. Stoicism and insensibility are poles asunder: Brutus is sensitive to the least pain of others, even servants. Added to this is his own sorrow at the spectacle of suffering caused by friendship. He never pities himself, but the pathos of the fates of Portia and Cassius and Cæsar fills his soul. Imaginative identification with Brutus brings home to us the tragedy of all; and the play becomes an organic whole. ✓

187. Brutus loves Portia but the bond of love does not mean the bartering away of freedom. In risking his life he is risking her happiness too, but he does not say, 'For thy humour will I stay at home'. Her demonstration of endurance moves him; she is more than a wife, she is a friend. When he learns that this friendship has dragged her to despair and suicide, he cannot endure the

thought, for all his stoicism. He implores Cassius to drop the subject. Not that he regrets what he has done. He would have been unworthy of his noble wife if he had denied her a share of his burden or shirked the burden himself.¹ He sees the pity of her fate and its inevitability. The wages of virtue is pain, but is pain to deter us from the practice of virtue ?

188. Similarly, Brutus knows how much Cassius suffers. Brutus was thinking that Cassius had accepted his principles and his policy ; he is undeceived only when, during their quarrel, he points out to Cassius the demand of the ideal. Then he makes the discovery that Cassius has, time after time, acted against his better judgement for the mere dread of a ' division between their souls '. If Brutus had consented to kill Antony or to gag him after Cæsar's death, victory would have been sure ; but he would not depart from his austere principles. These principles, it is now clear, are only his, and poor Cassius is paying the price, as Portia has already done. For a moment Brutus is distraught. Imaginative sympathy with Cassius threatens to undermine his conviction of righteousness, and, out of the conflict, anger is born. Violent assertions and words that inflict pain always point to a lurking fear that one's opponent may be in the right. Soon Brutus reaffirms his righteousness and the spark of anger is quenched. A republic established by unrepugnant methods would be no republic at all. He could have cowed the already down-trodden Romans by proscriptions, and ruled by playing upon their instinct of success-worship ; but that would have been illusory victory and eternal defeat. That was not the

way to serve his countrymen and friends, least of all Cassius. If Cassius were only a hundred pounds of earth seeking the protection of another mould of inert clay called Brutus, it might have been worth while to attempt to save his skin. But friendship is between souls. He who relaxes his principles as a concession to a friend's infirmities is a bad man and a bad friend. If Cassius ever surrendered his discretion to retain Brutus as a friend, he acted wrongly. He has a totally wrong idea of friendship. His writing for Pella shows that he looks upon friendship as a lever to divert others from the true path. If appointing authorities are to be swayed by personal likes or considerations of expediency, candidates will be flatterers and opportunists; and such pliable men are least scrupulous in the management of public funds. This sort of recruitment to the services will mean, in effect, the supporting of robbers. That was Cæsar's way. He could not help it: there is no other method to consolidate power thrust from above. But it would reduce any republic to a farce. Armed in this faith, Brutus not only resists the entreaties of Cassius but also witnesses the painful sequel of poor Cassius being hounded out of life by the very Antony whom his unerring instinct had always pointed out. On the altar of friendship Cassius has laid down his life and his hopes. No man was more capable of the Roman virtue of friendship than he.

Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well.

189. The same ideal of friendship determines his behaviour towards Cæsar. When the play opens,

Brutus is vexed with passions of some difference ; he has already begun to ask himself whether he is not a flatterer. If a man is about to sell his honour to enter Parliament, his true friends will endeavour to prevent his folly ; false friends will keep mum. Friendship discovers weakness, flattery does not. Is he not blind to Cæsar's weaknesses ? The triumph after Munda cannot be construed except as a calculated move to break the republican spirit. The office of Tribune is equal to the highest, and both the tribunes have been removed without trial. Which shows that all who fail to flatter Cæsar will have to drop by lottery. No officer can function, no event happen, that does not tend to his glorification. The Lupercalia was a festival to honour the gods, but now it has become a mass-demonstration to honour Cæsar. Brutus will not attend, and is agitated by the thought of what the mob may be worked upon to do there. Three shouts are heard.

I do fear the people choose Cæsar for their king.

Casca's report more than confirms his suspicion. There is no doubt the offer of the crown was stage-managed. Cæsar sounded the mob ; and, finding that their republican sentiment was not yet totally dead, he, though inwardly angry, utilized the situation to make another bid for popularity. The ostentation of indifference to power is the short cut to it. Cæsar has smoothed his way to the throne. That Antony, the consul of the republic, should act as a willing tool, and that too while participating in the holy ceremonies as a priest,¹ shows how determined the attack on republicanism is. Cæsar's anxiety to have a son acquires a sinister significance : he has

decided to found and perpetuate a dynasty of kings. Romans like Casca, having lost all mettle, do not, or dare not, see things in this true light. Again and again he arrives at the inevitable conclusion that the enemy of the republic deserves to die; but each time he encounters an inner hindrance. What can it be but his lower nature, his false friendship? That must be overcome.

190. This starts the opposite process. In his own personal relations with Cæsar, has he discovered any touch of tyranny? He fought against Cæsar and was pardoned, he refused flattery and got friendship. The fault is not Cæsar's if the senators, vying with one another to please him, voted the triumph after Munda and removed the Tribunes. Nor are they to blame. They inwardly dislike this heaping of honours on Cæsar, but in his presence even Cassius and Casca cannot withhold flattery. Cæsar's presence is a spell under the influence of which they yield to their lower nature. This in turn draws out his weakness. That is the vicious circle. So long as Cæsar is alive, both Cæsar and the people will remain enslaved by their lower natures. The fault is neither his nor theirs. All are victims of the spirit of Cæsar. In the spirit of Cæsar there is no blood, yet alas! it cannot be removed except through the shedding of blood. 'It must be by his death.'

✓ 191. Cæsar is condemned though not guilty; what is sadder, he is condemned to present death to prevent future hypothetical misconduct. Brutus would fain wait if there is the faintest hope that Cæsar will not develop into a tyrant. But there is none. Did wheat ever grow where tares were sown? Ambition actuates Cæsar, ambitious men

of all ages have followed the same tactics. Cæsar wooed electorates with corn, land, money, and tears ; but when he gained office he began to treat even senators with scant courtesy. His good behaviour depends on the existence of somebody who has to be placated. At the Lupercal he did not give vent to his anger because the people had yet to be pleased. When he gains the upmost round, when there is no more need to please, when the last check is removed, ambition turning to unrest will work the inevitable change. What is the use of killing him after his soul's tragedy is complete ? Kill him before he is crowned, or he will die the death eternal. Not only himself but others also will be ruined. He is like a serpent's egg, with this difference : the moment it is hatched a full-grown serpent will come out. If none dare approach the egg today, who will kill the snake tomorrow ? Today it is a crime to aim at the crown ; yet Cæsar does it openly. What chance will conspiracy have when Cæsar is made inviolable by law, and the spirit of the Romans has been further broken ? The bruised plant of freedom may revive if attended to at once, but it will be too late after the flow of sap has stopped and the plant has shrivelled up.

192. Has it not shrivelled already ? No. These letters and the sullen discontent visible on the faces of men do not say so. If this is only a seeming, if Romans lack mettle and require the aid of incentives like oaths and promises of office, he will ask them to break off betimes. If men of mean spirit are seeking his leadership, they will soon discover that they have come to the wrong man. But if Rome wants to be really free,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hands of Brutus.

193. After this the tide turns. Brutus sees, and therefore the play depicts, only the nobler aspect of Cæsar's character. The patent incongruity between the duty of a friend, as thus arrived at through reasoning, and the duty as dictated by instinctive impulse, makes Brutus undergo agony when Cæsar invites him to taste wine 'like friends'. Outraged natural feelings assert themselves with terrific force when the murder is consummated. Cæsar's dying words and look cleave his heart.¹ 'Et tu, Brute? So, you also have misunderstood me? If friendship affords no more sympathetic vision, I am content to die.' Brutus doubts if it was friendship that prompted him. Otherwise he is prepared for punishment.

Fates, we will know your pleasures.

Then he clutches frantically at Casca's sophistry and tries to delude himself, 'so are we Cæsar's friends'. Henceforth the very memory of Cæsar is sacred. His friends are Brutus's friends. Cæsar transferred to the larger world is directing events from there. Does he know that friendship prompted the assassination? Whenever Brutus thinks of this, he yearns to see his dead friend, were it for a minute, just to tell him how much Brutus loved Cæsar. But if the great Cæsar should come from the other world will he not say that, in murdering a friend, Brutus was prompted by an evil genius? Will he not wreak vengeance? The ghost is the dramatic representation of this. Cæsar can see their bleeding hands, not their bleeding hearts. He comes to Philippi to get satisfaction. Brutus is prepared,

'Cæsar, now be still.'

194. This is not the cry of conscious guilt. Only once does faith in his righteousness waver. After seeing ghosts and omens, Brutus wonders whether the powers above are not ranged against him because he is adjudged guilty. In a weak moment he wishes

O! that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come.

What he wants to know is not whether he will win but whether he is in the right.¹ But his sense of justice repudiates the suggestion. He who sets the powers of this world against virtue directs the powers above also. Failure is the test of virtue, not the judgement of vice. Virtue is virtue because it remains unmoved by the threats of this world and the next. After the last battle he implores his friends to save themselves.

CLITUS: What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARD: To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS: Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

His heart is full, but not of grief. What brims over at his eyes is the excess of joy. The vision that strikes his eye within and without calls forth ecstasy—a world impelled by friendship. In Portia, Cassius, Cæsar, Ligarius, Casca, Titinius, and even Antony the flame of friendship burns with a brightness proportionate to the might of each. Brutus, according to his own lights, has acted as a friend to all, and they all to him. Here, surrounding him, are a handful in whom, assuredly, friendship is unmixed

with hope of reward in this world or the next. Here is the triumph of the human spirit over the combined malice of earth and heaven ; here is true love that looks on tempests and is never shaken, the highest sublunar manifestation of the divine in man.²

Countrymen, my heart doth joy.

Shakespeare

CHAPTER XV

THE TRAGIC IN US

I

195. The Taj, we are told, should be seen by moonlight. I once began painting a view of it. After the first week, when the gleam of the marble and its reflection on the breast of the water were becoming clear, a tune was in my ears. It was the *Kalyani raga*. That tune always suggests to me marble palaces, moonlight and love. Such associations are not due to individual caprice. An Indian *raga* is 'a work of art in which the tune, the song, the picture, the colours, the season, the hour and the virtues are blended together'.¹ The bonds connecting tunes, colours and seasons are not demonstrable by geometrical methods: the sensitiveness of the poetic mind alone can testify to their existence. Knowledge being the discovery of relations, and artistic bonds being outside the province of geometry, Moulton, with his parallelograms and triangles, angled in vain for the unity underlying the great tragedies. Kolbe made a nearer hit. Says he :
✓ My thesis is that Shakespeare secures the unity of each of his greater plays not only by the plot, by linking of characters, by the sweep of Nemesis, by the use of irony, and by the appropriateness of style, but by deliberate repetition throughout the play of at least one set of words or ideas in harmony with the plot.² That the repetition was deliberate

we need not concede. A person ignorant of music, looking into a score, may think that the composer indulged in deliberate repetitions, while the whole thing might have risen in the musician's mind at once.³ A song is often the spontaneous expression of a mood. So is a play too. *Hamlet* embodies the very mood that the sight of a graveyard brings. That is why the address to Yorick's skull is burnt into our minds. Similar remarks in Stevenson's *Inland Voyage*⁴ appear grotesque. The intrusion of a mood which is foreign to the prevailing mood spoils the effect of a play. Indian critics have laid it down that a play should have only one prevailing *rasa*. That Shakespeare instinctively obeyed this rule is proved by a common experience: each Shakespearean tragedy, while it is being read, seems to be *the* masterpiece. Even *Romeo and Juliet*, an early play, 'moves forward to its grand finale after the manner of a symphony'.⁵ The moonlit garden and balcony are not accidentals; they are inseparable adjuncts to the mood which the play reflects. Conversely, the sheet of water and trees in front of the Taj are not there by accident. The Taj Mahal is *Romeo and Juliet* in marble;⁶ rather, both the Taj and the play are in our minds.

196. The great tragedies have much in common with music. In music, 'something changes, something remains constant'.¹ We see the same in our reaction to 'Tomorrow and tomorrow'.² Through the changing pictures there runs one unchanging emotion. The play itself, with all its kaleidoscopic scenes, induces one continuous ever-deepening response. A mesh of woven echoes descends, as it were, below the waves and cross-currents of super-

fictional consciousness to the silent caverns where slumber eternal, yet long-forgotten, beings. These shy maidens, disturbed by they know not what, glide out of their secluded sunless apartments, and, approaching the threshold, stand behind the *purdah*, shedding their influence. Under the influence of a great play some hidden impulse rises and presses at the portals of consciousness, and we get the illusion of a character in whom the molten lava breaks through the crust of ordinary consciousness. Art lays bare a secret portion of ourselves.³ There is a potential Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth or Antony in us, dormant tendencies which can upset our adjustment to finite environment.⁴ We seldom recognize the tragic in us. Macbeth did not know that the murder of Duncan was the first link of the chain which was to drag him away from the world of relative values. 'The deed is of the earth, the thought behind it eternity.'⁵ Each tragedy of Shakespeare records the impact of the infinite on the finite.

II

197. *Antony and Cleopatra* may be taken as an example to show how the tragic hero fails to understand the magnetic pull of the Infinite. Antony had nothing left to conquer when the queen of Egypt 'swam into his ken'. His experience was similar to a mountain climber's: so long as there is a higher summit, the excitement carries him up, but when he actually stands on the very top and looks in the clouds, a vague uneasiness fills his mind. Antony did not then know that this was the lure of the infinite.¹ He thought it a momentary relaxation. When the play opens, Antony is making frantic

resolutions to break with this enchanting queen. He cannot account for the attraction. She is black and old ; her laughter and tears are transparent tricks of cunning ; her graces are idleness itself ; and she is blasting all his prospects. He is losing his own better self.² Fulvia, his partner in greatness, has raised a rebellion to reclaim him ; yet, with all these reasons, he is unable to make up his mind to leave Cleopatra.

198. He leaves,¹ and for a time reasons himself into the belief that his former self was the greater. But, at Rome, the infinite within determines his conduct without his knowledge. He deludes himself into thinking that Egypt is the fit place to make preparations for war ; obstinately refuses to fight by land because he wants to be with Cleopatra ; and, in the heat of the battle, turns back to pursue her. One kiss seems recompense enough for the loss of an empire.

199. The only remaining excuse for loving her is the thought that she is devoted to him. She soon gives reason for him to wish he were on the hill of Basan to outroar the horned herd. Love based on reason can change, but his cannot. Once again she flies away from battle and ruins Antony. He vows to kill her.

The witch shall die !

The next moment he is told that she is dead. Instead of feeling glad that his wish is fulfilled, he feels the shock.

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case !

When he has stabbed himself, he learns that Cleopatra has caused his death for a mere joke. But there is no complaint, 'not a syllable of regret'.¹ He wants but one poor kiss.

200. Thus, the inner history of Antony has three sections; conscious struggle against the fascination, unconscious obedience, and final resignation to it. This is true of all tragic passion.

III

201. Antony tells Eros that he is like a cloud.

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

The main impression left by the tragic hero is that the bounds of personality are broken. Which indeed is inevitable, seeing that the tragic impulse rises from the depth where there is no consciousness of separate identity. Ego-consciousness depends on continuity of consciousness, and is evidently a social product. One recognizes oneself through the aid of three illusions: a man believes that his past has somehow left its mark on him, that the position he occupies corresponds to something in him, or that he is identified with ideals having value. When Cæsar says,

Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far

the arm that he sees stretches from Gaul to Egypt. Considered thus, there are three kinds of tragedy: Nemesis overtaking pride of achievement, the fall of a man from high degree, and the loss of an ideal.

202. Like most successful generals, Richard III

acquires a conviction that his mere presence must always command success. This conviction of irresistible fascination¹ is fostered by an unbroken spell of success up to a certain point. Then the tide turns. Every subsequent shock makes him cling desperately to the vanishing dream ; to the last moment he refuses to recognize that he has been only a tool.

203. Continuity of consciousness depends on our continuing to make the same impression on others. We do not know what we are, and so we wrap ourselves up in so many clothes to identify ourselves—body, name, social relations, and memories.¹ There are moments when they look strange. Let it be supposed for instance that I have donned my academical robes and medals to attend a conference as the graduates' delegate. As I enter a room, I find a strange figure confronting me. It takes me some time to discover that it is my own reflection in a large mirror. I scan the shadow of my face ; it looks strange, I ask myself,

Was this the face that faced so many follies
(*Richard II*, IV. i. 285.)

I look at my hand and can scarcely convince myself it is mine own. I look at my admission card and wonder what bond exists between certain marks of printer's ink and myself. I repeat my name ; it sounds queer. I watch the activities of my popular assistant who professes obedience and friendship, but of whom I am secretly afraid. What a grasp of facts he has !

How high a pitch his resolution soars !
As were our England in reversion his.

Am I the graduates' delegate ? I ask myself whether the delegation is to be found anywhere within me. No ! I am

allowed a breath, a little scene

to strut about as the delegate. After that I am

to think our former state a happy dream.

I look at the letters tacked on to my name and wonder what there is within me to which they are kin. Does a smattering of Gothic and Germanic philology transform a man ? In what do I differ from the peon ? I have a mind to exclaim to him,

I live on bread like you.

Cover your head, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence.

But I do not, I stand

To watch the fearful bending of his knee.

If he does not salute me, I may report him for misconduct, or feel ashamed of my inability to do so.

We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not ?

At the conference, a pot-bellied trader proposes to abolish the study of English literature. I oppose it most vehemently, feeling that what the world needs is not commerce but culture, but when I return to my room and see a pedlar carrying his pack, I wonder in what way my work is more useful. Thus we pass through life, seeing ourselves not as we are, nor as others see us, but as we fancy the world ought to see us because of our representing some-

thing the value of which no man knows, least of all ourselves.

204. *Richard II* is an idealized representation of this mood. When the play opens he has already begun to question the meaning of kingship. He fears Bolingbroke, and experiments with his own powers as a child would with a pop-gun. The third act reveals Richard alternating between confident exultation and abject humiliation. One moment he sees himself as others should see him, the next he looks within and finds no kingship there.¹ 'I had forgot myself, am I not king?' Between these impulses,² he offers unasked to resign his crown. Nothing now remains of his former self. The very last rag with which mortal man prefers to cover himself even after death is taken away.

I have no name, no title.

The limits of personality have dissolved. In the prison,

Thus play I in one person many people.

Richard II is one of the most inwardly conceived³ of Shakespeare's tragedies: the veils that hide the self are rent one after another.

IV

205. *Hamlet* may be regarded as a tragedy of moral idealism.¹ Meditating on the petty obscure strivings and jealousies of the millions upon millions of two-legged animals that feed and breed and die on this dim little globe, which is itself bound to pass into oblivion along with the tiny solar system, who can escape the feeling that life has no meaning?²

When we see aged mothers and little children toiling in the burning tropical heat, and sweating under heavy burdens from morn till night to earn just enough to quell the pangs of hunger, do we not feel that life is a burden and a curse? The appeal of Malthus is to this mood. A mixture of wonder and despair fills us when Nature sends a new actor to this overcrowded stage, or when a new enthusiast publishes a book; and yet, people multiply, books are published, and the business of the world goes on! This tendency to wonder at life and to question its value is the essence of tragedy. *Hamlet* is the most universal of all tragedies because it is the unmixed expression of this mood itself.³ On the hero of this play Shakespeare 'conferred many noble aptitudes and gifts, and the promise or the beginning of a fervent life. He then interrupted and suspended Hamlet's beginning of life, and let it wander, as though seeking in vain, not only its proper task, but even the strength necessary to propose it to himself'.⁴

206. The promise was glorious. Hamlet's interest embraced all departments of activity: warlike exercises, scholarship, taste, fashion and love-making. He promised to prove most royally. He believed firmly that man was supreme in God's scheme. Existence seemed a privilege, exertion a joy.

207. Then comes the first shock. His father dies. To Hamlet, with his passionate hero-worship of his father¹ and his firm conviction that his father is the type which it is nature's purpose to preserve, the disillusionment comes with peculiar force. He learns to look at life from the standpoint of death.²

A handful of dust walks about on dust, fancying itself to be a mighty emperor, dreaded conqueror, bewitching beauty, or dazzling wit ; and in the very midst of the dream, it returns to its stable state and becomes the diet of worms ! Either human joys and sorrows are meaningless, or Nature is wickedly wasteful. Since life is at the mercy of malignant nature, he sets it at a pin's fee. His only refuge is the human mind which resists the envious blows of chance.

208. The next shock shatters this. Hamlet's mother, whose fidelity was the meaning of the universe, takes a new husband as readily as the people of Denmark change old miniatures for new. Hamlet discovers that loyalty, devotion and love are as much subject to change as the colour of the hair ; that purpose is but the slave to memory, and memory to accident. The flesh rules, men and women are only animals.

209. The third shock reveals something worse. Claudius is not only a satyr but also a serpent.¹ His mother is not merely frail.² The new knowledge blasts the face of heaven and earth. The ghost fails to give him a motive for action. On the other hand, it destroys the little faith in life's value that remains. The unspeakable torments of his noble father, though he died in his sleep through no fault of his own, show that the world beyond death is not a place where wrongs are righted, but a place where indiscriminate injustice is made eternal. 'To be or not to be' is not the question : suicide does not end the slings of fate.³

210. The narrow limits of the world being widened, life appears from the standpoint of eternity.

Evil seems stronger than good. Man was, is, and will be 'relishing of the old stock', for he is predestined to be damned. Purposive activity is no more possible,¹ because all action springs from some conviction of values.

211. But Hamlet is a man of action.¹ He does not go back to Wittenberg, because speculation as an escape from life is not to his taste. What he learns he must apply to life, the evils of drink for example. He wipes off all trivial fond conceits, because they are no more needed for action. His affected madness itself is a sign of his activity.² It is impossible for him to be inactive. He has seen the hollowness of life, yet every now and then he avails himself of some pretext for action. He endeavours to regain the values that he has rejected.³ He makes a violent attempt to regain his past self when he forcibly obtains an interview with Ophelia. He sighs because in her failure 'he recognizes . . . a type of one great sorrow of the world'.⁴ He denies the reality of his past romance.⁵ Yet he has not finally broken with the lover in him. Long after, it returns with vehemence when he jumps into Ophelia's grave. His university self is similarly regained when he meets old friends, and the appeal that he makes to them is most passionate and sincere. It is friendship turning to disgust that later on drives him to furious activity. Sometimes he thinks that things themselves are neither good nor bad, but thinking makes them so. He tries to think that things are not worthless, and that there is sufficient excuse for being active; but this takes him nowhere. Hamlet catches at any straw like a drowning man. He tries to get interested in the

business of the hour. When the players come, his old self seems to revive and he repeats a fairly long passage, but the excitement over, sadness reasserts itself. He revises a play, conducts rehearsals and gets it staged. This cannot lead to further action because it brings only an abstract and painful satisfaction that he has understood the world. He calls for recorders and turns for a while from the ugly world of fact to the world of art.⁶ But all his enthusiasm comes when he has the task of saving his mother's soul. After the death of Polonius, Hamlet plunges headlong into activity. He almost falls in love with his own past ambitious self at the sight of Fortinbras.⁷ He sends Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to their doom, boards the pirate's ship, lands in Denmark, jumps into a grave, defeats a champion, kills Claudius, prevents a friend's suicide, nominates his successor, and makes arrangements for vindicating his own name. In the fencing match, he is more uncontrollable than Laertes.⁸ 'Nay, come on again', says Hamlet, and refuses to be parted. All this activity seems to spring out of a conviction that human actions are predetermined by Providence.⁹ It is the last refuge of an active man who has realized the emptiness of life.

Blal
154

CHAPTER XVI

THE DYNAMIC RESPONSE

I

212. I asked the students of the Junior Cambridge class who they thought was the hero of *Julius Cæsar*. The majority favoured Cæsar. The same question was put to the senior B.A. class, and Brutus had the majority. The experiment was repeated twice with more or less similar results. My own experience is also to the point. When I heard the play for the first time, tears coursed down my boyish cheeks at Antony's oration, and I went to bed devising savage tortures which I would have inflicted on Brutus had I captured him alive. There is evidently a certain stage after which, to a proportion of boys and girls, the centre of the play shifts from Cæsar to Brutus. This cannot be the result of reasoning, because you can regard Cæsar or Brutus as the hero, and every line of the play will fit into either theory. The change is in the imaginative identification. So is it in the world theatre too. In the last elections, a man furiously canvassed for his second son against the first; but now he says that the first son is an angel and the second a devil. As a matter of fact, the sons are just what they were.¹ The change that the old man perceives is a change within himself. Man stands in the midst of an intricate arrangement of mirrors; he is seemingly surrounded by others,

some facing him, some showing their backs, some frowning, some smiling, some big, some small. He sees a revolution in his world, not knowing that it is he who has taken a turn. It is plain that the Cæsar of the play does not change; the key to our changing reactions is to be sought within ourselves. Ferenczi says that when a patient was cured of egoistic fancies she saw objects more clearly.² May it not be that, when infantile success-worship gives way to the maturer admiration of stoical virtues, Cæsar gives way to Brutus? When one passion is spent, that layer of the mind becomes calm and transparent, and the conflict is perceived in a deeper layer. In a great play, we discover strata beneath strata³ as we dive deeper and deeper within ourselves. This may be called 'dynamic response'.

213. The dynamic response makes a synthesis of criticism possible. The views of scholars, revivers of Elizabethan playhouses, moralists and historians cannot be synthetic because they reconstruct something static. They cannot help this; their attitude, being purposive, is essentially unæsthetic. The literary historian wants to docket Shakespeare and assign him to his niche. The analytical critic wants to expose Shakespeare's art for the edification of artists. Some critics are still more practical. One of this tribe, at the end of a play, recounted to me a dozen mistakes committed by the stage-manager. Right through the performance, our scholar, instead of responding to the play, was speculating on what was taking place behind the scenes! Scholars try to see through things; that is why they are so superficial. They are more aware of the stage-carpenter, the actor, and the ulterior motives of the

writer than of the characters of the play. They watch a play as delegates watch the interests of different countries at a conference. As literary critic, theatre reformer, social reformer, or reviewer to the daily paper, each forms his views. During a sensational trial, a lawyer was asked to give his opinion, and he replied, 'As a lawyer I would defend the accused, as a citizen I would send him to the gallows, but as a Christian I would forgive him.' 'What would you do as a man?' asked a voice. There was no answer. Many a modern scholar sails in the same boat. He has lost the integral and dynamic response to art. Æsthetic response is the response of the whole man;¹ and the fuller a man grows, the richer becomes his response. Let us attempt to plot a few points of the graph representing the progressive response to a typical play, *Hamlet*.

II

214. New-born infants live in the world of sense-impressions.¹ There are people in whom these infantile reactions persist. To them a picture is only a surface daubed with colours, and a play so much of noise and dumb-show. They applaud actors who 'mouth it like the town crier', and make 'damnable faces'. *Hamlet* then is a pageant of colour and sound: gorgeous dresses, flowers, blood, guns, songs and kettle-drums.

215. When the child has acquired the power to recognize objects by their names¹ and to recall them he has detached his consciousness from the sway of physical sensations. At the corresponding stage *Hamlet* is a series of images suggested by words.

We see the elder Hamlet frowning in angry parle, ghosts gibbering in the Roman streets, and so on.

216. Both these responses are passive. The nearest approximation to them is that of a convalescent who lies in an inert state and sees on the wall unconnected patches of red, yellow and green. As he regains vitality the patches cohere and become the picture of a tiger. What gives coherence to a work of art is active participation. A play then becomes a succession of situations connected by the personality of the hero. Such partaking of adventure through imagination is the essence of romance.¹ The interest is in the fight. 'For the average playgoer of every period the main interest of *Hamlet* has probably lain in the vicissitudes of his long duel with the king.'² Werder is right: Hamlet faces external hindrances. The play is packed with thrills. The mysterious murder, the still more mysterious revelation, the plotting and counterplotting of mighty opposites, the summary disposal of intruders, blood-feud springing from blood-feud, armies marching, pirates fighting, demagogues haranguing, champions duelling, and the dim background of motiveless wars and diplomatic embassies—assuredly these belong to film-land.

217. The reaction to art of the person who loves to be thrilled is not unlike that of the slave of sense-impressions: the coherence is superficial. The parts of a romance are held together by a slender thread, the colourless character of a hero. Film-land is peopled by incredible heroes and impossible villains whom we take for granted because we make no effort to understand them. With them are identified certain of our impulses which we have not begun

to judge. The first moral judgement is connected with the Œdipus complex. Within the limited domestic world the boy undergoes a moral struggle. At the corresponding stage *Hamlet* seems a nursery tale. I remember when I first read *Hamlet* in boyhood the emotion was peculiarly tense when I came to Hamlet refusing to call Claudius father. Claudius was the very nightmare in whose presence Hamlet's powers of action were paralysed.¹

218. Infantile judgement is prejudice. Hamlet is all innocence, Claudius all wickedness. As one outgrows this, the domestic circle widens and society's standards are accepted. Society, however, has no genuine standard except a vague sense of the norm. At this stage we assume a more or less hostile attitude to all abnormal conduct. Hamlet's behaviour is abnormal; what is worse, it results in bloodshed and misery. Any jury would send him to the block. He is the villain of the play.¹ Viewed thus, *Hamlet* is pure melodrama.² If we ignore the pain resulting from Hamlet's actions, it is a 'bloody farce'.³ A third way is to look for crime and punishment. Hamlet then presents Nemesis. The comic spirit is also a social product. Hamlet is a comedy: it provokes much mirth; the hero himself being the chief jester.⁴ He has his 'humour'⁵ no less than the characters of Jonson.

219. Jonsonian Comedy, as shown by the reference to physiology, recognizes the inevitability of individual conduct. It presents the unavoidable conflict between the individual and society, enlisting our sympathies with the latter. A shifting of the centre of vision is easy because we have an innate conviction that the purpose of life is not merely to

maintain systems : the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. When the spectator identifies himself with Hamlet, the play passes from comedy to tragedy.

III

220. And then he wants to understand Hamlet. Nobody cares to explain Orlando's conduct, but every intelligent spectator thinks that Hamlet's hesitation must have some cause. Some find it in Hamlet's peculiar circumstances,¹ and his desire to convince Horatio² and the people of Denmark. It is nowadays the fashion to dismiss this theory with a sneer ;³ but Hamlet's own last request is that he and his cause should be reported aright—and a dying wish is generally the sincerest. The social sense, in which this wish is rooted, may also be looked upon as the knowledge that private revenge has been 'definitely taken out of men's hands'⁴ by 'human statute' or by Divine commandment. The duty thrust upon him by the ghost conflicts with other loyalties. 'Hamlet is equal to the performance of any duty but not to the reconciliation of incompatible duties.'⁵ This is the trouble with all tragic heroes. It is not that Hamlet consciously weighs the conflicting duties ; his tragedy 'consists in the conflict between the permanent attitude and the practical task'.⁶ In this sense he is the costly vase in which an oak tree is planted. 'The impossible is required of him—not the impossible in itself but the impossible to him.'⁷ Why the task is impossible he does not know ; there is an inner compulsion, a complex.⁸ Stressing the immediate cause rather than the predisposition, we may say

that 'Hamlet is transformed by his mother's lapse'⁹ or by his father's murder;¹⁰ 'subjected to a moral shock so overwhelming that it shatters all zest for life.'¹¹ Judged by symptoms his disease is melancholy.¹² The mark of this is brooding. It is therefore correct to ascribe Hamlet's delay to an excess of the thinking faculty.¹³ Thought does two things. Firstly, there is the separation of the intellect from the will¹⁴ which Schopenhauer describes as genius, 'the detachment from existence',¹⁵ 'the spirit in which reflection, having freed itself from the blind passions by which most men are led, ends by making all decisive action impossible'.¹⁶ Hamlet is 'the tragedy of sheer consciousness'.¹⁷ Secondly, Hamlet's 'horizon is widened far beyond the narrow range of possible action'.¹⁸ His mind 'considers events in so many relations',¹⁹ 'refusing to act till it is assured of absolute purity of action and consequences',²⁰ that he is unable to 'meet the call of everyday life'.²¹ 'It is not expedient to act with a fineness beyond the purpose of this world.'²² In Hamlet's case, the limits of this world are removed by the irruption of the world of eternity; so that he is unable to decide which is real²³ and stands halting between two worlds, one checkmating the other. Anybody who has had the experience of séances will easily understand this. Hamlet has to take into consideration the possibility that the ghost is an evil spirit.²⁴ After satisfying himself that it is an honest ghost, he gets but one opportunity, and then the king is at prayer. That is no occasion to avenge his father's wrongs, for there is the ghost's own testimony that the nature of one's eternal existence is decided by the business one is engaged in at the

moment of death.²⁵ Hamlet cannot but delay,²⁶ because to attack the wrong enemy, or the right enemy at the wrong moment, is the way to lose a war.

221. If killing the king is the task, the delay for which Hamlet upbraids himself 'simply does not exist';¹ but that is not the task as he understands it. Hamlet's is a mind which transforms each object into an idea.² The ghost's revelation is immediately generalized,

That one may smile and smile and be a villain.

'The lesson of life is practically to generalize.'³ Hamlet generalizes, and 'upon this generalizing vein an unsettlement of will with respect to his task of vengeance immediately follows'.⁴ To Hamlet, Claudius represents a general tendency; not merely to kill him but to set right a time which is out of joint is the duty he takes upon himself. Hamlet has 'too rich a nature to be narrowed into a vendetta'.⁵ Though he endeavours to lash himself into fury by repeating that Claudius has wronged him, he sees in the king only a typical sinful mortal,⁶ a leaf of the tree of evil. Leaves cannot help appearing so long as the sap continues to ascend. Hamlet sees, everywhere around him, loyalty and friendship succumb to ambition and lust. Within him too, he can descry the sprouts of evil. To destroy such a spreading tree, it is no use plucking leaves, he must cut at the root. Behind each human failing Hamlet feels the presence of the author of all evil, and so the impatience of his moral idealism envelops and exceeds environment,⁷ clogs mental life, and breaks into self-accusations.

222. If the world is a fight between God and Satan, one can find some outlet to moral indignation by taking part in the fight. Hamlet can give a spirited exhortation to his mother and teach her how to tame the devil who had mutined 'in her bones'. But Hamlet discovers that there is no author of evil at all. There is only a vast scheme of things indifferent to human values. What a piece of work is man! and yet, nature treats him as if his 'bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with'. Within each man is the assurance that there is a divinity guiding each step, that not a sparrow falls except in accordance with His perfect plan; and yet, what confronts him everywhere? Aimless drift, blind strife, waste. Endowed with infinite 'capability and god-like reason' and with the conviction that these should not fust unused, man is set in a world where the very memory of achievement is lost in oblivion. Hamlet stands paralysed in the presence of the riddle of life.¹

223. This riddle is the riddle of his own self. Hamlet is called upon to act; but the practical world, which is created by the activity of the instincts which men share with animals, affords no scope for Hamlet's true nature.¹ He has a vague feeling that something remains undone. Sometimes he thinks that it is the duty of killing the king, at other times he thinks that what he has missed is the throne or military glory, on one occasion at least he associates this feeling with Ophelia, and, when the end draws near, he feels that he is arrested in mid-course, leaving his life like a tale half-told. His soliloquies are futile attempts to unravel a sense of impotence which, at bottom, is the univer-

sal feeling expressed by Tagore, 'the song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day'.²

224. Where is the man who is not haunted by the sense of his life's unfulfilled purpose? Probing into the problem of Hamlet, each critic probes into his own mystery;¹ and, in the last analysis, it is the same in all. That is why theories of Hamlet are all eternal, all correct,² and all capable of ultimate reconciliation.

IV

225. The criticism that 'the religious essence of art' is wanting in Shakespeare, and that he 'consequently lacks the central principle of true poetry'¹ does not take into consideration the principle of imaginative identification. One cannot identify oneself with Lear without feeling that 'the character of the Divine purpose underlying the whole course of events is exceptionally obscure'.² That Shakespeare entered into the feelings of Lear is no argument to conclude that he lacked a higher philosophy. When a child cries for a doll, we know that the doll is not worth weeping for, yet we buy one, because we enter into the feelings of the child. *Hamlet* was a melodrama to me, I never dreamed that it would become a tragedy one day. In those days, when I had to argue, I used to analyse the story and win my point. The critics who make much of the absence of poetic justice in Shakespeare³ are falling into the same error. The existence of suffering is a fact. Truth transcends fact but does not contradict it. In life as well as in literature, it is not the story that changes, but its significance. The transformation of *Hamlet* from an

incoherent medley to a coherent tragedy was the result of growing identification with the hero. At one stage Claudius was a monster, but, as our insight into Hamlet deepened, Claudius lost his 'nightmare quality.' For the Claudius who is responsible for the emotional conflict is the Claudius within Hamlet. Complete understanding of Hamlet must therefore mean less of the tumult of the soul and more of the clarity of vision. Sometimes in a game of chess, when our king is being cornered, the advancing pieces of the enemy seem relentless as Fate, and we are unable to make the next move; but if we cease to regard it as a fight we suddenly take in the situation at a glance. We limit our understanding and enjoyment when a play is regarded as a fight.⁴ This must be the argument behind the mystic assertion that the world is God's play. Says the *Upanishad*: 'From bliss matter, life, consciousness and understanding are born; in bliss they exist; and to bliss they return.'

A NOTE ON THE NOTES

It is a common practice to summon an array of imposing names and to call it 'documentation'; but, since wise men have said foolish things and silly men wise things about Shakespeare, the only authority I mean to recognize is the judgement of the reader. His convenience alone is consulted. The references are confined to books and periodicals published in English, passages being chosen for conciseness, and the power to open up vistas of thought. Let us take a typical entry:

127. ¹ Schleiermacher, p. 319, Croce, *Æsthetic*; Knight, *Shakespeare and Tolstoy*, 17-18.

This means that the sentence, 'The elimination of impulses may be viewed as the elimination of hindrances', which occurs in paragraph 127, will be clarified by a reference to two books. On page 319 of Croce's *Æsthetic* will be found a succinct statement of Schleiermacher's theory that art depicts what nature would create but for external hindrances. While noting the agreement with our view, the reader will also observe the difference. We are not concerned with 'external' hindrances until 'what was an external limitation becomes an inner obstacle' (Jung, *Modern Man*, 114). It is not the King but Macbeth's attitude to kingship which checks him. The environment limiting Macbeth is made up of mutually incompatible cravings (cp. Richards, *Principles*, 48). When all the impulses but one are removed, the stability of consciousness, which was only the balancing of conflicting impulses, is disturbed, and the outer crust broken (§ 138). This agrees with Knight's theory summarized on page 17 of *Shakespeare and*

Tolstoy. Two theories which are apt to be regarded as conflicting are thus reconciled.

To build a synthesis thus may be a trial of patience. Lack of space has generally prevented me from quoting the exact sentences which suggest the necessary trains of thought, and from giving the connecting links, but readers acquainted with Shakespeare criticism will find no difficulty. Note 81¹ may serve as an example. The last sentence of the second paragraph on page 125 of Stoll, *Studies*, contains in a nutshell, the theory developed in *Hamlet, An Historical and Comparative Study*, and *Recent Criticism of Hamlet*. On page 74 of Waldock, *Hamlet*, that theory is criticized; and the criticism is significant. None can accuse Prof. Waldock of being a psycho-analyst in the guise of a critic.

I have given short titles to such books as are referred to more than twice in the notes. A key is appended. To facilitate the use of the notes, some more entries are explained below.

221. ³ Emerson, p. 55, *American Critical Essays*.

Please note that when the book referred to is a collection of papers the number of the page precedes the name of the book. To ascertain the full title of the book from the list, one has to look for 'American' and not 'Emerson'.

222. ¹ Kenny, p. 176, *Variorum Hamlet*, II.

This means that the relevant extract from Kenny is given on page 176 of the Variorum Edition of *Hamlet*, Volume II. I have used the sixteenth edition. In another edition the page will be different, but there is the index.

196. ² § 44.

§ indicates a cross reference to a paragraph in the body of the essay, but an entry like 8² indicates a cross-reference to the notes.

30. ¹ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, 134-43; pp. 83-6, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies; Dramatic*

Method, 28-9.

The author's name is not repeated thrice.

185. ¹¹ Drake, p. 164, Ver Planck, p. 275, Gildon, p. 19, Montégut, p. 476, Mézières, p. 378, Kreyssig, p. 399, Ralli, I.

This means that the first volume of Ralli, *History of Shakespearean Criticism*, contains the opinions. These critics are so grouped as to suggest a continuous train of thought. When the sequence of thought is obscure, connecting links are supplied. Thus 'not mad' and 'we are left in doubt' in 138² show that the first 6 references support the statement that Hamlet is mad, the next 5 that he is not mad, and the last two that a synthesis of both views is possible.

73. ² Victor Hugo, p. 147, Schücking, *Character Problems*.

The reference is not made to Victor Hugo's book because Schücking's criticism of Victor Hugo's view is also necessary.

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NOTES

1. ¹ Mr Shaw finds that 'Shakespeare's wisdom is Montaigne's, his history Plutarch's, his plots Bandello's' (*Dramatic Opinions*, Huneker's Introduction, xvi), but he admires his skill in retelling old stories (II, 53). 'His preference for a pre-existing theme offers a very interesting subject for speculation, particularly as it has been shared by most of the greatest dramatists and narrative poets of the world' (Squire, *Shakespeare*, 61). 'Tried and fool-proof actions' (Murry, *Shakespeare*, 138) appeal 'to that primitive substance of the human consciousness whence folk-tales took their origin' (Murry, *Shakespeare*, 189; Jung, *Modern Man*, 189; Prescott, *Poetic Mind*, 68, 212). 'The myth attains its profoundest significance' (Nietzsche, *Birth of Tragedy*, 85). An invented plot leaves the impression of being forced (Ten Brink, p. 106, *Ralli*, II), while a familiar tale gives a basis to build upon (§ 73) and heightens the illusion of reality. The preference for invented stories is a sign of decadence (Campbell, *Tragic Drama*, 25-8; Lee, *Essays*, 111).

² Gollancz, *Sources*, 87-113; Murray, *Hamlet and Orestes*, 4-6; 23-5.

³ Emerson, 207, 155, 218, *Essays*, J. M. Dent & Sons, London, 1906.

⁴ Quiller-Couch, *Studies*, 1st Series, 12-23, Cambridge University Press, 1919; Murray, *Hamlet and Orestes*, 18.

⁵ Croce, *Æsthetic*, 14; Dukes, *Drama*, 66; Bailey, *Shakespeare*, 196; Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 207; Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 9.

2. ¹ This remark became the corner-stone of Abhinavagupta's theory of æsthetics.

² Jung, *Collected Papers*, 37-9; Healy, *Structure*, 275; Hollingworth, *Abnormal Psychology*, 238; Freud, *Delusion and Dream*, 143.

³ Freud, *New Introductory Lectures*, 208; Flügel, *Study of the Family*, 54.

⁴ Jung, *Collected Papers*, 374, 432, 451-3; Bodkin, *Archetypal Patterns in Tragic Poetry*, 182-202; *British Journal of Psychology*, General Section, Vol. XXI, Part 2, Oct. 1930.

⁵ Münsterberg, *Eternal Values*, 64.

⁶ Hollingworth, *Abnormal Psychology*, 115; Graves, *Poetic Unreason*, 127-31.

⁷ Murray, *Hamlet and Orestes*, 26.

3. ¹ Atreya, *Yogavasiṣṭha*, 172-4; Royce, *World and the Individual*, 238; Münsterberg, *Eternal Values*, 59; Morris, *Philosophy of Poetry*, 512, *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1899.

² Originality is worthless. Keyserling, *Creative Understanding*, 386-90.

4. ¹ *Yogavasiṣṭha*, IV. xvii. 4.

5. ¹ Blake, 277, *Poems with Specimens of Prose*, edited by J. Skipsey, Walter Scott, London, 1885.

² The anecdote is related of other saints also.

6. ¹ Jung, *Collected Papers*, 410, 172-4.

7. ¹ 'In excess of the facts as they appear.' Eliot, *Sacred Wood*, 101.

² Baudouin, *Studies*, 50-2.

³ The neurotic hoards money (Adler, p. 86, *Individual Psychology*, Kegan Paul, London, 1924). Hoarding is a meaningless activity (Tansley, *New Psychology*, 80) traceable to infantile fantasy (Ferenczi, *Psycho-Analysis*, 326).

⁴ This view seems absurd because of the general belief that reality is purely external. But there is such a thing as flight from inner reality (§ 51, note 6) which literature and religion are meant to counteract. Books awaken the diviner mind

(Morley, *Studies*, 202). 'The ethical teaching of Plato and the Gospel of the Christian Church have agreed in insisting that the higher self is the resultant of influences which belong to the eternal world' (Royce, *World and the Individual*, 250). When energy is diverted to intellectual, æsthetic and ethical channels, competition is removed from objects which do not afford scope for the spirit, and the problem of unemployment is solved (293-4, *The Modern Review*, Calcutta, March, 1936; 643-7, *The Hindustan Review*, Patna, April, 1936; 423-6, *Prabuddha Bharata*, Calcutta, Aug. 1937).

8. ¹ e.g. Trench, *Shakespeare's Hamlet: A New Commentary*; Ford, *Hamlet: A New Theory*; Leifchild, *Hamlet: A New Reading*.

² 'The identity of genius and taste is the final achievement of modern thought on the subject of art.' Spingarn, *The New Criticism*, 34; Croce, *Æsthetic*, 120. For a criticism see Max Eastman, *Literary Mind*, 262.

³ Anatole France, pp. 1-8, *Modern Book of Criticism*.

9. ¹ 'A play of Shakespeare's . . . speaks a language that varies in its power and suggestion according to the personality of the hearer and even according to his mood.' Gates, p. 190, *American Critical Essays*. 'There are as many Hamlets as there are actors.' Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 238; Dukes, *Drama*, 154.

² 'Almost all that has ever been said of his (Hamlet's) character is true.' Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 199.

³ Bradley, *Reality*, 550; Radhakrishnan, *Indian Philosophy*, I, 191; Yogavasiṣṭha, III, ix, 33.

⁴ Radhakrishnan, *Hindu View of Life*, 79.

10. ¹ Royce, *World and the Individual*, 308.

11. ¹ *Drama and Life*, 148-55; Robertson, *Croce as Shakespearean Critic*, Routledge, London, 1922.

'The movement in Shakespeare Criticism which seems to have succeeded the period of "romantic" criticism and, in its own opinion, has superseded it . . . leaves the substance of the "romantic" criticism intact.' Murry, *Shakespeare*, 22.

12. ¹ *American Critical Essays*, 9; Montague, *Delights of Tragedy*, 137.

² Nichol Smith, *Shakespeare in the Eighteenth Century*, 2-3; Shelley, *Defence*, 42; Richards, *Principles*, 211.

13. ¹ Nicoll, *Studies*, 15; Bransom, *Lear*, 2; Trench, p. 135, *Book of Homage*; Jung, *Collected Papers*, 341.

² Max Eastman, *Literary Mind*, 58, 73-5.

³ Wyatt and Low, *Intermediate Textbook of English Literature*, 304, University Tutorial Press, London, 1920.

⁴ Pillai; *Shakespeare Criticism*.

⁵ Yajnik, *Indian Theatre*, 159 (Hamlet), 169 (Othello), 173 (Macbeth). See also Shahani, *Shakespeare*, 50-6; *Cambridge History*, V, 208.

14. ¹ 'Art is the one form of human energy in the whole world which really works for union and destroys barriers between man and man.' Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 20; Bergson, *Creative Evolution*, 187, 313; Croce, *Defence of Poetry*, 30-1.

15. ¹ The theory that artists like Shaw serve the purpose of the Life Force better than Shakespeare (Joad, *Unorthodox Dialogues*, 72-80, 127) is wrong. If 'the purpose of literature is to reveal us to ourselves' (69 *ibid*), and if evolution is furthered by such increase of self-consciousness (134 *ibid*), a character like Hamlet must be superior to stage puppets who illustrate theories of economics but have no effect on our feelings. 'Art is much more . . . than economics or philosophy.' Read, *Meaning of Art*, 158; Squire, *Shakespeare*, 6.

² The League of Nations is only a League of

Nations. Any work in the right direction must begin with individuals. Nationalism was a forward step when it weakened parochial ties, but if humanity clings to it now, megalomaniacs will become dictators. Nationalism is a collective neurosis leading to race-suicide.

16. ¹ Coleridge, *Essays*, 390.

² Quiller-Couch, *Art of Reading*, 11.

17. ¹ § 162.

² Smart, *Tragedy*, 10-14.

18. ¹ Granville-Barker, *Henry V to Hamlet*, 27.

² Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 153; Spearman, *Creative Mind*, 51-3.

³ Bergson, *Laughter*, 8.

19. ¹ 'The actors of Shakespeare's time were no more willing than their successors to lose themselves in the play.' Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 97; Maginn, p. 316, *Variorum M.S.N.D.*; Granville-Barker, p. 85, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

² Priestley, *Comic Characters*, 1-19.

³ Hazlitt, *Characters*, 103.

⁴ Bergson, *Laughter*, 29.

20. ¹ Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 70.

² Dukes, *Drama*, 159.

23. ¹ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, 52.

² Santayana, *Beauty*, 36.

25. ¹ 'The accumulated refuse of the past, a sort of permanent second-hand clothes shop.' Joad, *Unorthodox Dialogues*, 61.

² Joad considers such writers great (*Unorthodox Dialogues*, 127) and concludes that great art is for an age, second-rate art for all ages. As if the wavelets on the surface were stronger than the unchanging undercurrents!

³ Nicoll, *British Drama*, 358.

⁴ 'Sublime unconsciousness of the authors of their being.' Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 278.

⁵ Mrs Browning's poem, *What was he doing, the great god Pan?*; Stoll, *Studies*, 2-8.

26. ¹ Sisson, p. 14, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*; Drinkwater, *Shakespeare*, 71-3.

² Herford (*Sketch*, 26) blames historical critics like Stoll (*Studies*, 125) for treating Shakespeare as a shareholder of the Globe, but 'the main trouble with the historical critics is their ignorance of history.' (Dover Wilson, *Introduction to Hamlet*, I). A shareholder was advantageously placed.

³ *Hamlet*, II. ii. 371.

27. ¹ Drinkwater, *Shakespeare*, 84.

² *ibid.*; Granville-Barker, *Hamlet*, 4-6.

³ Alleyn's acting. Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 303; Harrison, p. 186, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

⁴ Harrison, *Shakespeare at Work*, 166; 'Shakespeare was often severe with his clowns.' Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 102. Poel, *Shakespeare in the Theatre*, 22. Did Kemp rejoin? See *M.L.R.*, July 1930, pp. 265-9, April 1931, p. 173.

⁵ Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 162.

⁶ *Rehearsal* by Maurice Baring, *Nine Modern Plays*, Thomas Nelson & Sons, London, 1928.

⁷ Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 118.

28. ¹ Yeats, *Poems*, Preface, x; *Plays and Controversies*, 48, 178, 416; Poel, *Shakespeare in the Theatre*, 7; Lee, *Modern Stage*, 6, 9, 12.

² Dover Wilson, *Essential Shakespeare*, 30; Poel, *Shakespeare in the Theatre*, 10.

³ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, xxiii; Cowling, p. 164, *Shakespeare and the Theatre*. 'Unlocalized drama'. Bradbrook, *Elizabethan Stage Conditions*, 34. 'The rapidity and variety of the change of place is really the basis of Shakespeare's method.' Haines, p. 58, *Shakespeare and the Theatre*.

⁴ 'The poetry of the long speeches.' Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 118; Drinkwater, *Shakespeare*, 77; Granville-Barker, p. 52, *Companion to Shake-*

Shakespeare Studies; Cowling, p. 183, *Shakespeare and the Theatre*. 'What makes poetry makes the drama also' (Murry, *Shakespeare*, 286). Modern drama avoids poetry, music and soliloquy, being content to skim over the surface; and consequently produces speech, like that of Shaw's characters, which is neither poetry nor prose. 'The speech of Shakespeare's characters is natural' (Murry, *Shakespeare*, 289). Soliloquy is a necessity. Downey, *Creative Imagination*, 56-8. Poets not wanted in the theatre now. Squire, *Shakespeare*, 12; Nag, *Theatre of the Romantic Revival*, 389.

⁵ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, 142; p. 74, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

⁶ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, II, 122; p. 62, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*; Bailey, *Shakespeare*, 186; Poel, *Shakespeare in the Theatre*, 43.

⁷ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, xvii; Squire, *Shakespeare*, 41.

⁸ 'With the disappearance of the boy player the poetic drama died in England.' Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 120.

⁹ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, xxix, xxviii; *Prefaces*, II, 125, 204; pp. 55-6, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*; Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 373; Downey, *Creative Imagination*, 194.

¹⁰ Nicoll, *British Drama*, 302.

29. ¹ Sisson, pp. 15-16, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

² Drinkwater, *Shakespeare*, 59, 77; Willcock, p. 134, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

³ Brander Matthews, *Study of Drama*, 145-51.

⁴ Dover Wilson, *Hamlet*, xl-xlii.

⁵ Archer, *Elizabethan Theatre*, 391-2; Lee, *Modern Stage*, 46-8.

⁶ *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*, 134-6.

⁷ Granville-Barker, *Henry V to Hamlet*.

⁸ Sisson, p. 485, *Ralli*, II; Dover Wilson, *Elizabethan Shakespeare*, 22.

⁹ 'Of that momentary harmony . . . Shakespeare was the voice.' Murry, *Shakespeare*, 215; Masefield, *Shakespeare and Spiritual Life*, 24.

¹⁰ Sisson, pp. 17, 19, 42-3, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*; but see Boas, *Shakespeare and the Universities*, 16-20.

¹¹ 'Drama dies where the theatre is patronized not by all but by a class.' Nicoll, 114, *Introduction to Dramatic Theory*, George G. Harrap, London, 1923.

¹² Bridges, *Influence of the Audience*, 28; Shaw, p. 37, Harrison, *Shakespeare*.

¹³ Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 231 footnote.

¹⁴ Dover Wilson, *Elizabethan Shakespeare*, 24.

¹⁵ Victor Hugo, p. 207, Brander Matthews, *Shakespeare as a Playwright*; Bridges, *Influence of the Audience*, 28.

30. ¹ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, 134-43; pp. 83-6 *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*; *Dramatic Method*, 28-9. But see Lamb, *On the Tragedies*; Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 247, 269-70; Goethe, p. 124, *Ralli*, I; Hazlitt, *Characters*, 92.

² Real revival impossible. Thorndike, 403, *Shakespeare's Theater*.

³ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, 127. *Hamlet* in modern dress was a success. Griffith, *Iconoclastes*, 48-72.

⁴ That we must place ourselves in the Globe Theatre (Nicoll, *Theory of Drama*, 61), is a pedantic demand. 'Adaptive vitality is the test of first-rate genius' (Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 24; Leifchild, *Hamlet*, 19). Even in Shakespeare's time the plays fitted different theatres (Sisson, p. 43, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*).

⁵ Granville-Barker, p. 56, *Companion to Shake-*

speare Studies. Attempts to banish women fail. Nichol Smith, *Shakespeare in the Eighteenth Century*, 23-4.

31. ¹ *The Spectator*, pp. 5, 13, Lobban's selections, Cambridge University Press, 1933.

² Multiplicity of scenes is the 'basis of Shakespeare's method' (Haines, p. 58, *Shakespeare and the Theatre*), but the effect on our stage is spoiled (Bailey, *Shakespeare*, 186).

³ In Java differently painted puppets are employed to depict the effect of different passions on the same character. The Kathakali of Malabar also employs, at times, a similar device. Without recourse to such crude devices, the necessary effects can be produced on the screen.

P
⁴ For example, on our stage, lines 115-56 of *Macbeth*, I. iii. fail because we cannot distinguish which lines are addressed to Ross and Angus, which whispered to Banquo, and which said by Macbeth to himself. On the screen, other characters can become dim when Macbeth soliloquizes. When Macbeth says, 'A sorry sight', his blood-stained hand fills the screen. By such concentration on essentials alone can the full effect of Shakespeare's imagery (cf. Spurgeon, *Imagery*) be brought out.

'Good things of day begin to drop and drowse.' We can see the horizon darken, and the owls fly, while the wolves howl in the distance.

⁵ Four actors cannot produce the effect of two armies at Agincourt. The imagination cannot multiply the number by thousand: by viewing a pond one cannot imagine the majestic ocean. The cinema alone can bring the panorama of life within the domain of art. It is sloughing off the technique which was forced on the drama by limitations. See Nicoll, *Film and Theatre*, George G. Harrap & Co., London, 1936.

⁶ p. 89 *The Nineteenth Century*, July, 1930.

32. ¹ Jung, *Psychology of the Unconscious*, 417; *Collected Papers*, 421.

34. Willcock, p. 131, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

² A film can travel by post, penetrate even to remote villages, and cross language barriers by new methods of synchronization. What cost ten thousand pounds to produce is thus shown for two pence, and the masses have got a theatre. If cinema stories offend cultivated taste, it is because the classes newly enfranchised to the realm of art are working off their complexes.

³ Sisson, p. 39, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*; Cowling, *Preface*, 154-5; Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, I, 266, 442.

35. ¹ Murry, *Keats and Shakespeare*, 51, 52; Spurgeon, *Imagery*, 108, 201.

² Mauron, *Æsthetics and Psychology*, 31 et seq.

36. ¹ Hazlitt, *Characters*, 85; Murry, *Shakespeare*, 288.

² 'Without complete sympathy full Katharsis is impossible.' Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 44. What exactly Aristotle meant by Katharsis is hard to discover. (Butcher, *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry*, 243; Abercrombie, *Principles of Literary Criticism*, 97, 105-10; Spingarn, *Literary Criticism*, 74; Lucas, *Tragedy*, 19-36; Harrison, *Shakespeare*, 52; Thorndike, *Tragedy*, ch. i). By 'pity' Aristotle did not mean the attitude of superiority and detachment which is nowadays conveyed by the expression, 'I pity you.' Such pity is for the small, the passive, the weak; the tragic hero is huge, combative, strong. Aristotle defined pity and fear in similar terms (*Rhetoric*, Book II, chs. v, viii) because he knew that, at bottom, each is a sharing of pain through identification. (Butcher, *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry*, 256; 262; *Rhetoric*, p. 152; Bergson, p. 115, Dixon, *Tragedy*; Bosanquet, *History of Æsthetic*, 235; Campbell,

Tragic Drama, 8 ; Guha, *Tragic Relief*, 56). Identification with the tragic hero makes the spectator externalize and clarify his emotion. Thus art liberates (Croce, *Æsthetic*, 21, 35). Such liberation must be the essence of the Kathartic method employed in psycho-analysis (Brill, *Fundamental Conceptions*, 9). Katharsis is often imagined to be a homeopathic cure aiming at the destruction of pity itself (Abercrombie, *Principles of Literary Criticism*, 107) but this is wrong. Instead of leaving us devoid of fellow-feeling, tragedy increases pity. (Campbell, *Tragic Heroes*, 39 ; Hazlitt, *Characters*, 34-5). Instead of directing pity towards ourselves we are made to pity others by calling that emotion 'from the personal to the impersonal' (Bosanquet, *History of Æsthetic*, 235-6). The true function of art is to excite 'impersonal emotion' (Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 17 ; Butcher, *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry*, 263).

37. ¹ Deussen, *Metaphysics*, 23.

² *Taittiriya Upanishad*, 449-56. Physical, vital, mental, ideal and divine bodies. Ghose, *Essays on the Gita*, II, 225 ; Radhakrishnan, *Indian Philosophy*, I, 160-72, 208 ; Vegetable, sensible and rational souls. Anderson, *Elizabethan Psychology*, 9, 25 ; Schiller's four relations, p. 287, Croce, *Æsthetic* ; Woodberry, p. 223, *American Critical Essays* ; Coster, *Yoga and Western Psychology*, 95 ; Cousins, *Philosophy of Beauty*, 75-86 ; Atreya, *Yogavasistha*, 191, 643.

38. ¹ 'All that we are not, but might so easily have been.' Santayana, *Beauty*, 184 ; Bergson, *Creative Evolution*, 105 ; Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 207 ; Knight, *Shakespeare and Tolstoy*, 19 ; Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 9 ; Lipps, p. 407, Croce, *Æsthetic* ; Victor Hugo, *Shakespeare*, 185 ; Downey, *Creative Imagination*, ch. xxi. 'Know Thyself . . . How truly does all Greek literature and art

respond to the command ;' Butcher, *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*, 5.

40. ¹ Tagore, *Religion of Man*, 137 ; Richards, *Principles*, 11-17.

² Spearman, *Creative Mind*, 26.

41. ¹ Tagore, *Religion of Man*, 137. Imaginative identification underlies every human activity. Bose, *A New Theory*, 113.

² Tagore, *Religion of Man*, 138.

³ Lamb, p. 232, Nichol Smith, *Shakespeare Criticism* ; Bailey, *Shakespeare*, 196 ; Brown, *Divine Drama*, 140 ; Jung, *Collected Papers*, 293.

43. ¹ Bosanquet, *The Essentials of Logic*, 14, Macmillan & Co., London, 1924 ; Yogavasīṣṭha, III. iv. 79.

² Bransom, *Lear*, 37-9 ; 191-7. Careful readers who pay attention to these details feel that the sub-plot destroys unity. (Alden, *Shakespeare*, 269 ; Croce, *Shakespeare*, 295 ; Warton, p. 68, Pillai, *Shakespeare Criticism*). Critics who understand drama through the feelings and yet try to get an intellectual grasp become 'if not intellectually confused, at least emotionally fatigued'. (Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 254-6 ; Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 153 ; Squire, *Shakespeare*, 79.) See also Tolman, *Falstaff*, 87-8 ; Drake, p. 163, Schlegel, p. 120, Otto Ludwig, p. 392, Ralli, I.

³ *Dramatic Artist*, ch. x : 407-8 ; 367.

⁴ Bergson, *Laughter*, 88. Perfect construction in farce. Squire, *Shakespeare*, 35.

⁵ 'Chaos of mind which will best bring us into immediate sympathy with the play's happenings.' Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, 137.

⁶ 'We must not call the play a tragedy of intrigue.' Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 179 ; Granville-Barker, *Study of the Drama*, 22. Intrigue 'opposed to tragedy'. Ulrici, p. 434, *Variorum* ; 'Intrigue is one of the most natural themes for comedy.' Nicoll, *Studies*, 81.

⁷ 'The catastrophe finds its necessity in the nature of Othello.' Friesen, p. 445, *Variorum*. Externally viewed, the plot claims attention, and Iago 'is the keystone of the whole plot.' (Marshall, p. 14, *Irving Shakespeare*, IX). This misleads Moulton. 'As motive centre of this play we have Iago, whose soul is shaped by intrigue.' *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Thinker*, 238.

⁸ *Dramatic Artist*, ch. vi.

⁹ Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 39, 48.

¹⁰ e.g. in *Richard III*:—Moulton, *Dramatic Artist*, ch. v; in *Julius Cæsar*:—Rajagopalan, *Julius Cæsar*, 1-7; Kolbe, *Shakespeare's Way*, 156; in *Hamlet*:—Moulton, *Dramatic Thinker*, 364, 318-22; *Modern Study of Literature*, 396, 401.

¹¹ Moulton, *Dramatic Thinker*, 171, 349.

¹² 'Not contemplating the situation from without, but entering into it heart and soul from within.' Campbell. *Tragic Drama*, 9. Similarly, the analysis of style or imagery may mislead, e.g. Knight, *Wheel of Fire*, 130-1.

45. ¹ The persons who were disturbed in sleep were not the grooms (Campbell, *Tragic Drama*, 120). The grooms slept in the King's own chamber (II. iii. 103-9).

46. ¹ That is why 'Shakespeare's word-play is the essence of his poetry'. Prescott, *Poetic Mind*, 178; but see *Johnson on Shakespeare*, 23-4.

² *Hamlet*, xxxviii.

³ Nicoll, *Studies*, 17, 20-1.

47. ¹ Freud, *Totem and Taboo*, 232-57; *New Introductory Lectures*, 208; *Future of an Illusion*, 76. In this book we have often used Freud's terms, knowing that his psychology is not a science but an allegory.

² Paper on 'Art and the Unconscious' read by R. Halder at the Calcutta Science Congress, January 1935; Jones, 701-3 *Papers on Psychoanalysis*, Ballière-Tindall and Cox, London, 1923.

³ Freud, *New Introductory Lectures*, 131 ; 86, 88, 90.

⁴ Shelley, *Defence*, 24 ; Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 164 ; Squire, *Shakespeare*, 13.

⁵ Flügel, *Study of the Family*, 115.

⁶ Dover Wilson, *Hamlet*, 151 ; Greg, 27, *Principles of Emendation in Shakespeare*, Oxford University Press, London, 1928.

48. ¹ Healy, *Structure*, 67 ; Tansley, *New Psychology*, 80.

² Roger Fry, *The Artist and Psycho-Analysis*, 3-4, 10-12, Hogarth Press, London, 1924.

³ Sachs, *Psycho-Analysis*, 58-61, 178-211 ; Fritz Wittels, *Critique of Love*, 198, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1929. Freud's quarry the primitive stuff. Granville-Barker, *Study of the Drama*, 55-6.

49. ¹ 'Art is a dream which points out the way to mankind in search of its goal.' Baudouin, *Studies*, 84. Foretaste of the faculties with which evolution may endow the race. Montague, *Delights of Tragedy*, 141 ; Richards, *Principles*, 232-4.

50. ¹ 'It will help us to understand ourselves.' Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 9.

² Croce, *Æsthetic*, 21 ; Maudsley, *Body and Mind*, 193.

³ *Conversations*, I, 116-8 ; Baudouin, *Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion*, 69 ; Goethe, 516, *Autobiography*, Alston Rivers, London, 1932.

⁴ Sachs, *Psycho-Analysis*, 211 ; Dover Wilson, *Essential Shakespeare*, 114-21 ; Jung, *Psychological Types*, 368 ; Prescott, *Poetic Mind*, 274 ; Murry, *Shakespeare*, 230, 233, 255.

51. ¹ Papers read before the Indian Psycho-Analytical Society on 1 October 1930, and the Indian Science Congress, January 1934. Dr Bose was so kind as to peruse this section and pronounce it to be in order. Western analysts recognize the

teleological character of day-dreams (Varendonck, *Day Dreams*, 353).

² Bose, *A New Theory*, 123-4.

³ *ibid.*, 135.

⁴ *ibid.*, 113.

⁵ In *Macbeth*, for example, the assertion and the punishment wishes are both satisfied. § 148; Freud, *New Introductory Lectures*, 41; *Introductory Lectures*, 361. The full biological meaning of the day-dream escapes Western analysts (Green, *Psychanalysis*, 77) who look upon the symptom as the disease. See also Freud, *Collected Papers*, IV, 176-80.

⁶ This will be the teaching of psycho-analysis when it comes into its own. Freud originally held that repression caused anxiety, and anxiety, neurosis; but he now admits that 'the anxiety is there from the beginning and creates the repression' (*New Introductory Lectures*, 113). Anxiety is of three kinds: reality anxiety, moral anxiety, and neurotic anxiety, according as the ego dreads the world, the Super-Ego, or the Id (103, *ibid.*). The Super-Ego and the Id seem to be fundamentally the same. As patients become more and more normal, the sharp antagonism between the demands of the Super-Ego and the Id, between law and impulse, tends to disappear. God and the devil are two aspects of one identification. (Flügel, *Study of the Family*, 142). Hence there are really two types of anxiety; one caused by the external world, as a result of which the man retires within himself and denies the reality of matter and diversity; the other caused by the world within, as a result of which the man plunges into meaningless activity, like *Macbeth*. This distinction between the inner and the outer realities as generators of different types of anxiety is also arbitrary. The cause of the blind faith and subsequent hatred which great leaders evoke is the imperfect identification of the

Ego with the Super-Ego in the followers. Ignorance of the world within makes external activity meaningless; ignorance of the world outside makes introspection empty. Macbeth's flight from the Super-Ego is also a drifting from the world; the hermit's retirement from the world is also a flight from God. Extroversion and introversion are both escapes because they are incomplete. Each rouses the hunger for compensation (Jung, *Collected Papers*, 441) and by a see-saw mechanism (cf. *Indian Journal of Psychology*, Jan. 1933, p. 135; Jan. 1935, p. 35.) the identification tends to completion. When that is complete the essential identity of the inner and the outer realities, of God and the Universe, is realized.

52. ¹ Guha, *Tragic Relief*, 227.

53. ¹ Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 33-4, 79.

² Spontaneous integration of symbols. Maier and Reninger, *Psychological Approach*, 66.

³ Schücking, *Character Problems*, 231-2; Baker, *Development of Shakespeare*, 207.

⁴ Bridges, *Influence of the Audience*, 18; St. Clare Byrne, p. 204, *Shakespeare and the Theatre*.

⁵ e.g. Schücking lays down a law that what a character says of another is to be taken at its face value (*Character Problems*, 53-65). This leads to conclusions like 'The poet for a moment misjudges his own creation.' (83 *ibid.*).

54. ¹ Schücking, *Character Problems*, 112-23; Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 1, 90.

² Knight, *Shakespeare and Tolstoy*, 15-16; Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 169; Drinkwater, *Shakespeare*, 95. But see Rylands, *Words and Poetry*, 148, 159, 165.

³ The secret of good dialogue, situation or plot is character; Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 6-8; Granville-Barker, p. 60, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*; Campbell, *Tragic Drama*, 34.

⁴ Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 135 ; Knight, *Wheel of Fire*, 50.

55. ¹ Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 208.

² Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 46. Goethe's phrase is used by Frye, but the idea is Aristotle's.

³ Dover Wilson thinks it belongs to Shakespeare (*What Happens in Hamlet*, 229). But see Jones, *Essays*, 27.

56. ¹ Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 218.

² 228 *ibid.*

³ Anderson, *Elizabethan Psychology*, 174 ; Joad, *Unorthodox Dialogues*, 92-4 ; Wright, p. 379, *Columbia University Studies*.

⁴ *Othello*, 1-3.

⁵ *Punch* published two cartoons : Macdonald with a hammer out to break the constitution ; Macdonald the physician prolonging its life.

⁶ Brooke, *Ten More Plays*, 190.

⁷ My own experience makes me wonder whether we are not mere ripples on a swelling wave. One day, while I was at prayer, I had a feeling that some sort of public work was awaiting me. Next morning, the feeling was so insistent that I went to the Vice-Chancellor to ask him not to terminate my services if I were to take part in public work. That evening, I heard of Gandhiji's proposed fast. I felt that Gandhiji had only hearkened to the time spirit, and that all the people of India must be hearing it without being conscious of it. Next day, at a public meeting, I spoke for twelve minutes only, but such was the emotion stirred up that about five hundred volunteers enlisted to work for the removal of untouchability. Most of us were thoroughly orthodox Hindus ; we contradicted our own past selves. I see no difference in kind between this and private passions.

57. ¹ Bergson, *Creative Evolution*, 105, 273 ; Santayana, *Beauty*, 185.

² Wright, p. 400, *Columbia University Studies* ; Clutton-Brock, p. 127, *Book of Homage*.

³ Squire, *Shakespeare*, 166.

⁴ Morgann, *Falstaff*, 58-62, footnote.

⁵ Wilhelm (Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, 252, 334-5), Subba Rao (*Hamlet Unveiled*), and Dover Wilson have attempted to narrate what happens in *Hamlet*. Are they 'looking at the back of a picture-frame' ? (Waldock, *Hamlet*, 98).

58. ¹ Brill, *Fundamental Conceptions*, 311-2.

² Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 17 ; Croce, *Shakespeare*, 122-9 ; Lee, *Essays*, 101-9.

³ Jones, *Essays*, 29-58.

⁴ Harris, *The Man Shakespeare* ; Wyndham Lewis, *The Lion and the Fox* ; Graves, *Poetic Unreason*, 217 ; Brandes, *Shakespeare*, 278-82. But see Sisson, *The Sorrows of Shakespeare* ; *M. L. R.*, July 1935, p. 364 ; Stoll, *Studies*, 79 ; Powell, *Romantic Theory*, 32, 110.

⁵ Spearman, *Creative Mind*, 66.

59. ¹ Maureon, *The Nature of Beauty*, 73. 'The permanence of a novel, a play, a biography, depends on the vitality of the characters therein.' Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 275. 'All critical study of *Hamlet* must be psychological.' Bucknill, *Psychology of Shakespeare*, 40.

² Karl Pearson, *Grammar of Science*, 35 ; Jones, *Psycho-Analysis*, 69. 'Direct vision of reality.' Bergson, *Laughter*, 157.

60. ¹ We can talk of the effect of the storm on Lear (Bucknill, *Psychology of Shakespeare*, 156-7 ; Moulton, *Dramatic Artist*, 214) though Lear has no bodily existence.

61. ¹ Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 48.

62. ¹ Goneril's conduct blameless. Bransom, *Lear*, 191-7.

² Bransom, *Lear*, 52.

³ Masefield, *Shakespeare*, 72 ; Schücking, *Character Problems*, 184 ; Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 154.

⁴ Brander Matthews, *Study of the Drama*, 203.

⁵ Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 199 ; Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 68 ; Harrison, *Elizabethan Drama*, 102 ; Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 96. Knight, while conceding that we see with the eyes of Macbeth or Lear, says that we do not see with Hamlet's eyes (*Wheel of Fire*, 35, 43, 48). The experience of critics like Bradley, Swaminathan and Charles Williams is just the reverse. The general feeling that Brutus, Lear and Antony are not the centres of the plays of which they are the heroes is due to the fact that Brutus sees the action with the eyes of others (§ 186), Lear is conscious of the gods looking down (§ 139-42), and Antony sees himself as the world sees him (§ 180).

63. ¹ *Psychoanalysis*, 157-61.

² Jones, *Essays*, 57 ; Somerville, *Madness in Shakespearean Tragedy*, 38, 32-4 ; Prescott, *Poetic Mind*, 182.

³ cp. Bose, *New Theory*, 135, 152.

⁴ Nicoll, *Studies*, 27 ; Granville-Barker, *Dramatic Method*, 88 ; Lucas, *Tragedy*, 17 ; Thorndike, *Tragedy*, 158. 'The unvarying tendency of tragedy has been from the less to the more inward' (Vaughan, *Types of Tragic Drama*, 271) but it does not become 'static'. Maeterlinck himself wrote as follows: 'You must not attach too great importance to the expression "static".' (Barrett H. Clark, 411, *European Theories of the Drama*, D. Appleton and Co., New York, 1929).

⁵ 'Drama arises when any person or persons in a play are consciously or unconsciously up against some antagonistic person, or circumstance, or fortune.' In this formula H. A. Jones (Introduction to Brunetière, *Law of Drama*, Dramatic Museum of Columbia University) reconciles the conflicting theories of Brunetière and Archer (*Play-making*).

⁶ So does Freud. *New Introductory Lectures*, 84.

64. ¹ 'Shakespeare is a great psychologist.' Goethe, *Conversations*, I, 293; Santayana, *Beauty*, 185.

² Many critics think that Falstaff and Hamlet were copied from nature.

³ *Hamlet*, II. i. 51.

⁴ Nichol Smith, *Shakespeare in the Eighteenth Century*, 79, 172; §177.

65. ¹ Whenever the actor was able to 'to throw new light upon the complex character of Hamlet' there was a full house. *Irving Shakespeare*, IX, 120.

68. ¹ Dover Wilson, *Hamlet*, xcvi. 'The impression of an artistic whole.' Murry, *Shakespeare*, 200. Robertson wrongly imposes æsthetic rectitude on Shakespeare. Murry, *Shakespeare*, 23; Chambers, *Disintegration*, 10; *Shakespeare*, I, 223. Eliot (*Sacred Wood*, 98) and Bradby (*Short Studies*, 68) find the play 'an artistic failure'.

² Robertson, *The Problem of Hamlet*, 66-76; *Hamlet Once More*; Yearsley, *Hamlet*, 97-100; Squire, *Shakespeare*, 78; Schücking, *Character Problems*, 146; Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 120. The question cannot be decided. Attwater, pp. 225-6. *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*; Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 237; G. G. Greenwood, *Is there a Shakespeare Problem?* with a reply to J. M. Robertson and Andrew Lang, John Lane, London, 1916. Hunter, Benedix, Bradby, Maudsley, etc., think Shakespeare revised his own work. Either way, Shakespeare is judged. Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 5.

³ 'Typical of the mood which realistic criticism opposes to what I call liberty of interpretation... It gives up the very notion of interpretation.' Abercrombie, *Liberty of Interpreting*, 246-7; Jones, *Essays*, 7, footnote 3; Granville-Barker, *Hamlet*, 68.

⁴ Attwater, p. 226, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

⁵ 'Improbabilities are rarely psychological' Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 70.

69. ¹ Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 75; Ludwig p. 391, *Ralli*, I; Delius, p. 91, *Ralli*, II.

² 'Hamlet is mis-expressing himself under a compulsion he does not understand.' Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 67; 'The discrepancy between the character and the act is turned consciously to account.' Murry, *Shakespeare*, 325; 331; Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 103-6. Discrepancy between hero and fable. Brandes, *Shakespeare*, 366; Kenny, p. 311, *Ralli*, I.

70. ¹ Nicoll, *Theory of Drama*, 125; Stoll, *Studies*, 95.

71. ¹ *Hamlet*, II. ii. 120.

² Yajnik, *Hamlet and Ophelia*, p. 107, *Malaviya Commemoration Volume*.

³ What little Hamlet has heard and seen creates the impression that Ophelia killed herself on account of disprized love.

⁴ The show of grief by shallow Laertes offends Hamlet, who knows that his grief is greater. (Chapman, *Hamlet*, 11). The tragedy is that those who have feeling cannot show it, while those who feel less maintain a show.

⁵ Even an astute critic like Nicoll (*Studies*, 54-6) suspects Hamlet's relations with Ophelia. The innocent leave wounded names.

72. ¹ Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 130.

² Bucknill, *Mad Folk*, 102.

³ II. ii. 627; Dover Wilson, *Hamlet*, li; Campbell, *Tragic Heroes*, 89-91.

⁴ Dover Wilson has marred his exquisite edition of *Hamlet* by giving a double entry to Hamlet in order to support his explanation that Hamlet asks

Ophelia to enter a brothel. See my note in *M.L.R.*, July 1937, pp. 438-41.

⁵ Hermann Türck, p. 161, *Ralli*, II.

⁶ Knight, *Wheel of Fire*, 42.

73. ¹ 'The more highly organized an art-creation grows, the more destructive to its inner truth become the vestiges of the primitive legend of which it purports to be a modernization.' Cardozo, *Jew in the Elizabethan Drama*, 327; Schücking, *Character Problems*, 148; Rümelin, pp. 324-9, *Variorum Hamlet*, II; Kenny, p. 311, *Ralli*, I; Brandes, p. 146, *Ralli*, II.

² Nicoll, *Studies*, 25; Shaw, *Quintessence*, 197; Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 89. 'We might well believe that Shakespeare had first conceived Hamlet and then cast about him for a story in which that character might be revealed.' Brander Matthews, *Study of the Drama*, 165; 162 *ibid.*; *Shakespeare as a Playwright*, 206; Victor Hugo, p. 147, Schücking, *Character Problems*; Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 135; Thorndike, *Tragedy*, 158.

³ Mere ingenuity of plot structure is a blind alley which Shakespeare avoided. Granville-Barker, *Henry V to Hamlet*, 6-15; *On Dramatic Method*, 99; Coleridge, *Lectures*, 218; Vaughan, *Types of Tragic Drama*, 149; Alden, *Shakespeare*, 234; Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 7; Santayana, *Beauty*, 175; Cowling, *Preface*, 125, 132.

⁴ What Aristotle calls action is not mere incident (Butcher, *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry*, 123, 334; Abercrombie, *Principles of Literary Criticism*, 103). Shakespeare develops the suggestion of human individuality which the plot contains. (Santayana, *Beauty*, 175-6). The character 'has thoughts and emotions quite beyond the requirements of his part in the action.' (Stoll, *Poets and Playwrights*, 97; Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, 176; Goethe, p. 124, *Ralli*, I; Prosser Hall Frye, pp. 381-3, *American Critical Essays*). We remember Hamlet,

Lear or Falstaff so vividly that we say of a friend; 'He is a Hamlet' (Squire, *Shakespeare*, 166; Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 268), but the action of the play itself is vaguely remembered (cp. Priestley, *English Humour*, 150). The illusion of a character is the higher reality. (Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 46). The final impression is that the plot means 'the evolution of character' (Granville-Barker, *Henry V to Hamlet*, 15) and that the play is 'one long contrivance for the revelation of Hamlet the character' (Granville-Barker, p. 70, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies; On Dramatic Method*, 95; Saintsbury, *Cambridge History*, V, 210; Thorndike, *Tragedy*, 158; Baker, *Development of Shakespeare*, 279; Harrison, *Elizabethan Drama*, 102; Drake, p. 162; Barante, p. 225; Ralli, I; Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 88). Some writers start with character, not incident (Guha, *Tragic Relief*, 135).

⁵ 'Hamlet has time to live because he does not act.' Maeterlinck, p. 86, J. Bithell, *Maeterlinck*, Walter Scott & Co., New York, 1913.

⁶ Shaw, *Quintessence*, 198.

⁷ Probably Shakespeare's own.

74. ¹ Münsterberg, *Eternal Values*, 171; *British Journal of Psychology*, October 1930, p. 189.

² Mary I. O'Sullivan, *Hamlet and Dr Timothie Bright*, *P.M.L.A.*, Vol. 41, 1926, pp. 667-79; Campbell, *Tragic Heroes*, 110-19, 150, 175, 208. Schücking, *Character Problems*, 158-67. See also H. B. Charlton, p. 82, *M.L.R.*, Jan. 1932.

³ Ralli, II, 415.

⁴ Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 148-50; Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 133-4; Mackenzie, 58, *Process of Literature*, George Allen and Unwin, London, 1929.

⁵ Dover Wilson, *Hamlet*, xxiv; *What Happens in Hamlet*, 311-20.

⁶ Winstanley, *Othello as a Tragedy of Italy*.

⁷ J. M. Robertson, pp. 142-5, *Book of Homage*.

⁸ 'Human nature, not a doctrine of human nature.' Stoll, *Hamlet the Man*, 10; *Studies*, 98; *Poets and Playwrights*, 106; Jung, *Modern Man*, 178-80.

⁹ Macnamara, p. 1667, *A Textbook of the Practice of Medicine*, edited by F. W. Price, Oxford University Press, 2nd ed. 1926; Freud, *Collected Papers*, Vol. IV, 153.

¹⁰ International University Series in Psychology, Clark University Press, 1930.

75. ¹ Chambers, *Survey*, 74; Quiller-Couch, p. xvii, Introduction to Hazlitt, *Characters*.

² If human nature has changed, the past is unintelligible. Oswald Spengler, *Decline of the West*, 217-8.

³ Sonnets xxxiii, lxxxiii.

77. ¹ Powell, *Romantic Theory*, 242-8; Stoll, *Studies*, 39.

² Croce, *Shakespeare*, 51; Lee, *Modern Stage*, 188-94.

78. ¹ Croce, *Æsthetic*, 50.

79. ¹ 'To assert that the discovery of the Elizabethan conception of Hamlet is the end of criticism is to assert that criticism is pursuing something which cannot be attained.' Ifor Evans, *Limits of Literary Criticism*, 50; Abercrombie, *Liberty of Interpreting*, 249.

² 'Even if Shakespeare had read the book, the audience hadn't.' Stoll, *Poets and Playwrights*, 217.

³ Allen, *Shakespeare and Chapman*, 26.

⁴ Elizabethan drama, 'the newspaper and debating platform of the day.' Allen, *Shakespeare and Chapman*, 2. Shakespeare an artist not journalist. Dover Wilson, *Essential Shakespeare*, 13; Squire, *Shakespeare*, 8-10. See also Stoll, *Poets and Playwrights*, 218-20.

⁵ *Love's Labour's Lost*, for example. Dover Wil-

son, *Essential Shakespeare*, 65; Introduction to *New Shakespeare* edition of the play, pp. xvi-xxxiv; Harrison, *Shakespeare at Work*, 53.

⁶ Nicoll, *Studies*, 11. There was a censorship. Chambers, *Shakespeare*, I, 68, 98.

⁷ 'If, moreover, poetical allegory was what Shakespeare offered, he missed his mark.' Herford, *Sketch*, 56.

⁸ Harrison, pp. 166-7, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

⁹ Harrison, *Shakespeare at Work*, 239; Dover Wilson, *Essential Shakespeare*, 102; Chambers, *Shakespeare*, II, 323-7.

¹⁰ Winstanley, *Hamlet and the Scottish Succession; Macbeth, King Lear and Contemporary History*.

81. ¹ Stoll, *Studies*, 125; Waldock, *Hamlet*, 74.

² F. L. Lucas, *Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy*, Cambridge University Press, 1922; Cunliffe, *Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy*; Thorndike, *Relation of Hamlet to Contemporary Revenge Plays*, *P.M.L.A.* Vol. XVII, n.s. Vol. X, 1902, pp. 125-220; Stoll, *Marston and the Malcontent Type*, *Modern Philology*, Jan. 1906, pp. 289-302. Shakespeare was least affected. Archer, *Old Drama and the New*, 52-62; 46-7; Bradbrook, *Themes and Conventions*, 6; Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 372. See also Simpson, *Revenge Theme*, 17.

82. ¹ Jung, *Psychology of the Unconscious*, 198; Richards, *Principles*, 196.

² Murry, *Keats and Shakespeare*, 48; *Shakespeare*, 27.

83. ¹ Dover Wilson, *Essential Shakespeare*, 104; Chambers, *Shakespeare*, I, 67; Karl Elze, p. 532, *Ralli*, I; Matthew, p. 358, *Ralli*, II.

² Winstanley, *Othello as a Tragedy of Italy*.

³ Winstanley, *Hamlet and the Scottish Succession*; Graves, *Poetic Unreason*, 6; Brandes,

Shakespeare, 346-7. Oxford as the original of Hamlet. Allen, *Shakespeare and Chapman*, 80. Pembroke as the original. A. Döring, *Hamlet*. Shakespeare as the original. Brandes, *Shakespeare*, 362-5; Figgis, *Shakespeare*, 320. See also Stoll, *Studies*, 85; Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 49; Croce, *Shakespeare*, 130.

85. ¹ Croce, *Æsthetic*, 34.

² Winstanley, L., *Macbeth, King Lear and Contemporary History*; Anderson, L. R., *Elizabethan Psychology*; Campbell, *Tragic Heroes*.

86. ¹ Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 18; Jung, *Collected Papers*, 340.

² 'All histories of drama are quite beside the point.' Griffith, *Iconoclastes*, 22. 'What Shakespeare got from his "school" was the insane and hideous rhetoric which is all that he has in common with Jonson, Webster and the whole crew of insufferable bunglers and dullards.' Shaw, *Dramatic Opinions*, I, 112; Archer, *Old Drama and the New*, 46-7; 34-42; Croce, *Shakespeare*, 137; Stoll, *Poets and Playwrights*, 218; Spengler, *Decline of the West*, 401; Spingarn, pp. 160-1 *Modern Book of Criticism*.

³ Lawrence, *Shakespeare's Workshop*, 10-17.

⁴ Hewlett, p. 193, *Essays and Essayists*, edited by Newbolt, Thomas Nelson & Sons, London, 1929. 'The audience asked for bloodshed and he gave them *Hamlet*, they asked for foolery and he gave them *King Lear*.' Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 27; Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 365; Murry, *Shakespeare*, 139.

⁵ Drinkwater, *Shakespeare*, 79; Squire, *Shakespeare*, 192.

⁶ Harrison, *Shakespeare*, 16.

87. ¹ Substitution of non-æsthetic for æsthetic values. Santayana, *Beauty*, 80; Griffith, *Iconoclastes*, 14.

88. ¹ Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 19; Coleridge, *Literary Remains*, 61.

² Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 1.

89. ¹ Walkley, *Drama and Life*, 151-4.

² Nichol Smith, *Shakespeare in the Eighteenth Century*, 12.

³ Rymer, *Short View of Tragedy*, 92.

⁴ 146, *ibid.*

90. ¹ 'No critic should indulge in speculations concerning Hamlet without having examined the primitive play from which the character has been evolved.' Yearsley, *Hamlet*, 97. According to Stoll we must be 'professional critics'. (Charlton, *Falstaff*, 56). Knight wants the study of 'poetic symbolism' *Shakespeare and Tolstoy*, 4; Winstanley of contemporary documents; and Nicoll of the theatre. But see Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 3; Harrison, *Shakespeare*, 8; Keyserling, *Creative Understanding*, 45; Joad, *Unorthodox Dialogues*, 55-6; Abercrombie, *Liberty of Interpreting*, 253; Croce, p. 192, *Irving Shakespeare*, XIV.

92. ¹ *Hamlet*, I. iii. 78; *The Gita*, ch. xviii, verses 44-8; Ghose, *Essays on the Gita*, II, 20; Jung, *Collected Papers*, 379; Ibsen, *Peer Gynt*.

94. ¹ Brooke, *Ten More Plays*, 174.

95. ¹ Stoll, *Studies*, 112.

96. ¹ Ulrici, p. 435, *Variorum*. 'Shakespeare alters it from the original in several particulars, but always unfortunately for the worst. Rymer, p. 50, Pillai, *Shakespeare Criticism*; Tolstoy on Art, pp. 431 et seq.; Swinburne, *Three Plays of Shakespeare*, Harper Brothers, London, 1909, p. 33; Bridges, *Influence of the Audience*, 23; La Harpe, p. 53, Paul Duport, p. 215, Charlotte Lennox, p. 31, Ralli, I. Similarly Shakespeare made the story of Lear improbable. Tolstoy on Art, 409-20; Nicoll, *Studies*, 148-54. He turned 'invention into imagination'. Murry, *Shakespeare*, 315.

97. ¹ Wilson on pp. 358-89, *New Shakespeare Society Transactions*, 1875-6, Series I. No. 4.

² Stoll, *Othello*, 10; *Art and Artifice*, 14.

³ Dover Wilson says that contradictions disappear in the performance (*Elizabethan Shakespeare*, 7). This is not true. After the discrepancy has been discovered, it is keenly felt even during a performance; conversely, nobody feels it at the first reading. Abercrombie, *Liberty of Interpreting*, 250. The difference is not between perusal and performance, but between emotional participation and intellectual scrutiny. M. St. Clare Byrne, p. 205, *Shakespeare and the Theatre*. Granville-Barker rightly calls it 'Dramatic Time', p. 65, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

98. ¹ p. 53, *Studies in the First Folio* by Members of the Shakespeare Association, Oxford University Press, 1924.

² Schücking, *Character Problems*, 231-2; Baker, *Development of Shakespeare*, 207; Bridges, *Influence of the Audience*, 18.

99. ¹ 'Fascination rather than mutual knowledge.' Boas, *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, 426; Dowden, p. 846, *Oxford Shakespeare*; Talbot, 71, *Ralli*, II.

² Murry, *Shakespeare*, 318-20.

100. ¹ 'Othello knows that the infidelity of wives is a fact.' Snider, pp. 426-7, *Variorum*; Flathe, p. 432, *Ralli*, I.

² Baudouin, *Suggestion and Autosuggestion*, ch. x, 125; Somerville, *Madness in Shakespearean Tragedy*, 84.

³ Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 192-4; Wetz, p. 100, *Ralli*, II; Flathe, p. 433, *Ralli*, I.

102. ¹ 'The coquetry of a woman in love who knows that she is loved.' Croce, *Shakespeare*, 282.

103. ¹ After the amusing discussion in Fielding's *Journey from this World to the Next*, it

savours of rashness to offer a new remark. I favour the punctuation.

Put out the light, and then—put out the light:

² Jones, *Psycho-Analysis*, 27.

³ Freud, *Wit*, 381.

104. ¹ Tragedy may be suggested by a newspaper report (Freytag, *Technique*, 10) of an ordinary incident (Maeterlinck, *The Tragical in Daily Life, Treasures of the Humble*). 'If rigid adherence to the tragic facts of life is the prompting impulse of tragedy, relief of the pain involved is the controlling condition of its technique.' Guha, *Tragic Relief*, 229.

105. ¹ Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 218; Nicoll, *Studies*, 103; Harrison, *Shakespeare*, 69; Boyer, *Villain as Hero*, 117.

² Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 128; Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 48; Schlegel, p. 114, *Ralli*, I; Kreyssig, p. 405, *Ralli*, I; Mézières, p. 488, *Variorum Macbeth*; Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 119, 152; Bergson, *Creative Evolution*, 186.

107. ¹ Energy 'tends to adopt a unified mode of distribution, namely, that of one single intense focus shading off into a less and less intense background'. Spearman, *Creative Mind*, 42; 'The entire psychic connexion becomes transferred into the intensity of the presentation content.' Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, 471; Maier and Reninger, *A Psychological Approach*, 49.

108. ¹ Guha, *Tragic Relief*, 49.

109. ¹ Chambers, *Survey*, 186; Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 80; Guha, *Tragic Relief*, 63; Knight, *Wheel of Fire*, 19, 33; Irving Shakespeare, IX, 129; Traumann, p. 114, *Ralli*, II; Werner, p. 524, *Ralli*, I.

² Erskine, pp. 219-26, *Columbia University Studies*; Masefield, *Shakespeare*, 72; Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 13; Jameson, *Heroines*, 83.

³ Brandes, *Shakespeare*, 543; Goethe, p. 491,

Variorum Antony and Cleopatra; Moulton, *The Moral System of Shakespeare*, 113.

⁴ Brooke, *Ten More Plays*, 67-70.

⁵ Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 79; Ellis Fermor, 62, *RC*
Christopher Marlowe, Methuen & Co., London, 1927.

⁶ Thorndike, *Tragedy*, 177; Baker, *Development of Shakespeare*, 281; Nicoll, *Studies*, 152.

110. ¹ Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 61, 181; Nicoll, *Studies*, 27-9; Ludwig, p. 393, *Ralli*, I. 'Other characters are the conditions of a problem' Murry, *Hamlet Again*, 344.

² 'Nobody can care more than a farthing for Macduff' (Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 64). It is 'a kind of critical perversity' (Murry, p. 344, *Hamlet Again*) to feel that the Malcolm-Macduff scene is 'the climax, the pinnacle of the dramatic movement' (Stoll, *Poets and Playwrights*, 83). The scene is mere 'padding' (Bradby, *Short Studies*, 128-30.)

³ Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 96; Freytag, *Technique*, 251.

⁴ Schücking wrongly thinks that the unity of character is broken. *Character Problems*, 102-8. See Johnson on Shakespeare, 190; Granville-Barker, *Hamlet*, 254, 62.

⁵ Bransom, *King Lear*, 184.

⁶ Nicoll, *Studies*, 138, 156.

⁷ Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 67, 70.

111. ¹ Bradby, *Short Studies*, 145-50; Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 236.

² Our attitude to Hamlet changes when we see Claudius and Laertes plotting. Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 274-6.

³ Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 27; 45.

112. ¹ Leifchild, *Hamlet*, 51; Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 154; Viehoff, p. 518, *Ralli*, I. 'Something like the Greek chorus.' Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 123; Corson, *Introduction*, 197.

² Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 110 ; Nicoll, *Studies*, 28-9 ; Brandes, *Shakespeare*, 468.

114. ¹ p. 30. *The Year's Studies*, 1928, quoted from Donald Clive Stuart, *Development of Dramatic Art*, Appleton, New York, 1928.

² Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 200 ; Thorndike, *Tragedy*, 108.

116. ¹ Bosanquet, *History of Æsthetic*, 160.

² Schlegel, *Lectures*, 197.

³ *King Lear*, III. iv. 152.

⁴ Stoll, *Studies*, 187-255. Stoll makes the same mistake in attacking Granville-Barker's theory of the storm in *King Lear*. Stoll, *Poets and Playwrights*, 78, footnote.

⁵ Yet the ghost appeared on the stage. p. 409, *Variorum*.

⁶ § 97, § 107.

118. ¹ Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 20 ; Masfield, *Shakespeare*, 165, 196, 208 ; Campbell, *Tragic Heroes*, 101.

² Bergson, *Laughter*, 170.

³ Sidney, *Apology for Poetry* (edited by Gregory Smith), 177.

⁴ Babbitt, p. 302, *American Critical Essays*.

⁵ Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 384 ; Guha, *Tragic Relief*, 124.

119. ¹ Smart, *Tragedy*, 9, 21-4 ; Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 197 ; Lewisohn, pp. 186-9, *Modern Book of Criticism* ; Viehoff, 521, *Ralli*, I ; Ten Brink, p. 105, *Ralli*, II.

² Critics like Gervinus, Röttscher, Ulrici, Heraud and others who find moral teaching are as much in the wrong as critics like Tolstoy who are indignant, finding no teaching. Croce, *Shakespeare*, 308 ; Murray, *Classical Tradition*, 78 ; Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, 53 ; Collins, *Studies*, 152 ; Shelley, *Defence*, 19.

³ Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 31 ; Abercrombie, *Principles of Literary Criticism*, 113-5 ;

Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 34-7; Butcher, *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry*, 303; Nicoll, *Theory of Drama*, 147; Boyer, *Villain as Hero*, 8.

⁴ Boyer, *Villain as Hero*, 86-94; 192; Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 87; Harris, *Man Shakespeare*, 34.

⁵ Dixon, *Tragedy*, 38; Smart, *Tragedy*, 14-16.

⁶ Snider, extract in *Variorum Julius Cæsar*.

⁷ Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 206.

120. ¹ Schücking, *Character Problems*, 31.

² Hebler, p. 318, *Variorum Hamlet*, II; Richardson, p. 151, *ibid.*; Leifchild, *Hamlet*, 49; Abercrombie, *Great Poetry*, 182; Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 75; Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 260; Freud, *Collected Papers*, Vol. IV, 156.

121. ¹ For example, Schücking accepts 'the view of Laertes' that Hamlet's intentions towards Ophelia are dishonourable (*Character Problems*, 68).

122. ¹ Masefield, *Shakespeare*, 181.

² Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 48.

³ Leifchild, *Hamlet*, 51; Chapman, *Hamlet*, 31-3.

⁴ *The Hindu Illustrated Weekly*, 23 June 1929.

⁵ Yeats, *Ideas of Good and Evil*, 129.

123. ¹ Ben Jonson, *Silent Woman*.

² Nicoll, *Studies*, 30; Campbell, *Tragic Drama*, 47; Figgis, p. 301, *Ralli*, II.

³ Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 107.

124. ¹ 'The atmosphere of the play is night—a night of horror and despair—and this night is only a reflection, a symbol as it were, of the terrible darkness that inhabits Macbeth's spirit.' Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 28; Tagore, *Religion of Man*, 232; Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 103; Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 333-5.

² Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 135; Brander Matthews, *Study of the Drama*, 156-7; Bransom, *Lear*, 215.

³ Campbell and Thackeray, pp. 420-1, *Variorum Othello*.

125. ¹ Guha, *Tragic Relief*, 124.

127. ¹ Schleiermacher, p. 319, Croce, *Æsthetic*; Knight, *Shakespeare and Tolstoy*, 17-18.

128. ¹ Granville-Barker, p. 80, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

129. ¹ Bergson, *Creative Evolution*, 313.

130. ¹ Bucknill, *Mad Folk*, 170.

² Drake, 556, Verplanck, 557, *Variorum Richard III*.

³ Furnivall and Munro, p. 263, *Ralli*, II.

⁴ *Oxford Shakespeare*, 112.

⁵ Brooke, *Ten More Plays*, 61.

⁶ Guha, *Two Problems*, 13; Clutton-Brock, p. 127, *Book of Homage*; Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 79; Chambers, *Survey*, 186; Brandes, p. 147, *Ralli*, II; Madame de Staël, p. 204, *Ralli*, I.

131. ¹ Trench, *Hamlet*, 45 et seq; Granville-Barker, *Hamlet*, 298.

² Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 148.

132. ¹ § 32; Granville-Barker, p. 75, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*; Croce, *Shakespeare*, 231.

134. ¹ Effect of sudden emotion. Rose, pp. 1-20, *New Shakespeare Society Transactions*, 1880-6.

² *Othello*, II. iii. 119.

³ Gordon, *Neurotic Personality*, ch. x.

⁴ Nicoll, *Studies*, 21.

⁵ Bucknill, *Mad Folk*, 190.

⁶ The voice in Macbeth's ear; Jung, *Collected Papers*, 284.

⁷ § 71.

⁸ Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 45; Macdonald, *Hamlet*, 114; Schücking, *Character Problems*, 117-8.

⁹ 'To avoid the awakening of pain through memory.' Freud, *Psychopathology*, 52. Also a dramatic device. Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 99.

¹⁰ IV. i. 10-20.

135. ¹ Bergson, *Creative Evolution*, 5; Baudouin, *Suggestion and Autosuggestion*, 129; Jung, *Collected Papers*, 282.

² Bradby, *Problems of Hamlet*, 37; Leifchild,

Hamlet, 45; Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 145; Jha, *Comedy*, 202; Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 98; Hanmer, p. 144, Johnson, p. 145, and Steevens, p. 147, *Variorum Hamlet*, II.

136. ¹ Anderson, *Elizabethan Psychology*, 102.

² 'He thinks he is playing with madness, but it is the madness which plays with him.' Boerne, p. 243, Ralli, I; Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, 22; König, p. 529, Röttscher, p. 251, Ralli, I; Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 213-15.

³ Brill, *Fundamental Conceptions*, chapter on Wit; Freud, *Wit*, 285.

⁴ *College Classics Hamlet*, edited by Goodrich, Srinivasa Varadachari & Sons, Madras, 1906, p. 176.

⁵ Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 213-5; Anderson, *Elizabethan Psychology*, 159; Bucknill, p. 215, *Variorum Hamlet*, II; Ray, p. 262, Ralli, I.

⁶ Montague, *Delights of Tragedy*, 139; mixed metaphors due to the nature of unconscious thinking: *Hamlet*, III. i. 59; *Othello*, IV. ii. 54; *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii. 110; *Macbeth*, I. vii. 27.

138. ¹ Nicoll, *Studies*, 59.

² Ray, p. 205, Kellogg, p. 216, *Variorum Hamlet*, II; Nicholson, pp. 341-71, *New Shakespeare Society Transactions*, 1880-6; Nicoll, *Studies*, 59-64; Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 186; Lowell, pp. 74-5, *American Critical Essays*. Not mad. Stoll, *Hamlet the Man*, 15; Irving Shakespeare, IX, p. 219, Note 179; *Columbia University Studies*, pp. 393-400; Yearsley, *Hamlet*, 5-30; Corson, *Introduction*, 194. We are left in doubt. Bridges, *Influence of the Audience*, 25; Eliot, *Sacred Wood*, 102.

³ Madness a relative term. Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 187-92. Men of genius mad. Brooke, *Ten More Plays*, 96; J. F. Nisbet, *Insanity of Genius*; Schopenhauer, *The World as Will*, III, 155; Murry, *Discoveries*, 33; Trench, *Hamlet*, 239.

⁴ Santayana, *Little Essays*, 9; Knight, *Shakespeare and Tolstoy*, 18.

139. ¹ V. iii. 276.

² IV. vi. 91. Blunden, p. 339, Bradby, *Shakespeare Criticism*, Oxford University Press, London, 1936.

³ The opinion of western literary critics (Drinkwater, *Shakespeare*, 99) and psychologists (Freud, 152, *Delusion and Dream*, London, George Allen & Unwin, 1921) that the decision to divide the kingdom is an improbability (Coleridge, p. 286, Nichol Smith, *Shakespeare Criticism*) or a symptom of Lear's madness (Bransom, *Lear*, 21) is not correct. Europe has ceased to think in the medieval way. Charlemagne divided his kingdom among his three children. The hunger for communion makes Lear renounce power just as it makes Macbeth aim at power. The opening seems a postulate (Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 134) only if the characters have not begun to live. To the spectator who can feel the reality of Lear the first scene is normal. (J. W. Hales, *Notes and Essays*, 258.)

⁴ 'Unlimited authority is isolation.' Bucknill, *Mad Folk*, 170.

140. ¹ Lear misjudges others. (Jameson, *Heroines*, 208-10). So do all men always. That is the tragedy.

141. ¹ 'He doubts by turns whether she is Goneril and whether he himself is Lear.' p. 82, *Variorum Lear*; § 134.

² p. 89, *Variorum Lear*, I. iv. 269, footnote.

142. ¹ Coleridge, *Essays*, 134.

143. ¹ Bransom finds a 'glaring inconsistency' between Lear's prayers for patience and for anger (p. 74, *Lear*), but that is because he understands the entire situation in a different way (pp. 69-71).

² C. F. Andrews, *The Bihar Earthquake*, George Allen and Unwin, 1935, chapter on Tagore and Gandhi.

144. ¹ Freud, p. 67, Healy, *Structure*. Bransom wrongly regards the farmhouse trial and the recruiting as consciously played jokes (pp. 113-20). Mad fancies, like day-dreams, are attempts at adaptation (Varendonck, *Day Dreams*, 353).

145. ¹ I cannot accept the customary explanation that this refers to Lear's own button, and that Lear dies of heart-failure owing to senility. (p. 197, *Variorum Lear*; Bransom, *Lear*, 179, 202) .

² It befits tragedy that Lear should die of a paroxysm of anguish (Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 267) rather than of the ecstasy of joy (*Shakespearean Tragedy*, 291) born of delusion.

146. ¹ Hudson, p. 434, *Variorum Lear*.

² Shaw, *Quintessence*, 20 et seq.

³ '... goes on enduring to the last. Abercrombie, *Great Poetry*, 175, 178; Dover Wilson, *Essential Shakespeare*, 126; Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 166; 'The fundamental stamina of man.' Reid, p. 67, Guha, *Tragic Relief*.

147. ¹ Prosser Hall Frye, p. 374, *American Critical Essays*; Erskine, p. 219, *Columbia University Studies*; Murray, *Classical Tradition*, 66; Plato, p. 99, Dixon, *Tragedy*.

² Browning, p. 131, Shelley, *Defence*.

³ Abercrombie, *Great Poetry*, 172.

⁴ p. 178 *ibid*.

⁵ Schopenhauer, *World as Will*, 213; 'The surrender not merely of life but of the will to live.' Campbell, *Tragic Drama*, 12; Deussen, *Metaphysics*, 213; Jung, *Collected Papers*, 296.

⁶ Nietzsche, *Birth of Tragedy*, xxvii, 128, 194.

148. ¹ Flügel, *Study of the Family*, 129; Freud, *New Introductory Lectures*, 82-8; 90-3; 143.

² Freud, *Totem and Taboo*, 73. The royal touch, 71, *ibid*.

³ 'Macbeth begins by this parricide.' Victor Hugo, *Shakespeare*, 187; 'The murder of the kindly Duncan is little else than parricide.'

Freud, *Collected Papers*, IV, 330. The super-ego is conscience, and so Macbeth's imagination is a vivid conscience. (Coleridge, *Essays*, 156; Symons, *Studies*, 24; Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 357.) It incites and deters. (Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 89). See also pp. 11, 28, Rivers, *Dreams and the Primitive Culture*, Longmans, 1918.

149. ¹ Moulton, *Dramatic Thinker*, 246-7; Nag, *Macbeth*, 227-33; Hudson, *Shakespeare*, II, 328. The theory that Macbeth is an honourable man seduced by his wife appeals to persons like Stendhal (211, *Ralli*, I) who was himself neurotic (Eugene Bagger, *First of the Moderns*, pp. 499-505, *The Atlantic*, October 1934). See also 465; 279, 429, 447, *Ralli*, I.

150. ¹ Moulton, *Dramatic Thinker*, 250.

² Nag, *Macbeth*, 230.

³ Moulton, *Dramatic Thinker*, 252.

151. ¹ Ransome, *Short Studies*, 82.

152. ¹ Nag, *Macbeth*, 236. "Moulton's theory that Macbeth is the practical man who cannot endure suspense" (*Dramatic Artist*, 154; *Dramatic Thinker*, 251-9) does not go to the root. Suspense is unendurable because imagination is free then. The need to adjust to visible immediate environment curbs the imagination.

² Freud, *Totem and Taboo*, 55.

³ Moulton, *Dramatic Thinker*, 254. To smear the grooms is a childish expedient, but Macbeth's imagination wants a concrete picture of the guilt transferred.

153. ¹ Nag, *Macbeth*, 239.

154. ¹ Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 360-1. Spurgeon (*Imagery*, 157), Campbell (*Tragic Heroes*, 223) and Knight (*Wheel of Fire*, chapter on *Macbeth*) are, as far as they go, correct in treating fear as the leading idea of the play; but the fear springs from a sense of guilt which, in turn, is the dread of the Super-Ego.

² Somerville, *Madness in Shakespearean Tragedy*, 53, 56.

³ Banquo is not innocent (Flathe, p. 429, *Ralli*, I). The view that Banquo is the touchstone of guilt (Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 68-70) is to be understood with reference to the peculiar mental constitution of Macbeth, who cannot stand 'royalty of nature'.

155. ¹ Imaginative sensibility is not dulled. Boyer, *Villain as Hero*, 218. But see also *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*, 80.

² Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 255.

³ Freud, *New Introductory Lectures*, 137; escape from 'horrors of meditation'. Bucknill, *Mad Folk*, 29.

156. ¹ § 104; Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 11.

² Schopenhauer, *The World as Will*, III, 382; Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 33; Nietzsche, *Birth of Tragedy*, 136.

158. ¹ Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 3.

² §§ 119-22.

³ Murry, *Shakespeare*, 20; Richards, *Principles*, 246.

⁴ Murray, *Classical Tradition*, 77-8.

160. ¹ *King Lear*, II. iv. 57; *Coriolanus*, V. ii. 3.

161. ¹ Miller, *Macbeth and the Ruin of Souls in Shakespeare's Chart of Life*.

² Goethe, 491, *Variorum Antony and Cleopatra*.

³ Rajagopalan, *Julius Cæsar*, 1-7.

⁴ Johnson on Shakespeare, 200.

⁵ Gervinus, *Commentaries*, 546.

⁶ *Gita*, ch. xi. 25.

⁷ 'She must have been guilty.' p. 268, Heraud, *Shakespeare's Inner Life*, London, 1865; Nicoll, *Studies*, 151.

⁸ Brooke, *Ten Plays*, 76, 80, 100.

⁹ Kenny, *Life and Genius of Shakespeare*, 384.

¹⁰ McDougall, *Outline of Psychology*, Methuen, London, 1924, p. 168.

¹¹ Bergson, *Creative Evolution*, 187.

162. ¹ Plato, *Symposium*, 594 ; Lucas, *Tragedy*, 55 ; Prosser Hall Frye, p. 368, *American Critical Essays* ; Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 150-2 ; Croce, *Æsthetic*, 87-91 ; Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 27, footnote.

² Greig, *Laughter*, 262, 193 ; Freud, p. 358, Healy, *Structure* ; Jha, *Comedy*, 3 ; Sully, *Laughter*, 70.

³ Eliot, p. 295, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

163. ¹ Santayana, *Beauty*, 224-5 ; 228 ; Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 182.

² Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 101 ; John Corbin, *The Elizabethan Hamlet*, London, 1895 ; Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 131-5 ; Archer, *Playmaking*, 150 ; Pillai, *Shakespeare Criticism*, 82.

³ De Quincey, p. 375, Nichol Smith, *Shakespeare Criticism* ; Hales, *Notes and Essays*, 273-90.

⁴ Hadow, *Comic Episodes*, 11-13.

⁵ Schücking, pp. 130-8, *R. E. S.*, April 1935.

⁶ Prosser Hall Frye, p. 375, *American Critical Essays* ; Squire, *Shakespeare*, 179 ; Vaughan, *Types of Tragic Drama*, 147 ; Barante, p. 225, Mackenzie, p. 85, Boerne, p. 242, Villemain, p. 222, Ralli, I. Against this view see Schücking, *Character Problems*, 24 ; Kittredge, *An Address*, 29-33 ; Gildon, p. 19, La Place, p. 42, Ralli, I.

⁷ *American Critical Essays*, 63 ; Prescott, *Poetic Mind*, 95.

164. ¹ Stoll, *Studies*, 256-7, 269, 320 ; Brander Matthews, *Shakespeare as a Playwright*, 150 ; Brandes, *Shakespeare*, 164.

² Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 115.

³ Granville-Barker, *Henry V to Hamlet*, 7 ; Brander Matthews, *Study of the Drama*, 153 ; Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 150 ; Chambers, *Survey*, 113. Macready cut it to a Shylock play ending

with the trial scene. Since Kean most actors have made Shylock tragic.

⁴ 'No amount of modern criticism will take away from modern readers and modern audiences the impression that Shylock is a truly tragic figure.' Nicoll, *British Drama*, 128-9; Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 21; Rowe, p. 60, Pillai, *Shakespeare Criticism*; Baker, *Development of Shakespeare*, 215; Dover Wilson, *Essential Shakespeare*, 81, 84; Drinkwater, *Shakespeare*, 101; Eaton, *Drama in English*, 102; Hudson, *Shakespeare*, I, 295. Malvolio tragic. Baker, *Development of Shakespeare*, 242; Lamb, *Essays*, 219.

165. ¹ Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 129-33; Meredith, *Comedy*, 11.

² Shakespeare's 'power of pervading a character with humour.' Brander Matthews, *Shakespeare as a Playwright*, 128; Murry, *Shakespeare*, 189. Humour and pathos evoked by lovable characters. Santayana, *Beauty*, 234, 254. 'As humour becomes deep . . . it changes into pathos.' 256 *ibid*.

³ Meredith, *Comedy*, 47.

⁴ Harold Höffding, p. 262, Greig, *Laughter*; Ulrici, p. 329, Ralli, I.

⁵ Murry, *Shakespeare*, 209.

⁶ Morgann, *Falstaff*, 58-62, footnote; Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 152; Prosser Hall Frye, p. 383, *American Critical Essays*. But for this illusion of Falstaff's independent existence, the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives* would be no impostor. Murry, *Discoveries*, 73.

⁷ Whence the general impression that Falstaff 'makes nonsense of the whole structure of the play.' Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 151.

⁸ Stoll, *Studies*, 460-8.

⁹ Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 145-6.

¹⁰ Spargo, *Washington University Studies*, 1922.

¹¹ Monaghan, *Studies in Philology*, University of North Carolina, XVIII, 1921.

¹² Thorndike, p. 181, *Columbia University Studies*; Galsworthy, *Candelabra*, 270; Drinkwater, *Shakespeare*, 119; Baker, *Development of Shakespeare*, 242; Herford, *Influence*, 33.

¹³ Bailey, *Shakespeare*, 128; *Continuity of Letters*, 101; Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 273; Pearsall Smith, *On Reading Shakespeare*, 97.

¹⁴ *Irving Shakespeare*, V., p. 185.

¹⁵ Shaw, *Quintessence*, 56, 177.

¹⁶ Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 188.

¹⁷ Shaw, *Quintessence*, 177.

¹⁸ Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 262.

¹⁹ Charlton, *Falstaff*, 81.

²⁰ Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 12.

²¹ Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 8.

166. ¹ Murry, *Discoveries*, 80; *Shakespeare*, 181.

² Bergson, *Laughter*, 4; Bailey, *Continuity of Letters*, 81; Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 152; Prosser Hall Frye, p. 375, *American Critical Essays*.

³ To demonstrate the possibility of a synthesis of character-interpretations we have chosen Falstaff and Hamlet because the extant critical literature on both is sufficient. Further, they typify not only Shakespeare's comic and tragic creations but also the two reactions of man to the mystery of existence. Treating Falstaff as a person—he was copied from life (64)—we trace an imaginary contemporary's dynamic response to him. The tendency to judge by the effect of actions (167) being removed (168), Falstaff seems irresponsible (169); but closer association (170-1) reveals his state to be the one described by St. Augustine, 'Whoso forsaketh Thee, whither can he go, whither flee?' (172). When the last refuge fails (173-4) the weary spirit turns homeward (176-7). In the case of Hamlet we go one step more: we trace the dynamic response of the spectator who by gaining more and more insight into himself be-

comes increasingly aware of Hamlet, who also is first judged by results (218) and finally appears as a world-weary spirit (122, 223).

Even the critics who have rigid theories are really swayed by the quick and shifting movements of the dynamic response. If Stoll with his historical and analytical method had labelled Falstaff (165⁸) and Hamlet (81²) to his complete satisfaction, he would not have talked of Falstaff's conscience (172⁶) and of *Hamlet the Man*.

169. ¹ Hudson, *Shakespeare*, II, 97; Hazlitt, *Characters*, 158.

² Croce, *Shakespeare*, 214.

³ Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 262; Bailey, p. 150, *Book of Homage*.

⁴ Hazlitt, *Characters*, 157.

⁵ Bailey, p. 150, *Book of Homage*.

⁶ Priestley, *Comic Characters*, 94-101; Max Beerbohm, *And Even Now*, 303. Humour not wit. Nicoll, *Theory of Drama*, 199.

⁷ Morgann, *Falstaff*, 14; Thorndike, *Comedy*, 171; Priestley, *Comic Characters*, 101. There was a time when laughter was evoked by the physical contortions caused by torture on the stage. Shakespeare has broken with that tradition so completely that Falstaff is, in no sense of the term, a comic victim.

171. ¹ Morgann, *Falstaff*, 99.

² Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 189.

³ Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 263; Mackenzie, p. 94, Kreyssig, p. 397, Röttscher, 439, Ralli, I.

⁴ Morgann, *Falstaff*, 146, 141.

⁵ Greig, *Laughter*, 198. Charlie Chaplin is a striking example.

172. ¹ Bailey, p. 150, *Book of Homage*; Mézières, p. 374, Chasles, p. 360, Ralli, I; Gervinus, *Commentaries*, 328.

² Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 189.

³ Harrison, *Shakespeare*, 49; Brander Matthews,

Shakespeare as a Playwright, 128; *Leschtsch*, p. 512, *Ralli*, II.

⁴ 'Religious people may joke about serious things.' *Leschtsch*, p. 513, *Ralli*, II.

⁵ *Henry IV*, I. ii. 124-45. His melancholy springs from a sense of degeneracy. *Grillparzer*, p. 560, *Ralli*, I.

⁶ *Stoll*, *Studies*, 488.

173. ¹ *Masefield*, *Shakespeare*, 113. 'Brute masterfulness in his public capacity with a low-lived blackguardism in his private tastes.' *Shaw*, *Dramatic Opinions*, I, p. 429.

² *Yeats*, *Ideas of Good and Evil*, 132; *Cunliffe*, p. 322, *Columbia University Studies*.

175. ¹ *Raleigh*, *Bradley*, *Quiller-Couch*, *Hazlitt*, *Taine*.

² *Johnson on Shakespeare*, 123; *Gervinus*, *Commentaries*, 329.

³ *Mind and Art*, 368, 281.

⁴ *And Even Now*, 303.

⁵ *Boas*, *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, 277; *Williams*, *Poetic Mind*, 92.

⁶ *Comic Characters*, 103.

177. ¹ *Bucknill*, *Mad Folk*, 102; *Schücking*, *Character Problems*, 214-15; *Harrison*, *Shakespeare*, 64.

² *Jung*, *Collected Papers*, 372. This puzzled medieval mystics and lent colour to the doctrine of Grace. I have myself witnessed such death-bed scenes, and heard people remarking subsequently that the deceased had gone to Heaven.

³ 'The death of innocence.' *Murry*, *Shakespeare*, 181.

⁴ 'That we should not judge of our happiness until after our death.' *Essays and Essayists*, edited by *Newbolt*, *Thomas Nelson & Sons*, 1929, p. 27; *The Gita*, ch. viii, 6.

179. ¹ *Quiller-Couch*, *Studies*, 2nd Series, 184.

² Hartley Coleridge, p. 183, *Variorum Antony and Cleopatra*.

³ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, II, 122-65.

⁴ Dowden, p. 947, *Oxford Shakespeare*; Boas, *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, 474; Schücking, *Character Problems*, 19; Saintsbury, *Cambridge History*, V, p. 200; Montégut, 476, Skottowe, 173, Drake, 164, Ralli, I; Vischer, 171, Alden, 432, Ralli, II; Thorndike, *Tragedy*, 176; Squire, *Shakespeare*, 69-71; Corson, *Introduction*, 256-61.

180. ¹ §§ 113-15.

181. ¹ Bradley, *Oxford Lectures*, 296; Symons, *Studies*, 5.

183. ¹ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, II, 117.

² Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, II, 114, 186. *Oxford Shakespeare*, 947.

184. ¹ *Variorum Antony and Cleopatra*; Preface, x.

² e.g. Seccombe and Allen, 194; Saintsbury, 289, Ralli, II; Gildon, 17; Ulrici, 335, Ralli, I.

³ *Irving Shakespeare*, VIII, 6.

⁴ Digges in Folio; Coleridge, p. 202, *Variorum*; MacCallum, *Roman Plays*, 256.

⁵ Even when he came to the most moving situation of Cæsar's life, the assassination, Shakespeare had the *Life of Brutus* before him. In the *Life of Cæsar*, Decius takes Antony away, but in the *Life of Brutus*, Trebonius does it. Plutarch, *Lives*, 892, 1196.

⁶ The portion marginally noted by North, 'Why Cæsar was hated,' Attwater, p. 230, *Companion to Shakespeare Studies*.

⁷ MacCallum, *Roman Plays*, 233-4, 235-8; *Columbia University Studies*, 270.

⁸ Brandes, *Shakespeare*, 306; Voltaire in *Variorum*.

⁹ Boas, *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, 467.

¹⁰ Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, 80.

185. ¹ Hudson, *Shakespeare*, II, 237. MacCallum, *Roman Plays*, 224.

² Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 287.

³ Brandes, *Shakespeare*, 307.

⁴ Hudson, *Shakespeare*, II, 238.

⁵ *The Atlantic Monthly*, May 1934, p. 567 ; Lloyd, p. 300, *Ralli*, I.

⁶ *Julius Cæsar*, edited by Hudson, Ginn and Co., Boston, Introduction, xlv.

⁷ Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 285.

⁸ Freud, *The Future of an Illusion*, 22.

⁹ The distribution of corn ruined Rome. Plutarch, *Lives*, 271.

¹⁰ Viehoff, p. 519, *Ralli*, I ; Ransome, *Short Studies*, 45.

¹¹ The tragedy is the soul's tragedy of Brutus. Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, 53, 80 ; Nietzsche, p. 415, *Variorum*. 'The triumph of efficiency over righteousness is tragic stuff.' Chambers, *Survey*, 154. See also Brandes, *Shakespeare*, 318 ; Kolbe, *Shakespeare's Way*, 157 ; Squire, *Shakespeare*, 69 ; Schlegel, *Lectures*, 415 ; Thorndike, *Tragedy*, 155 ; Harris, *The Man Shakespeare*, 80 ; Harrison, *Elizabethan Drama*, 101 ; Schelling, *English Literature*, 252 ; Tassin, p. 255, *Columbia University Studies* ; Drake, p. 164, Ver Planck, p. 275, Gildon, p. 19, Montégut, p. 476, Mézières, p. 378, Kreyssig, p. 399, *Ralli*, I.

¹² Granville-Barker, *Prefaces*, I, 80. Simpson, *Revenge Theme*, 9.

187. ¹ MacCallum, *Roman Plays*, 236.

189. ¹ *New Variorum Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 256, footnote.

190. ¹ Coleridge, Stoll, Granville-Barker and others find no republicanism in this soliloquy because they do not consider it as the climax of a continuous mental process.

193. ¹ 'The last look of Cæsar has pierced his heart, but he will not show the scar.' Brown,

p. 415, *Variorum*; Somerville, *Madness in Shakespearean Tragedy*, 178.

194. ¹ Croce, *Shakespeare*, 251.

² Friendship inspired Shakespeare. Murry, *Shakespeare*, 108.

195. ¹ Percy Brown, pp. 44-6 Popley, *Music of India*, Association Press, Calcutta, 1921.

² Kolbe, *Shakespeare's Way*, 2. The iterative imagery which Miss Spurgeon has ably traced is not a conscious device. Modern psychology has thrown some light on the emotional integration and repetition of images (cp. *Imagery*, 215 and Gordon, *Neurotic Personality*, 151). To put it in terms of the theory of identification (§§ 53-4), the potential Hamlet in Shakespeare rises and 'colours with its dominating emotion all the varied material.' (Spurgeon, *Imagery*, 355). Hamlet teems with images of sickness (316 *ibid*) because Hamlet, the character, becomes painfully aware of a world in which the forces of decay, physical and spiritual, are stronger (§ 72).

³ Maier and Reninger, *A Psychological Approach*, 66.

⁴ Stevenson, *Inland Voyage*, edited by Houghton, Macmillan & Co., 1926, pp. 71-2. Touchstone's philosophy and Hamlet's are identical. Shaw, *Dramatic Opinions*, II, 118.

⁵ Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 18.

⁶ Architecture is 'frozen music'. Goethe, p. 240, Schopenhauer, *World as Will*, III; Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 44.

196. ¹ Mauron, *Æsthetics and Psychology*, 88.

² § 44.

³ Bergson, *Laughter*, 160; § 38.

⁴ Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 393.

⁵ Adams Beck, *The House of Fulfilment*, Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York, 1927, p. 88.

197. ¹ Boas, *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, 484; Dowden, *Oxford Shakespeare*, 946; Hudson,

Shakespeare, II, 399 footnote ; Jameson, *Heroines*, 233.

² Croce, *Shakespeare*, 245.

198. ¹ 'The memory of his wife rises up with new authority.' MacCallum, *Roman Plays*, 398. The rise of the younger generation typified by Augustus lends zest to the pursuit of success.

199. ¹ Symons, *Studies*, 17.

202. ¹ Masefield, *Shakespeare*, 95 ; Lloyd, p. 558, *Variorum Richard III* ; Moulton, *Dramatic Artist*, 97.

203. ¹ Bradley, *Reality*, 77-81 ; Royce, *World and the Individual*, 266-75 ; Radhakrishnan, *Hindu Philosophy*, I, 391-2 ; Jung, *Psychological Types*, 590.

204. ¹ 'Undoubtedly the meaning of this play is the contrast between the personality of Richard as a man and his position as the inheritor of a great kingdom.' Newbolt, *New Study*, 177.

² 'Being double-natured, he was in the end self-defeated.' Newbolt, *New Study*, 182 ; Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 201-3 ; Chambers, *Survey*, 91 ; Harrison, *Shakespeare*, 46.

³ Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 187 ; Guizot, p. 369, *Ralli*, I.

205. ¹ Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 113 ; Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 151. There is a potential Lear, Othello and Brutus in Hamlet.

² Schopenhauer the clue to Hamlet. Shaw, *Dramatic Opinions*, II, 319 ; Granville-Barker, *Hamlet*, 325-7.

³ Jones Very, p. 164, *Variorum Hamlet*, II ; Williams, *Poetic Mind*, 66, 82.

⁴ Croce, *Shakespeare*, 253. The promise of a noble life refers not so much to physical and intellectual powers as to the instincts for the satisfactions of which he ascribed divinity to his father, purity to his mother, constancy to friends, and angelic qualities to a girl of whom he knew nothing.

All his later life is a vain attempt to regain these 'first affections'.

207. ¹ 'This assurance of a man was the great reality which made other things real, gave meaning to life, and substance to the world.' Leifchild, *Hamlet*, 37-40; *Shakespeare Society Transactions*, 1887-92, pp. 379-81.

² Squire, *Shakespeare*, 125; Knight, *Wheel of Fire*, 42.

209. ¹ Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 44.

² I. v. 44-57.

³ § 72.

210. ¹ Knight, *Wheel of Fire*, 22; Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 122.

211. ¹ Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 113; Stoll, *Art and Artifice*, 122; Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 146; Harrison, *Shakespeare*, 63; Jha, *Comedy*, 104.

² Macdonald, *Hamlet*, 114.

³ Farren, p. 200, *Variorum Hamlet*, II; Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 54-61; Traumann, p. 114, *Ralli*, II.

⁴ Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 148.

⁵ Knight, *Wheel of Fire*, 27.

⁶ Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 68.

⁷ Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 75.

⁸ Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 282-8.

⁹ Macdonald, *Hamlet*, 265.

212. ¹ A maid appeared ugly to Ferenczi because he had unconsciously identified her with General Haynau. Freud, *Psychopathology*, 46.

² *Psycho-Analysis*, 205.

³ 'Veil after veil may be undrawn.' Shelley, *Defence*, 42.

213. ¹ Murry, *Shakespeare*, 278-9.

214. ¹ Spearman, *Creative Mind*, 145. 'The belief that a picture yields only visual impressions is a curious illusion.' Croce, *Æsthetic*, 18.

215. ¹ Bergson, *Creative Evolution*, 163-4. Schiller, p. 286, Croce, *Æsthetic*.

216. ¹ Stevenson, *Memories and Portraits*, Chatto and Windus, London, 1919, pp. 267-9.

² Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 47.

217. ¹ Brown, *Divine Drama*, 143; Tieck, p. 238, Ludwig Boerne, p. 243, Ralli, I.

218. ¹ Knight, *Wheel of Fire*, 42; Richards, *Principles*, 209.

² Maginn, p. 163, *Variorum Hamlet*, II.

³ Voltaire, p. 37, Ralli, I.

⁴ 'Mad Hamlet is indeed the fool of the play.' Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 95; Johnson, p. 163, *Variorum Hamlet*, II; Murray, *Hamlet and Orestes*, 9.

⁵ Schücking, *Character Problems*, 158-67.

220. ¹ Werder, pp. 354-71, *Variorum Hamlet* II; Fletcher, *Westminster Review*, Sept. 1845; Hudson, *Shakespeare*, II, 266.

² Nicoll, *Studies*, 72-8; Figgis, *Shakespeare*, 213, 232.

³ Waldock, *Hamlet*, 23.

⁴ Ford, *Shakespeare's Hamlet, a New Theory*; Trench, *Hamlet, a New Commentary*; Chapman, *Hamlet*, 33; Jones, *Essays*, 23.

⁵ Hudson, p. 171, *Variorum Hamlet*, II; § 125.

⁶ Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 113.

⁷ Waldock, *Hamlet*, 11; Mackenzie, p. 84, Robertson, p. 96, Ralli, I.

⁸ Jones, *Essays*, 11; Sachs, *Psycho-Analysis*, 208. Struggles against his mental infirmity. Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 218.

⁹ Guha, *Two Problems*, 6; Clutton-Brock, 45-50.

¹⁰ Leifchild, *Hamlet*, 37-40.

¹¹ Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 43.

¹² Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 108; Bucknill, *Psychology of Shakespeare*, 40; *Mad Folk*, 127; Hoffmann, p. 387, Ralli, I. 'His melancholy is the sanguine adust.' Campbell, *Tragic Heroes*, 113.

See also Yearsley, *Hamlet*, 12; Sachs, *Psycho-Analysis*, 208; Jones, *Essays*, 41.

¹³ Coleridge, p. 152, *Variorum Hamlet*, II; Lowell, p. 66, *American Critical Essays*; Schlegel, p. 114, Gans, p. 244, Vischer, p. 419, Montégut, p. 479, Ralli, I, Sidney Lee, p. 126, Ralli, II; Hazlitt, *Characters*, 90; Hudson, *Shakespeare*, II, 275; Trench, *Hamlet*, 74.

¹⁴ *World as Will*, III, pp. 153-4.

¹⁵ Pearsall Smith, *On Reading Shakespeare*, 175.

¹⁶ Murry, *Hamlet Again*, 344; Shaw, *Dramatic Opinions*, II, 318; Knight, *Wheel of Fire*, 22.

¹⁷ Murry, *Hamlet Again*, 344.

¹⁸ Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 201; Brooke, *Ten More Plays*, 96.

¹⁹ Maudsley, *Body and Mind*, 160; Strachey, p. 172, *Variorum Hamlet*, II; Drake, p. 161, Ralli, I.

²⁰ Röttscher, p. 251, Ralli, I.

²¹ Chambers, *Survey*, 182. Overcultivated mind, Harrison, *Elizabethan Drama*, 102; Thümmel, p. 47, Ralli, II; Kreyssig, p. 403, Ralli, I.

²² Masefield, *Shakespeare and Spiritual Life*, 22.

²³ *American Critical Essays*, 73; Jones Very, p. 165, *Variorum Hamlet*, II. See also Murry, *Shakespeare*, 245-50.

²⁴ Dover Wilson, *Hamlet*, li; Campbell, *Tragic Heroes*, 90, 126; Dover Wilson, *What Happens in Hamlet*, 71-4, 83.

²⁵ Bucknill, *Mad Folk*, 102.

²⁶ Stoll, *Hamlet the Man*, 22, 25; Doering, p. 449; Sievers, p. 450; Miles, p. 484, Ralli, I. Dover Wilson's argument is defective (*What Happens in Hamlet*, 246). How could Hamlet know the king was insincere? Besides, the consciousness of sin is a sign of spiritual health. Granville-Barker, *Hamlet*, 108.

221. ¹ Abercrombie, *Great Poetry*, 182. 'Kill Claudius,' is not the command.

² Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 133.

³ Emerson, p. 55, *American Critical Essays*.

⁴ Mozley, p. 175, *Variorum Hamlet*, II.

⁵ Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 50.

⁶ Clutton-Brock, *Hamlet*, 75; Knight, *Wheel of Fire*, 33; Türck, p. 161, Vischer, p. 165, *Ralli*, II; Brandes, *Shakespeare*, 371; Spurgeon, *Imagery*, 319.

⁷ Eliot, *Sacred Wood*, 101.

222. ¹ Kenny, p. 176, *Variorum Hamlet*, II.

223. ¹ 'He represents the discomfort of the soul in a life unsuited to it.' Victor Hugo, *Shakespeare*, 185; 'Hamlet cannot adjust the infinite part of him to the finite.' Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 133.

² Tagore, *Gitanjali*, song 13.

224. ¹ Hazlitt, *Characters*, 85; Quiller-Couch, *Workmanship*, 207; Dover Wilson, *Six Tragedies*, 9; Murry, *Discoveries*, 47.

² Raleigh, *Shakespeare*, 199.

225. ¹ Shahani, *Shakespeare*, 148.

² Grierson, 96, *Cross Currents in English Literature of the Seventeenth Century*, London, Chatto and Windus, 1919; Dowden, *Mind and Art*, 226; Smart, *Tragedy*, 26; § 161.

³ Tolstoy on Art, 457.

⁴ Brown, *Divine Drama*, 137; Murry, *Shakespeare*, 21.

KEY TO THE SHORT TITLES

<i>Short title</i>	<i>Details</i>
Abercrombie, <i>Great Poetry</i>	Lascelles Abercrombie, <i>Idea of Great Poetry</i> , Martin Secker, London, 1925.
<i>Liberty of Interpret- ing</i>	'A Plea for the Liberty of Interpreting', pp. 227-55, <i>Aspects of Shakespeare</i> , Oxford University Press, Lon- don, 1933.
<i>Principles of Literary Criticism</i>	<i>Principles of Literary Cri- ticism</i> , Victor Gollancz, London, 1932.
Alden, <i>Shakespeare</i>	R. M. Alden, <i>Shakespeare</i> , George Allen & Unwin, London, 1922.
Allen, <i>Shakespeare and Chapman</i>	Percy Allen, <i>Shakespeare and Chapman as Topical Dramatists</i> , Cecil Palm- er, London, 1929.
<i>American Critical Essays</i>	<i>American Critical Essays</i> , edited by N. Foerster, Oxford University Press, London, 1930.
Anderson, <i>Elizabethan Psycho- logy</i>	Ruth Leila Anderson, <i>Elizabethan Psychology and Shakespeare's Plays</i> , University of Iowa Humanistic Stu- dies, Vol. III, No. 4, 1927.

Short title	Details
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